The Kamily Circle.

NUMBERS OF THE SORROWFUL TRUST Him who is thy God and have no fear: His eyelids ache not with the drowse of sleep, He cannot tire, and how should He forget?

Self-centred in His own infinity, He that is all is cause and law of all: Alike in orb and atom infinite.

The worlds He soweth broadcast with His hand, As o'er the glebe the sower soweth seed, Till with His glory all the heavens are sown.

Yet perfect from His shaping fingers sent The rain-drop glitters populous with life, And in a jewelled surcoat wheels the gnat.

Behold the yearly miracle of spring! The pinky nipples of the budding leaves Break in a night, and, lo, the wood is green!

Art thou more bare than is the winter wood, Or less esteemed of Him who gives thee joy In the fresh rustle of the April leaves?

And if thy prime be gone and thou lament, "The leaves are falling and the fruit is done:"
Yet shrink not from the winter of thy days.

See, where the cruel winds have swept the trees, And all are branching bare against the night, There, in the barren spaces, hang the stars!

So, when the leafage of thy days is past And life is desolate, repine thou not: God can give thee the stars of heaven for fruit!

Nor fear thou death. God's law is gain in loss: Growth and decay obey a common law, The starry blossom and the seed are one

Think! Thou wert born and fashioned for a world Assorted to thy needs and thy delights, And wherein thou hast dwelt and had content. Not of thy strength or cunning didst thou come Into the fief and heritage of life,

And shall all fail thee in thy going hence?

The salt foam of the sea upon thy lips, The blown sand of the desert in thy face; Shall these outlast the ages and not thee? Content thy soul and comfort thee in this!

In God's design is neither best nor worst, But ever-ordered change is ordered good: In Him love rounds the infinite of might,

And He who giveth both to live and die Is equal Lord of Life and Lord of Death. - Gentleman's Magazine.

OUR CHAT WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS.

We believe that children generally are fond of dogs, if they are not cross dogs. But whether they like dogs or not, we are sure that they are all fond of dog stories. These animals are very knowing; indeed, they seem sometimes to reason, and we have known some dogs which really appeared to know more than their masters. There are many very interesting stories about dogs, some of which, from time to time, we hope to give to our young readers. Dr. Beetle says he has one for us now. So let us hear what it is.

"HOW A DOG SAVED A SHIP.

" A Yankee sea captain, when in France, got a fine little rat-terrier, which he called Neptune. He took the little dog to sea with him, and he soon became quite a sailor. They were sailing at one time in the Gulf of Mexico in a dangerous neighborhood, and had to keep constant watch; for all along the coast near which they were there are long, low reefs and islands and bars, which have caused the destruction of many vessels.

"One evening when the captain went to bed he told the mate to be sure and call him by three o'clock in the morning, for by that time he expected to be within sight of a light-house which was near a dangerous reef of rocks called the Double headed Shot-Keys.' He wanted to look after the ship himself at that dangerous place. After the captain went to bed, the mate went into the cabin for something, and while sitting there, being very tired, he fell asleep. The men on deck having no one to watch them, also fell asleep one by one, and even the Spanish boy at the wheel, whose business it was to steer, was about half asleep.

"Meantime the wind changed, a stiff breeze sprung up, the sails were filled, and the good ship ploughed through the ocean briskly, straight toward the Double-headed Shot-Keys. The little Spanish boy, half asleep at the helm, knew not of the danger, ne ther could he see ahead from where he stood, for the great sails concealed the view of the light-house; but Nep, good sailor that he was, discovered that land was near; he smelt it, and he saw the light. He rushed down to his master's state-room, and barked, and jumped up to him as he lay in his berth. 'Get down! be still, Nep!' said the sleepy captain. But Nep would not be still—he only barked the louder. 'Be still,' said the captain again, and he pushed the dog away. Again the faithful little fellow jumped up, pulled his master's sleeve, and took hold of his arm with his teeth. Then the captain thoroughly roused began to think something must be the mat-ter. He sprang up, and Nep ran forward, barking, to the companion-way. The captain's head no sooner came above the deck than he saw what was the matter. Right ahead was the fearful rock and the lighthouse, and the ship plunging toward it at the rate of nine miles an hour! He seized the helm, the ship struggled, swung round, and when her course was shifted, she was so near the rock that in three minutes more she would have struck and been a wreck. The sleeping sailors were roused to their duty, and the astonished mate rose up from his nap on the chest, to learn that but for the faithful dog the waves might have already closed over them.

"Do you wonder that the captain thinks his dog is worth his weight in gold? He has been offered large sums of money for him, but money cannot buy him. He does not go to sea now. Nep went as long as his master went, and now he makes himself quietly useful at home by catching all the rate in the neighborhood.'

