The Family Circle.

THE SPARROWS. BY MARIE ROSEAU.

From these quaint old roofs and chimneys To the steps and court below, A crowd of noisy sparrows Are flitting to and fro.

Now chattering to each other Upon the mossy eaves; Now chirping in full chorus Amid the ivy leaves.

I have wondered long and often What they find to do and say; How such little restless creatures Can keep busy all the day.

I know, though never idle
That they neither toil nor spin; Nor barn, nor store house have they, And the hoarded grain within.

Yet I never once have wondered How those birds are housed and fed; That in thinking of the morrow, They have neither care nor dread.

For I know our Father eareth For His creatures weak and small; That His watchful eye regardeth
The sparrow if it fall.

Yet my faith grows weak and falters 'Neath the weight of future years, And my heart is over-burdened With the morrow's anxious fears.

Their cost—the merest trifle-A farthing would repay; My priceless soul is surely Worth far much more than they.

O! faithless heart and foolish! Shall the children starve for bread? Or shall needful shelter fail them, While the birds are housed and fed?

LITTLE GLOSSTAIL.

A FABLE.

Once upon a time a little chicken, with a feathery toilet of brown and white, sprinkled with green and purple, waked from a comfortable three-weeks' dream, and said, "Where am I?"

Where was he, indeed?

In jail. There was neither door nor window: the walls were solid, without so much

as a clink to let in the sunlight.
"I'll never bear this," said little Glosstail, rousing himself and winking the sleep out of his eyes. "While I slept I dreamed there was a dreadful giant, and he shut me up here. Let me once get out, and I'll fight him like a man!"

So Glosstail knocked on the wall till he had made a hole. Then he drew in his breath, and sniffed the fresh morning air with the hard part of his face, which was meant for a nose.

"Good," cried he, and knocked again. He had eleven brothers and sisters, and they were all waking up and knocking too. Their little white prisons were crumbling away, mite by mite, but Glosstail's crumbled fastest.

Presently out he stepped, trembling with eagerness, fortified with resolve, and also

very sticky with bits of egg-shell.

"Hurrah for me!" peeped he, looking down disdainfully upon his struggling brethren, and trying to balance himself upon a wisp of straw, "I have conquered!

Hurrah for me!" You will at once observe that this heroic chicken started wrong. His three-weeks' sleep had disagreed with him; his brain was

muddled. He entertained a nightmare fancy that some horrid giant on two legs held a deadly spite against him, had locked him up in a shell, and meant now to pursue hin to the ends of the earth. So he shook his tiny head and began to look about for his enemy.

He could not see over the top of the bar-rel. Right overhead were the beams of the barn; but young Glosstail, being quite inexperienced, did not know them from the softest clouds of the summer sky. "But I see something," said he, bristling

his tender little body as fiercely as he could. "I see something; and we'll soon find which is the strongest, he or I."

It was the dear old motherly hen, ho

"Good morning, my darling," said she, with an affectionate roll of her eye-"you are my eldest born, and I bid you welcome to this barn and barn-yard, and all the glorious hayseed and worms therein contained. Thrice welcome, my son!"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the astonished Glosstail, nodding his cotton-ball. of a head in a drunken way, spreading out his yellow fingers, and glancing up doubtfully at his maternal relative, "I have begun life with a mortal fear of being cheated, and I don't know whether you tell the truth or not, madam. Please speak again !- Yes, there is a certain something in your sweet voice which goes straight to my heart. I do, I will, I must believe you are my dear

mother, and no giant." A shower of corn-meal dough put an untimely end to Glosstail's remarks. His young heart, which had just begun to throb with filial affection, now went pit-a-pat with a desperate fright. Over the edge of the barrel was leaning a beautiful young girl, with a straw hat on her head. Her name was Lucy Warner; and she smiled down very pleasantly upon the new chicken.

But the unhappy Glosstail, who was looking for his giant, wailed aloud, and tried with desperate courage to fly into her face; but only succeeded in falling over an egg-

"My dear son," said his mother soothingly, but in the gentle hen-language which is not intelligible to human beings, "be not alarmed. She whom you in your nervousness mistake for an enemy, is our best friend. She has a very enormous face, it is true, and savage teeth such as we hen

should be ashamed to wear in our bills; but she means well. See her smile, poor thing! Hear her speak to you! Yes, my son, she really supposes she is talking; that is the best such poor creatures as mankind can do with their great red tongues and thick lips. If they had nice hard bills like us, then they could talk, and there would be some sense in

to eat me up."
"'Sh! 'Sh!" said Mrs. Biddy reproachful-

"I am ashamed of you, my son!" So Master Glosstail calmed himself, ate his breakfast, and looked about him to greet his brothers and sisters as they crept forth from the shell.

