

The Family Circle.

[For the American Presbyterian.]

I AM WAITING.

I am waiting—only waiting— Till the summer shall have past; Till the autumn fruits have ripened, Till is hushed the wintry blast.

I am waiting—only waiting— Till the patient work is done; Till the laborer takes his hire, At the setting of the sun.

I am waiting—only waiting— By the River's swelling tide; Till I gain the boon to cross it, Till I seek the other side.

THE NEEDY GRASSHOPPER.

BY ANNIE MOORE.

"Good morning, sir," said an idle and unfortunate grasshopper to a very busy bee. "Can you give me a few hints as to the best way to make honey? I suffered very much last winter from hunger, and am determined it shall not be so again.

"Very polite, to make comments upon my personal appearance! I mean to try to make honey, at all events," said the grasshopper, watching closely another bee, who went buzzing into a flower.

"I would like to ask one or two questions about making a web," said the grasshopper. "I have often watched you at your work in my leisure moments, but can't exactly see how you manage it. I am very tired of grass and things. Are flies good?"

"That looks easy," said the grasshopper. "I wonder if I could do it." "Nothing like trying," said the spider. "You go backward and forward quite steadily, I see. I am accustomed to go on the jump. That would not do as well, perhaps."

"Thank you for the information," said the grasshopper. "I have a great mind to try." "Not on this side of the hedge," said the spider; "this belongs to me."

"That's a new idea," said the grasshopper. "Through I am afraid I could not sleep so long—I am rather nervous. Even in the short summer nights I sing as much as I sleep. But pray tell me if you see anything like a web here. I have been going backward and forward and across, as the spider does, for as much as ten minutes, but I fear I shall not succeed."

"There is no sign of a web," said the fly, who knew all about such matters. "That reminds me; the old spider on the other side has been making one on purpose to catch me. I must go and have a little sport with him. Did you ever try it? Pull at one corner of his web, slyly, and he comes running out of his den with his mouth open to eat you, while you soar gracefully away."

"I was, madam," said he, "but that business is dull now, the times are so hard. Though perhaps you would like to learn. You have just the figure for it."

"No, I thank you," said she, "I don't approve of dancing;" and she shut the door in his face. "Of course not, I might have known it," said he; "grasshopper never found a friend in an ant since the world began."

Just then he saw a notice by a doorway under the rock, "Tailorress wanted." He rapped at the door and a striped snake put his head out. "Do you want a tailorress?" said the grasshopper.

"Yes," said the snake, "the times are so hard that I mean to have my cast-off snake skins mended and wear them again. A stitch in time is worth two in a bush, you know?" "Yes, I know it," said the grasshopper. "Are you good at the needle?" said the snake.

PRAY WITH YOUR CHILDREN.

A young mother made it her daily practice to carry her little ones in supplication to the throne of grace, and yet complained of a want of faith and definiteness in asking for them the influences of the Holy Spirit.

"Do you pray for each child separately, and by name?" inquired the pastor. "No, that has never been my habit," was the reply. "I think it of much importance, as a help to our faith, and to the clearness and intensity of our desire on their behalf. You pray with them, I trust, as well as for them?"

"Let me persuade you, then, to take your little son and daughter each separately to the place of prayer, and kneeling with them before the Lord, tell Him the name, the daily history, the special want of each, and see if your heart is not open to plead for them as you have never done before."

"Mamma, mamma," said he, "I am glad you told Jesus my name; now He'll know me when I get to heaven. And when the kind angels that carry little children to the Saviour take me and lay me in his arms, Jesus will look at me so pleasant and say, 'Why this is Willie Huston; his mother told me about him; how happy I am to see you Willie.' Won't that be nice, mamma?"

ADA AND FRANK.

Ada was eight, and Frank six years old, when their father bought them each a book for a New Year's gift. One book was full of pictures, and therefore better liked by both the children than the other. Now, it was to be decided who must be the owner of it.