That was certainly a faithful dog. He was more faithful than the sleepy mate The only way for either men or dogs to succeed is by faithfulness. Hold on and hold out, and success is yours.

"That I know to be true," says Mr. Short. "I've watched folks a good deal in my time. I've seen some who are lazy, who sleep when they ought to work. They never get along well. I've known some who get discouraged very easily. They are not the ones to push their way through life. Then I have known others who kept on trying until they succeeded. I read the other day about a boy of this sort. Here's the story.
"THE PERSEVERING BOY.

"'Sir,' said a boy, addressing a man, 'do you want a boy to work for you?"
"'No,' answered the man, 'I have no such

The boy looked disappointed; at least the man thought so, and he asked: 'Don't you

succeed in getting a place?" "'I have asked at a good many places, said the boy. 'A woman told me you had

been after a boy, but it is not so, I find.' "'Don't be discouraged,' said the man, in a friendly tone.

"'Oh! no, sir,' said the boy cheerfully. because this is a very big world, and I feel certain God has something for me to do in it. I am only trying to find it.'

"'Just so, just so,' said a gentleman who overheard the talk. 'Come with me, my boy; I am in want of somebody like you.' He was a doctor; and the doctor thought any boy so anxious to find his work, would be likely to do it faithfully when he found it; so he took the boy into his employ and found him all that he desired."

Yes! God has something for everybody to do in this world. It's "a very big world," and there's room enough for all.

A GOOD STORY.

A very amusing anecdote is told of an Irishman who happened to be in Paris a short time ago, while three crowned heads of Europe were there on a visit to his Imperial Majesty Napoleon. These distinguished persons were the Emperors of Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia. One day, having thrown aside all state ceremonial, they determined to see the sights of the beautiful city on the Seine, for their own delectation, and for that purpose they resolved to go incog, so as not to be recognized by the people. However, in their stroll through Paris, they went astray, and meeting a gentlemanly-looking person, who happened to be an Irishman, they politely asked him if he would kindly direct them to the Palais Royal.

"Faith and that I will, my boys," says Pat, at the same time taking a mental photograph of the three "boys." "This way, my hearties;" and so they were conducted to the gates of the Royal Palace; and the Irishman was about bidding them farewell, when the Emperor of Russia, interested and pleased as much by the genuine politeness of Pat (and what son of Erin was ever yet deficient in courtesy and politeness?) as by his naïvete and witty remarks, asked him who he was.

"Well," rejoined their guide, "I did not ask you who you were, and before I answer you, perhaps you would tell me who you

I am Alexander, and they call me Czar or Emperor of all the Russias."

"Indeed," said Pat, with a roguish twinkle in the corner of his eye, and an increduous nod of the head (as much as to say, 'This boy is up to codding me a bit.")' And might I make bould to ax who ye may be, my flower?"

"They call me Francis Joseph, and the Emperor of Austria."

" Most happy to make your acquaintance, Frank, my boy," said the Irishman, who, thinking he was hoaxed, and in his despair ing efforts to get the truth, as he conceived, out of any of them, turned to the third one, and said: "Who are you?"

"They call me Frederick William, and I am King of Prussia."

They then reminded him that he promised to tell them who he was, and, after some hesitation and a mysterious air of confidence, Pat, putting his hand to his mouth, whispered: "I am the Imperor of China, but don't tell anybody."

> THE PEARL. BY JENNIE WREN.

One afternoon Daisy was eating some ysters, when suddenly a pert youngster umped out of the plate, and, landing on the spoon, began to speak.

"You little cannibal," said he: "do you know what you are eating? You are worse than the heathen in the Sandwich Islands, who live upon missionaries."

"But you are not a missionary," replied Daisy. "You are not a man, and you don't rolls on Augusta informs her mother that she has

"Yes, I am a missionary; for I am always preaching. My whole life is a sermon; and, if I am not a man, I am very much like

are nothing but a little soft gray thing, not worth listening to; and I am just going to eat you right up as fast as I can.'

"Stop, stop!" sighed the oyster; "I came from Yankeeland, and I must ask one question before I die. What is a man?" "A man-why, a man is papa," said the

hesitating Daisy. "Yes; and papa is a being with a heart, and lungs, and liver, and stomach. And so

am I." "Dear me, dear me, what an impudent creature! Show me your lungs, and heart, and liver, and stomach, if you wish me to believe you." So the oyster made a little

And a fair-shaped piece said: "I am the heart, and take the blood from the lungs." "But I don't see any lungs," said Daisy, perfectly bewildered by this unexpected lesson in physiology.