They were sensible little creatures, and very well contented to take the world as they found it, having never so much as dreamed of a giant.

Presently when they had all pecked through, Miss Lucy took them one by one out of the barrel of straw, and let them wander off to see the world. The balmy air, the tender grass, the dainty worms were so new to the little prisoners, that their innocent hearts throbbed with delight-all but the heart of Glosstail. He, unhappy biped, tried to fight with his own shadow; he looked at the rake and pitchfork with distrust; and all the children who called; 'Chickie, Chickie," were sure to frighten him out of his slender wits.

"Alas, my son," said his kind mother, shaking the dust from her black and gold dress, "you are almost as short-sighted as a human being; and that is saying enough, I hope! We who belong to the wise race of chickendom must not be frightened by trifles. If you run from your best friends what will become of you when your real enemies appear, such as Neighbor Darling's yellow cat?"

"Oh dear," replied little Glosstail, who had seen nothing but sunshine all the ten days of his life, "things have gone against me ever since I was born. If anything bad

neighborhood.

"Lucy you may as well put those chickens into a box," said farmer Warner; and went out to finish mending his fence.

So Lucy and her mother, when the supper dishes were washed, walked into the yard and called Mrs. Biddy and her brood. Then they took the chickens, one at a time, and dropped them into a basket, over which was thrown an old coat.

"Going to jail, are we?" cried Master Glosstail, afraid of his best friends as usual, and running round and round as if his silly head was off—"Going to jail!"

"Be quiet, my son," counseled Madam Biddy, "it is all for your good." "But I've been in jail once," said Gloss-tail stoutly, "and I'll never go again!" The other chickens bowed their heads

meekly and popped into the basket with been errors in training or inconsistencies in very good grace; but our hero refused to be caught. He continued his little wardance around the two ladies, repeating, "I sorrows can be keener than that which accompanies the consciousness of this; and carnestness is seen in the biblical literature

jumped out of the frying-pan straight into the fire. What was waiting under the barn? It was Neighbor Darling's yellow cat; and if you suppose her amber eyes for prayer was unreal. were glowing therein the dark for nothing, and that she had no use for the sharp-point- suthority of one well acquainted with the deavors to live himself, so that he may be ed daggers inside of her velvet paws, that parties, may be encouraging to some who the better qualified properly to honor shows that you are not acquainted with are waiting in sorrow. A Christian father the Sacred Treasure, and from it derive

"Come here, my own precious tidbit," said she softly to Glosstail, "I have been waiting here on purpose to see if some of your mother's family wouldn't pay me a

"I was the only one that had sense enough to come," said Master Glosstail with an air of triumph.

Alas! It was his last "air." "Ran away from a horrid basket and a right, that's right !"

"Stupid thing!" said the deceitful creature to herself in a different tone, as the chicken rapidly disappeared down her throat. "She makes very good eating, what there is of her; but if she had minded what was told her she might have grown bigger and then she would have made a great deal better mouthful for me?"

"I think," added Puss, daintily wiping her lips, "I shall draw a moral from this for my young ones. 'Don't be chickenhearted, I shall remark; for what looks like misfortune, (say a bushel basket, for instance) often turns out to be only a blessing in disguise." - Sophie May.

PRAYING AND GIVING.

"A minister writes: In obtaining subscriptions for a benevolent purpose, I called upon a gentleman in one of our largest cities, who generously contributed to the object. Before leaving, I said to him, 'How much, think you, will such an individual subscribe?' 'I don't know,' said he, 'but could you hear that man pray, you would think that he would give you all he is worth. So I called upon him; but, to my surprise, he would not contribute. As I was about to take my leave, I said to him, As I came to your house, I asked an indivi-

HISTORICAL PIE.