"Who shall have the one full of pictures?" asked the father. Ada, who was standing by her father, with her arm round her little brother, instantly replied: "I should like Frank to have it, father."

their children thus contending, how much more pleasing must it be to our Heavenly Father! "Little children love one another."—Sunday-school Visitor.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

Two little girls, named Carrie and Barbara, had just made each other's acquaintance, and they took a ramble in the woods together, to collect acorns, pine cones, and other curious and pretty things, of which Nature keeps a great store-house in the quiet forest.

"Oh," sobbed Barbara, "it's dreadful to think of having to stay here all night! I am so afraid! My mother tells such awful stories about people that have been lost in the woods, and eaten up by bears, or wolves, or witches that changed themselves into dreadful beasts, just to tear folks up!"

Here the two children involuntarily cuddled closer together, but Carrie said: "Well, if there were such things here, God could keep them from eating us! My mother tells about a good man that was put right into a den of wild beasts,—great, hungry lions, and yet the Lord made those lions keep their mouths tight shut, and lie just as quiet as little kittens, until that good man was taken out of the den unhurt."

After this, both the children were still for some moments, and then Barbara began to whimper: "There's nothing that I'm so much afraid of as ghosts! The other evening my mother was telling about somebody that was in some dark, lonesome place, like this, and saw, a good way off, a blue flame, and it came nearer and nearer, and there was a tall, awfully lean figure, all dressed in grave clothes, and with fire-balls for eyes!"

"No, never," said Carrie; "but she told me about one of the old-time saints, named Peter, that was in a worse place than the woods, for he was in a dark, gloomy prison, with chains on his hands and feet; and, in the night, he waked up and saw a bright light, like sunshine, and there stood a beautiful angel, with her sweet, loving face, and dress of sparkling white. The Lord sent this angel to bring Peter out of prison, and—but see, there's a light over there, among the trees! Who knows but it may be an angel sent to lead us out of here?"

"Oh, I feel certain that it's not!" answered Carrie. "Now I see a man holding a lantern, but may be that's an angel with him dressed in white. Oh, Barbara, they are my parents, come to look for me!"

A DIVINITY DOCTOR WASHING SHIRTS.

Mr. Demond's Williams' College Alumni address contains this incident: "After the battle of Antietam, a gentleman passing over the field of blood, saw a man washing at a brook; as he came near he recognized a doctor of divinity, the pastor of one of the largest churches in Philadelphia, and a delegate. Said he: 'Doctor, what are you doing?'"

"The doctor straightened up, and pointing with his finger, said: 'O'er yonder are six hundred wounded men; most of them lying in the bloody shirts in which they were wounded. Our shirts are out, and we shall have none till to-morrow morning; so I thought I would take a few of the worst out here, and wash and dry them in the sun. Do you think there is any harm in it?'"

On February 21st, when the number of scholars present was 2,248. The "relief department" has given away during the year 2,782 pieces of clothing, besides 1,389 yards of white cotton cloth, 8,863 yards of calico, and 804 yards of cloth or boys' wear. A sewing-school in connection with this department has met weekly, and has 84 members. The Newsboys' Home, connected with the school, has provided 2,650 lodgings and 7,500 meals, at ten cents each, to newsboys and boot-blacks. A coffee and reading room has been patronized by 300 daily, and just paid its expenses. A new building is now erecting for the Bethel Mission, at an expense of \$60,000, which will be the most complete hall of its kind in the country, and will accommodate 4,000 children.

The monstrous character of the Indiana divorce laws is shown by an actual case in Lagrange, where a man got a divorce from his wife without her knowledge, and even while he was sick at home and she caring for him. According to the law of Indiana the defendant in such cases must, if a resident of the State, "be notified by a formal service either by reading or leaving a copy of the summons at his or her usual place of residence," and the Sheriff, in this case, had complied with the law by leaving the copy on her kitchen table, where, however, she never saw it. That the case is much better in Chicago we should not care to assert.—Advance.

(Prepared weekly for the American Presbyterian.)

LESSONS IN PAUL. No. XIV. The Journey Home.

Acts, 14: 21-27. How far was Derbe from Lystra? Near what mountain was it situated? Which of Paul's future companions lived at Derbe? What famous freebooter had made it his stronghold? Why would the Apostles choose this city for a refuge? How may we infer that they were treated here?