"The lungs are those thine, finely-streaked plates which make a fringe at the very edge of my shell."

"Very well, Messrs. Lungs, and Heart, and Stomach, and Liver, come right into my mouth, and let me see how you taste!" "Oh! wait! wait! wait!" squealed the oyster, in a faint, frightened voice. "I want to tell you something else. I make pearls. made that large one you admire so much in mamma's necklace."

"Impossible!" said Daisy. "How can

you make pearls without any hands?" "Oh! I just take a jelly that comes from my skin, and feed it with sunbeams; and when the jelly has had plenty of sunbeams it grows into a pearl. If you don't believe me, look at mamma's necklace, and you can see the sanbeams glancing and gleaming, beautiful prisoned rainbows of color. It is the easiest thing in the world to make pearl, if you only know how. I have made so much that I didn't know what to do with it, until finally I pearled my house all over inside. That proved to be a very brilliant proceeding, for I have never been in darkness since; even when I shut up for the

night, the prisoned sunbeams gleam in a faint way, making the most lovely twilight." "You dear little artist," said Daisy; "if you really made my favorite pearl, you are too smart to live you are good enough to eat." And, so saying, she tossed the oyster into her pretty mouth, and smashed it all to pieces with her shining teeth.

OUR SCHOLARS WATCH US

"I was early at my post one Sabbath morning, but I found John there before me. His peculiarly happy smile told me of great joy and peace within, for he had some months before opened his heart to the Lord Jesus. After a few words of greeting, I said, 'John, I am glad to see you are so near the Saviour this morning.' 'Yes, I do feel very happy; but how, did you know?' 'Ah, I can tell as soon as I look into your face when you are happy,' I said. He smiled, and looked as if he wished to say something, but could hardly speak it. 'What is it, my boy?' I asked; 'did you wish to tell me something?' 'Yes, teacher, I was going to say, I can always tell when you are close to Jesus, too.' 'How can you tell?' 'Oh, by your looks one way, and then by the way you talk to us.' Just then the rest of the class came in, and we talked no more; but those few words kept speaking to me all the day, 'I can tell when you are near to Jesus.' I had often scanned each face, to see if the love of Christ lighted up the eye, or if the tear of penitence welled up from the heart. So long had I been with them, so well had I known them, that Lithought I could tell much of the heart by the outward appearance. But John had turned the tables. He had been watching me, could tell when I was far from Jesus. I knew that my pupils watched my conduct, to see if precept and example went together; I knew they watched my words when I spoke of Jesus; but I knew not that they watched my very looks. I had not expected this. I had not thought they felt the After some further parleying, one said: difference when I came with a heart warmed by communion with Jesus, or with a closely studied but prayerless lesson. Those few words made me think, if I would have them close to Jesus, I must be there myself. Teachers, our classes are watching us. Do they see that we are near to Jesus? We must lead, if we wish them to follow."-

ENGLISH GIRLS IN FOREIGN CONVENTS.

The Hive.

The Paris Correspondent of the London Post reminds the public of the number of English young ladies who become Roman Catholics abroad, and then later enter occasionally a convent, and are lost to their parents and the world. They have almost invariably, a little fortune, which becomes the property of the convent on their taking the veil. The financial part of the business is all arranged beforehand. "I will narrate how two sisters, born and educated as Protestants, caused so much grief to friends at home. The daughters are sent to a school, a sort of retreat, where the young ladies of Italy are prepared for the world by an education which is almost exclusively religious, and where useful mundane knowledge is pass over when mamma, who is now in Paris, hears from Augusta that she has become a Roman Catholic. Anne is called to Paris immediately, but is so inexplicably unhappy with her mother; looks ill, and weeps, and has fits, and prays to the Virgin Mary. Well, it comes out that she wishes to become a Roman Catholic too. Mamma says 'No!' The girl runs away from the maternal home and cannot be traced. As time decided on retiring from the world, and has already gone through the probationary steps. Augusta is of age, and is mistress of 8,000l. All that the mother has heard of the daughter since is by a letter which reaches her periodically on "What a fib," interrupted Daisy. "You the saint's day of her name from the pretty little nun (she was pretty, at all events, but not brightminded), saying she is very happy, has never re- must all be tributary unto Him. "Ye are pented, and prays eternally for her family. The mine!" I redeemed you unto myself and and thin, but which gets a start the last of other young lady turns up later in America, for myself, to be a peculiar people, zealous May, and for three or four months affords where she has become a nun also. Now, here is of good works. the curious part of it. The superior of the convent in America applies to the mother for money blessed. Saviour—asserted and confessed age, contrary to expectations, has no claim on the everywhere with us. Sometimes a bribe is father's will. Anne had been born after the will offered us to be tray Him; and then that divine provision for the youngest girl. This was not upon us, as if He said: "Betrayest thou the pleasant to the finance minister of the little Son of Man with a kiss?" Sometimes we 8,000% was expected on her coming of age. No ces and self-indulgences, then that holy face