Sometimes in the best ordered printing offices it so happens that a form (which is one or more pages of reading matter, set up in type, and fastened in an iron frame and then he sank into unconsciousness. ready for the printing press) meets with an accident. The man who is carrying it trips and drops it, or he bangs it down in such a way that it is loosened, and out tumble the type helter-skelter. It is then "But, mother," moaned little Glosstail, still trembling, "she looks as if she wanted "in pie," as the printers call it, and some "in pie," as the printers call it, and some one must pick up the scattered type, and, examining each little bit of metal one by one, restore it to its proper position. The printer who sits in the corner busied with his pie is not in the least like Jack Horner, but is generally for the moment a sad and sorely-tried boy.

Now, see what has happened to us. Such a fine little table of history as we had set out for the boys and girls this week! There all fell into pie, and the printer who tried to mend it didn't do his work well at all. ye shall ask in prayer, believing ye shall Will any industrious boy or girl help us out receive."-Witness. of our trouble? It is only to arrange this jumble into correct statements. You will? Ah! we knew it. Here it is:

The most ambitious is James Galileo Watts, the inventor of the horse; and among the best and wisest, is the Duke of Alva, who perfected the steam engine. Alva lum for navigators, was born at Rome.

Among the scientific men who have most Napoleon, who discovered the law of gravitation; Christopher Ferdinand Columbus; Newton, Duke of Guttenburg; and the ass Julius Cæsar. And the animals who, so far have been most useful to man in enabling

Every word and every punctuation mark the proper post-office address,) we will forward a beautiful prize by return mail. All try.—Hearth and Home.

LONG WAITING REWARDED. Faith is rarely more severely tried than in the case of parents who are waiting upon its favor, the fact still remains and is patent the Lord from year to year, and watching for the answer of prayers in the salvation of their children. There is, no doubt, much of their children. There is, no doubt, much that sounds like prayer, on this and on other that holy and sublime interest that it should matters, which is only a sound—or at most be—does not carry in it, that grand treathe breathing of natural affection. Even sure which in words we attribute to it. where they "ask in prayer, believing," there Here and there an earnest, old style Promay often be long delays; during which it testant Christian may be found, who, in the may be their sad lot to look on while the way of practical attention to the Bible, consea were drained off you might drive a child of many prayers grows apparently sistently illustrates and forcibly proves his hardened in sin and reckless in ungodliness. profession. He has given his heart and There may, it is humbling to think, have mind to the work of poring over its pages. been errors in training or inconsistencies in Not only his spare time, but the time, also, companies, the consciousness of this; and carnestness is seen in the biblical literature

and mother, who were no strangers to the those lessons which may guide him on his power of prayer, had long borne their son way through a perverted world to his Faupon their hearts before the Lord. From a ther's house. wayward boy he grew up to be a profane and profligate young man; and in addition to all their other sorrows, it was their grief to know that he was pointed at by the ungodly as a proof of the uselessness of religious training and of the worthlessness of prayer. The restraints of his father's house, little as he seemed to heed them, soon bedreadful coat, so you did," continued Pussy, came intolerable; and he departed, no one hugging Glosstail affectionately; "wouldn't knew whither. His parents subsequently believe a word your mother said; that's learned that, after a brief career of profligacy, he had sought refuge on board a ship

as a common sailor. During his first voyage, while he stood on the bulwarks of the ship uttering wanton blasphemies, he lest his feeting and fell overboard. Though every effort was made to rescue him, as the vessel was under considerable headway and the sea ran high, there was some delay before he could be reached by the boat, and he was taken out of the water apparently lifeless. Under some impulse the surgeon of the ship persevered in the use of means to restore ani Besides, men are exhorted to read and treamation after the captain and every one on sure it with an earnestness, which has cerboard pronounced it mere folly. His efforts were at last rewarded by some signs of life. The feeble spark was carefully cherished, and at length the young man opened his eyes, and with a faint expression of joy struggling through the feebleness and pain of such an awakening exclaimed, "Jesus"

Christ has saved my soul!" A long time elapsed before he recovered. sufficiently to give a connected account of his feelings while in the water. When he did, sight of God. He had no hope of being rescued, and for a time-it seemed an agehe contemplated his hopeless guilt and the wrath of God that seemed to await him.