What was the result of their preaching? Meaning of "had taught many"? What would be the shortest route for the Apostles on their journey home? What reasons may be given for their not taking it? Is it likely that Paul preached openly in Lystra? What strange kind of encouragement did the Apostles give to their converts? Does religion promise freedom from trials? Does it ever bring trouble with it? Meaning of "confirming the souls"? What other means did the Apostles use to fortify the faith of their converts? Is there any mention made of elders previous to this? Did the office originate in the Christian Church? What is meant by "ordained"? What duties would devolve upon these elders? Where afterwards are elders mentioned? What solemn observance attended on the ordination? Meaning of "commended them"? Who is meant by "the Lord"? What comforting thought may we derive from this? What would be the feelings of the Apostles as they approached different towns on their return? What especial interest would they feel towards Antioch? How long probably did they remain in each city? What season of the year was it when they returned to Perga? What reason for their stopping here to preach? From Perga where did they go? How far was it? How was Attalia situated? By whom was it built? Hundreds of years later, what great army embarked here for Antioch? What contrasts may we notice in comparing the movements of this army with the journey of the Apostles? What contrast in their reception at Antioch? What did the Apostles do on their arrival? Meaning of recommended to the grace of God? Give an outline of their journey mentioning the chief events? Where else is it declared that we may be co-workers with God? How long had the Apostles been gone? Why is this journey so important to us? What is the "door of faith"? Where else is the same metaphor employed? With what feelings would the Church receive the report of the missionaries?

Color-blindness is much more frequent than is generally supposed, for those who are afflicted with it are mostly ignorant of the defect, and frequently practice trades or professions in which perfect sensibility to the different hues of color is quite indispensable. An instance of this occurred some time since in the case of an engineer, who allowed his engine to run into a luggage train, through not noticing the red danger signal. At his examination it was proved that he was color-blind, and could not distinguish red from green. Partial color blindness is, no doubt, the cause of the frequent disputes that we hear about the tints of certain objects; to say nothing of the glaring instances of bad taste in the arrangement of color that are now-a-days so common. Out of forty boys at a school at Berlin who were examined by Leebach, he found five who were quite confused in their notions of color, and could not distinguish between ordinary shades of the same hue. This affliction is in many cases hereditary, descending from father to son. It is singular that instances of color-blindness are much more common amongst men than amongst women, for out of over five hundred cases there were only four in which females were the sufferers. It seems also that persons with grey eyes are more frequently color-blind than those whose eyes are blue or brown. To the list of great men who were color-blind, we must not forget to add the celebrated Italian historian, Sismondi.—From "The Wonders of Optics," in Scribner & Co.'s Illustrated Library of Wonders.

On the 26th of September, 1820, lightning struck a laborer whilst working hard at the plough; the shock was so violent that the two poor animals were struck dead by the side of the peasant. The latter, in a little while, came to himself again, and after remaining a few minutes on the ground in utter astonishment rose up, safe and sound, though somewhat frightened.

On the 13th of August, 1862, a farmer of St. George-sur-Sarre was driving a cart with four oxen, when lightning fell in the midst of the group. Two of the animals were killed, a third was thrown upon his side, with one-half of his body completely paralyzed. Will it be believed that the farmer, in the presence of this fearful electric discharge, capable of knocking down three oxen—three beings so slightly nervous—felt only a little giddiness?—From "Thunder and Lightning" in Scribner & Co.'s Illustrated Library of Wonders.

Scientific.

LIGHTNING MOST DANGEROUS TO ANIMALS.

The following anecdote will show, on the contrary, that the electric fluid appears to be more dangerous to animals than to men; and that the more animated beings are exposed to it, the more refractory their bodies prove to its passage on transmission. Lightning, says the chronicle, struck the famous Abbey de Noirmontiers, in the year 1715; it killed twenty-two horses in the stables, but it did no harm to the hundred and fifty ecclesiastics assembled in the refectory. It, nevertheless, struck that particular part of the building, for it overturned, or caused to be overturned, the bottle which each reverend father had before him, and which contained his allowance. Certain authentic reports appear to prove that the human race is that which lives the best in the society of lightning; as if the storm were susceptible of indulgence for the being charged with forming an opinion upon the things of this world, and with the exercise of volition and reason.