A little black piece said: "I am the liver; declared she did not intend to do so. What world. If ye love the world more than me, the stomach is hidden in me." may be the life of these girls-how they may be treated—will never be known to the outer world. The letters they write to the mother are evidently dictated. I believe most English ministers plenipotentiary at foreign courts in Catholic counries have stories to tell about British subjects in foreign convents."

> (Prepared weekly for the American Presbyterian.) LESSONS ON PAUL-XV.

Acts xiv. 28; xv. 1, 4. Gal. ii. 1-10. How long were Paul and Barnabas in Antioch?

What position in the Church would they

In what relation did the Church of Antioch stand to the Church at large? Shortly after the return of the Apostles what great controversy arose?

Who had come from Judea to Antioch? What did they teach? What was their pur-

Were these men regularly commissioned as eachers?

When they required men to be circumcised, what test was it?

Meaning of "after the manner of Moses"? What heretical sect adopted this doctrine? What was the first characteristic of the separation between the Jews and Gentiles?

What would be abhorrent to the Jews in all Gentile religions? " land of a

How were proselytes regarded by both Jews and Gentiles? What was the second characteristic?

Whntidid the Jews think of Greek and Roman philosophy?

Was it studied in any Jewish schools?

What was the third characteristic? In what respects did the Jews mingle freely

In what respects keep themselves separate? What did they consider particularly unlaw-Was it expressly forbidden in the law of

What separation in a modern heathen nation is

mewhat like this? What important point in reference to the Geniles had previously been settled?

What did the Apostles say at that time? What was the precise point now?

How did Paul's recent journey bring up this Were the Jewish Christians sincere in their

opposition to Paul? What had our Saviour said which they might quote on their side ? 🚞 🔄

Matt. xv. 24, 26. Of what sect were these Judaizing teachers? What did Paul think of their doctrine? Meaning of "dissension"? What does it

mply?
Meaning of "disputation"?
What would be the natural result among the

yrian Christians? How could the question be decided?

What was determined at last? Why was it proper that it should be decided

t Jerusalem Why were Paul and Barnabas appointed as lelegates?

What account does Paul himself give of it? How to reconcile the two? Who was one of the "certain other" men-

ioned as accompanying Paul? Where else is he spoken of? Meaning of "being brought on their way by the Church"?

ate friendship?

Through what provinces did they pass? Why is not Galilee mentioned? When and by whom had the Gospel been preached in Phenice and Samaria?

Is it probable they had heard before of the tidings brought by the Apostles? How many times before, since his conversion, had Paul been in Jerusalem?

On what occasions? What changes had taken place since his last

ARE WE-OHRIST'S? BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

Hundreds of our readers have lately sat down to commemorate the love of Jesus at His table. We have just come from that scene where we saw Him by the eye of faith. At His bidding we prepared the "guest-

chamber where He might eat the supper w.th his disciples." His countenance seemed to present itself to us—as sometimes when we sit, at twi-

light, by the fireside, the face of an absent | nine hundredths of this much heralded "bilignored. The mother does not visit the girls of friend, or of a dear departed child comes ten, but sends them all they want. Two years back and looks into ours. Upon that sweet | high time that our careless, credulous, spendvisage are the traces of Gethsemane's thrift, sovereign people, should know, not struggle and Calvary's agonies. Meekness merely the extent, but the quality of their broods on that face like a dove, and love possession. that is stronger than death. Holy, harmless, undefiled Himself, He has come to-day to "be a guest with one who is a sinner."

As that countenance of the Divine Redeemer looks in upon me at these sacra- have to be irrigated in order to produce mental seasons, those lips that tasted the crops, there is no land fit to farm on west of myrrh and the gall seem to say to me: a line drawn through Texas, Kansas, Ne-Thou art mine! I redeemed thee with brasks, and Minnesota. my blood. Live for me! Whatsoever ye do, do all for the glory of God."

Christ seems to say that every strengthened power of the will, every faculty of the mind, improved and purified by His grace, and every impulse of the converted heart,

for a dowry, as this young lady, on coming of anew at the communion table should go was executed, and the father had not made any countenance seems to look upbraidingly queendom where Anne had been taken in, as are strongly tempted into sinful complian-

ye cannot be my disciples.