vealed to him as an all-sufficient Saviour, And then even the present posture of the whose blood cleanseth us from all sin. His mind in relation to the Scriptures, bad as it soul rested there. He knew that he was is, is rapidly growing into one that is worse, saved; a sweet calm succeeded his anguish,

passing delusion. He was soon received er of that Gospel of whose divine power he was a signal example. At the end of a long life of faithful service his salvation will not be more complete than it was at the moment when he sank into unconsciousness in the water. Had he not been recovered, his case would have been quoted as an instance of prayer unanswered; but, even then, believing parents, with their trust unshazen, would have looked forward to the day of our gathering together unto Jesus, to find their vas meat and drink in it, but somehow it son who was lost among the trophies of redeeming love. "And all things, whatsoever

THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE,

It belongs to the Protestant Church to make great account of the Bible. For this it has been distinguished from the first days of the Reformation; and we hope the time may was a Corsican; Casar, as you all know, never come, when it shall be less sacredly was an American; Napoleon was a Span-iard; Washington, who invented the pendu-revelation from God, and as meeting us in a darkened and perverted world, surrounded as we are by sin, error and temptation, all influenced the history of mankind, we have calculated to lead us astray and involve us in utter ruin at last, it fully merits, and should always receive, our deepest veneration, and excite our profoundest study.

But it cannot be denied, that our professed regard for the Bible is not always illustrated him to act out his career, are the ox, the cow and the printing dog; but the most generally known are the elephant and the dromedary.

The claims of the Bible are not to be put off with eulogies, however high-dromedary. are many, who would be quite willing to me ever since I was born. If anything bad hasn't happened yet, it certainly will some time!"

That very night report came that the bushy tail of a fox had been seen in the residual of a fox had been seen in the re and months, in the case of some, are allowed to pass away before they once turn to its sato pass away before they once turn to its sa-cred pages; and then, often the only purpose that actuates them is an idle curiosity or that actuates them is an idle curiosity, or without, so far as I know, having met with the desire to controvert the position taken

-the Bible does not sustain that sacred relation to the heart that it ought to sustain guided by the most ardent prayers of all The facts we are about to record upon the the ages of the Church. Into this he en-

But how seldom do we find such instances of Bible devotion at the present day! How seldom it is, that persons are found seeking aids, of the character indicated, to help them to a proper understanding of the Word of God! When it is read, it is for the most part in a perfectly disconnected way, without rule or system of any kind. The whole manner of Bible reading, as a general thing, shows plainly enough, that, however precious the Bible may be in itself, it is not for the readers what, by their professions, they say it is:

There is plainly a deception in regard to this subject. Our professions are ill sustained by our conduct. Love for the Bible, or attachment to it, is not, by any means, as great as we often suppose. How is this general carelessness to be accounted for? Not certainly on the ground of an insufficient effort to circulate the Holy Scriptures No period has been more distinguished for work of this character than the present tainly never been surpassed; and yet the fact is, that previous periods are far in advance of the present in earnest, deep, prayerful searchings of the Word of God

We press the question—why are the Holy Scriptures so superficially skimmed over, so thoughtlessly read, or so generally neglected some thing; and certainly there is such a cause for this. It is important, that we he said that, on his fall, his mind seemed at | should understand it. In no other way can once opened to a discovery of the wicked it be removed. The Holy Scriptures deness of his life and his awful guilt in the mand a reverence, which, we must all confess, they do not now receive. To cultivate this, the cause producing the present irreverence must be ascertained and removed. As I came to your house, I asked an individual what you would probably give? "I All at once the remembrance of his father's don't know," said he, "but could you hear that man pray, you would think he would saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that give you all he is worth." The man's Jesus Christ came into the world to save head dropped, tears gushed from his eyes, he took out his pocket-book, and gave me his mind. In the presence of all his black out his pocket-book, and gave me his mind. In the presence of God was re
This must be available, but by the general conus the color came again, precisely as it the field that he would if the flesh of a living person were present in this question. What mind, zeal-book for the glory of God and the proper honor of His Word, can rest satisfied with honor of His Word, can rest satisfied with the present status of professedly Christian persons have visited the house and all express themselves as lost in word and all express themselves as lost in word and all expression. This must be ascertained, not by one mind,

The evil seems to be increasing day by day. What must the end be? We shall not now His after-life proved that this was no indicate our own view as to the cause of this passing delusion. He was soon received growing evil. Our object is to start the question in other minds; Why is the Holy Bible thus neglected and dishonored, although so freely and generally circulated?—Reformed Church Messenger.

Scientisic.

THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.

In 1853, Lieutenant Brooke obtained mud from the bottom of the North Atlantic, between Newfoundland and the Azores, at a depth of more than 10,000 feet, or two miles, by the help of his sounding apparatus. The specimens were sent for examination to Ehrenberg, of Berlin, and to Bailey, of West Point, and those able microscopists found that this deep sea mud was almost entirely composed of the skeletons of living organismthe greater proportions of these being just like the Globigerine, already known to occur in the chalk.

Thus far the work had been carried on simply in the interests of science, but Lieut. Brooke's method of sounding acquired a high commercial value when the enterprise of laying down the telegraphic cable between reat Britain and the United States was undertaken: For it became a matter of immense importance to know not only the depth of the sea over the whole line along which the cable was to be laid, but the exact nature of the bottom, so as to guard against chances of cutting or fraying the strands of that costly rope. The Admiralty consequently ordered Captain Dayman, an old friend and shipmate of mine, to ascertain the depth of the whole line of the cable, and to bring back specimens of the bottom. In former days such a command as this might have sounded very much like princess. However, in the months of June by some one else in regard to its teachings.
With all the effort, that has been made in its favor, the fact still remains and is patent.

The result of these operations is that we know the contours and nature of the surfacesoil covered by the North Atlantic for a distance of 1,700 miles from east to west, as well as we all know that of any part of the dry land.

It is a prodigious plain—one of the widest sea were drained off you might drive a wagon all the way from Valentia, on the west coast of Ireland, to Trinity Bay, in Newfoundland. And, except upon one sharp incline, about two hundred miles from Valentia, I am not quite sure that it would be even necessary to put the skid on, so gentle are the ascents and decents on that never'll go to jail, I never, never'll go to jail, I never, never'll go to jail."

"The handsomest of all the brood," said Miss Lucy sorrowfully. "Do see the royal purple on his wings! Why won't he let me save him! There now, he has run under the barn."

"The handsomest of all the brood," said be permitted to witness the fulfilment of their prayers. "It is not necessary that I should be here to keep watch over God's faithfulness," said a dying saint with reference to some such prayers which were still unanswered. Doubtless when all secrets are long route. From Valentia the road would in unlocking its meaning and coming to the point at, which the bottom is now covered by 1,700 fathoms of sea water. Then would it, not simply with his own narrow mind, uneducated, or half educated, preoccupied and full of predilections and prejudices, nor the depth of the water upon it varies from Foolish Glosstail, in his obstinacy, had unanswered. Doubtless when all secrets are and full of predilections and prejudices, nor the depth of the water upon it varies from 10,000 to 15,000 feet; and there are places in which Mount Blanc might be sunk without showing its peak above water. Beyond this, the ascent on the American side commences, and gradually leads, for about 300 miles, to the Newfoundland shore.

Almost the whole bottom of this central plain (which extends for many hundred miles in a north and south direction) is covered by a fine mud, which, when brought to the surface, dries into a grayish white friable substance. You can write with this on a blackboard, if you are so inclined, and to the eye it is quite like very soft grayish chalk. Examined chemically, it proved to be composed almost wholly of carbonate of lime; and if you make a section of it in the same way as that of a piece of chalk was made, and view it with a microscope, it presents innumerable Globigerinæ embedded in the granular matrix. Thus the deep sea mud is substantially chalk .- Prof. Huxley.

A young girl, 12 years old, near Burlington Racine county, Wisconsin, has been suffering from diphtheria, and had nearly recovered on the 8th day of January, when she called her father to her bedside, and told him she was going to sleep, and that she should sleep for a long, long time. She said she should look as though she was dead, but she should not be dead, and she made her father promise that he would not hurry her. Soon after making the request the child apparently died. The body was enshrouded and placed in a coffin, but it showed no signs of death, although the heart ceased to move, and nothing showed that the respiratory organs were in use. The eyes closed. In this state the girl has lain now for 20 days without a sign of life and with no sign of death, other than a sinking and dishonored? There is no fact but that has its producing cause somewhere, or in a period. In the early part of last week a vein was tapped and blood flowed as naturally as it would in a living person. A blister raised on the flesh precisely as it would on that of one alive. A person pressed a finger on the hand of the girl. Her flesh was solid, and upon taking away the finger, the spot was white. In a few sepress themselves as lost in wonder.