MEDICAL EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.

As a cure for paralysis, a thunderbolt seems to be a sovereign remedy; but the difficulty resides in knowing how to receive a proper dose, and not an exorbitant allowance of it. An American suffered paralysis upon one side of his body from childhood. A thunderbolt cured him entirely, and gave him the use of all his organs, after shaking him so severely, however, that he remained insensible for about twenty minutes.

An Englishman, who for twenty long years had taken ferruginous baths during the summer, but "without any benefit, was entirely cured in less than a second by a flash of lightning. The same story is related of an invalid in one of the Austrian hospitals: being lucky enough one day to stand in the way of the atmospheric spark, he was enabled without delay to leave the establishment, and resume his work.

Scoresby mentions a similar fact which occurred to a passenger on the now celebrated packet-boat New York, already alluded to more than once in these pages. Like the American just quoted, this person favored by lightning was paralyzed for many years. He was so astonished at finding himself suddenly cured, that for some time he ran about the deck like a madman. The other passengers believed that he had lost his senses. However, they soon learned what had happened, and admired the unknown mysterious influence which had produced so marvellous an effect. Suzanne Schmachl was an old maiden lady, so completely paralyzed since her childhood that she could never move a step without the aid of crutches. One day when alone in her chamber she heard a most violent clap of thunder. Much alarmed, she fell upon her knees to implore protection from the Almighty. At this moment she heard a knock at her door; it was her brother who wished to see her. She recognized his voice, and immediately looked round for her crutches. Not finding them at once she prepared to crawl towards the door—her only means of progression when the crutches were not at hand. The fright, the shock her system had just received, had performed a marvellous cure! Who knows but that natural electricity will be one day utilized medically in the neighborhood of our lightning-conductors? The marvels we have already exhibited, and those which still remain to be mentioned, are far from proving that any faith must be attached to the dreams of visionaries, but they are still further from demonstrating that it is possible to draw any limits to the power of lightning.—From "Thunder and Lightning."

COLOUR-BLINDNESS.

Color-blindness is much more frequent than is generally supposed, for those who are afflicted with it are mostly ignorant of the defect, and frequently practice trades or professions in which perfect sensibility to the different hues of color is quite indispensable. An instance of this occurred some time since in the case of an engineer, who allowed his engine to run into a luggage train, through not noticing the red danger signal. At his examination it was proved that he was color-blind, and could not distinguish red from green. Partial color blindness is, no doubt, the cause of the frequent disputes that we hear about the tints of certain objects; to say nothing of the glaring instances of bad taste in the arrangement of color that are now-a-days so common. Out of forty boys at a school at Berlin who were examined by Leebach, he found five who were quite confused in their notions of color, and could not distinguish between ordinary shades of the same hue. This affliction is in many cases hereditary, descending from father to son. It is singular that instances of color-blindness are much more common amongst men than amongst women, for out of over five hundred cases there were only four in which females were the sufferers. It seems also that persons with grey eyes are more frequently color-blind than those whose eyes are blue or brown. To the list of great men who were color-blind, we must not forget to add the celebrated Italian historian, Sismondi.—From "The Wonders of Optics," in Scribner & Co.'s Illustrated Library of Wonders.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

The magnificent display of the aurora borealis, April 15th, was first heralded by telegraph from the Northeast, and moved southward at the rate of about 100 miles an hour. The telegraph line reported its progress all the way from the northern portion of the continent, as far south as Wilmington, N. C. At 7 P. M. it took complete possession of all the telegraph lines leading out of New York city, so that it was impossible to work the wires for half an hour. In two hours from that time the magnetic waves, or flashes of electric light, so to speak, reached Washington. As the storm passed on, the wires from Washington to Boston were taken possession of by an auroral current, the galvanic batteries were removed from the line by the operators, and the telegraph was then worked from Washington to New York, and from New York to Boston, without any batteries whatever. Dispatches to the Press were sent from New York to Boston with no other motive power than the magnetism which came from the heavens.—N. Y. Tribune.