At another time we are computing the cost of some coveted luxury. "It is so su. perb; just the thing we want. Can we afford it?" But a hand seems to be laid on our purse, and in that hand is the mark of the nail that pierced it on the cross. "This

is mine. This silver and gold belong to me. The Lord hath need of it. It is more blessed to give than to receive." When a genuine Christian hears this plea falling on his conscience, he drops the longed-for lux. ury at once; it is too costly for him if it costs a sting of conscience and the frown of Christ. The dearest articles in Christians' houses are those which are purchased out of the stealings from Christ's treasury.

Shall I help that poor woman again? She has come to me already, and here she is again with the same sad story. "Yes," replies the loving Jesus; "inasmuch as ye do it unto her ye do it unto me." And so there is not a struggling church that asks for our dollars, or a mission-school that demands our time and our gifts, or a hungry orphan that asks for a share of our loaf, or a drunk. ard engaged in his awful daily combat with the bottled devil, or a neglected child running wild to ruin through broken Sabbaths, or a heart-broken harlot sighing for re-admission to her lost home and hopes-not one of all these can come up before except the face of our Master comes with them, saying: "Ye are mine. Do this for me. Help them for my sake. Ye are not your own. No man liveth to himself, or dieth to himself; but, living or dying, ye are the Lord's. Glorify me with your bodies and spirits and substance, which are mine."

What is the title of possession which our Redeemer holds? We are His by gift. On the night of His betrayal, Jesus prayed: Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me. I will that they whom thou hast given me

be with me where I am." We are His by the purchase of His redeeming blood. "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price." "Ye were not redeemed (i. e., ransomed) with corruptible things, as silver and gold; but with the precious blood of a Lamb without blemish and without spot." "I lay down my life."

said Jesus, "for my sheep."

We are Christ's by voluntary choice.
We gave ourselves to Him when we chose Him as our Saviour, and joined ourselves to His band of disciples. We took upon us that yoke which grace makes easy, and that burden which love makes light. We made our solemn vow to be His for time and for

eternity. Now, if we are Christ's by divine gift, and by Christ's own redeeming purchase, and by our own free surrender, then "what manner of persons ought we to be?" Christ's am I? Then my brain is His to plan for Him, and my hand is His to toil for Him, and my inmost heart is His to adore and to love him. Christ's am I? Then must I strive to be pure as He is pure, and holy as He is holy. "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against Him?" Then must I provide things honest in the sight of all men. The robe of Jesus is large and spotless; but He never lends it to cover knavery, or to screen a lie. A man can't be honest at the communion-table who cheats in his daily business. Let a man beware how he takes the bread which typifies the broken body of Jesus, into lips that are be-Was this usual? Was it merely an act of pri- fouled with falsehood. We may all well shudder at the thought that "verily he who betrayeth me sitteth with me at the table."

Finally, am I Christ's? Then this one thing must I do: forgetting those things which are behind, I must press toward the mark of the prize of His high calling. "Go a little deeper," said the wounded French soldier to the surgeon who probed his left side for the bullet; "go a little deeper, and you will find my emperor." So should we, the blood-bought followers of Jesus, say: "Go deeper-deeper than gold, or lands, or houses, or kindred; go to the very core of thy heart, and you will find my Saviour!"

HOW MUCH IS LEFT?

A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker has an article on the agricultural value of our public domain, from which we clip the following:

"Without counting Alaska, the United States has still 1,500,000,000 acres of public lands." Why not count Alaska? It cannot be more superlatively worthless than ninetylion and a half acres of public land." It is

Of all this vast public domain, not one acre in three hundred is worth one dime for farming purposes. Excepting a few fertile valleys on the Pacific slope, which generally

This line will leave at least one third of those States "out in the cold"—or more definitely, out in the dry, for drought comes in to spoil what sterility has spared. West of this line, and east of the Continental divide, (the Rocky Mountains,) most of the surface some pasture, but early frosts render it Brethren, this ownership of us by our nearly worthless. Its value as a grazing region has been greatly overrated. This year stock would fall away rapidly, if left on prairie grass after the middle of September, These dry prairies will not bear close feeding. Cropped like New York pastures, they will run out, and there is little hope that they can be renewed with tame grasses.

Our cheap, fertile, arable lands are mostly martyr of himself, and dropped all into pieces on the spoon, in order to satisfy he United States. Up to the time I lost sight are mine. Wound me not in the house of special who intend to go West of Mrs. X —— she had not paid a farthing, and my friends. Be ye not conformed to the with a little money to produce homes.