The Family Circle.

CHRIST THE HEALER.

As Christ went into Jericho town,
'Twas darkness all, from toe to crown,
About blind Bartimeus.
He said, "Our eyes are more than dim,
"And so, of course, we don't see Him,
"But David's son can see us.

"Cry out, cry out, blind brother, cry;
"Let not salvation dear go by;
"Have mercy Son of David."
Though they were blind, they both could hear—
They heard, and cried, and he drew near;
And so the blind were saved.

O, Jesus Christ, I'm deaf and blind.
Nothing comes through into my mind,
I only am not dumb.
Although I see Thee not, nor hear,
I cry because Thou mayst be near:
O son of David come.

A finger comes into my ear;
A voice comes through the deafness drear;
Poor eyes, no more be dim.
A hand is laid upon mine eyes;
I hear, I feel, I see, I rise—
'Tis He, I follow Him.

—*George Macdonald.*

THE STORY OF A BEE.

What a big chestnut-tree that was, down by the brook! In summer it was like a huge green umbrella, all full of glancing, bright-eyed squirrels, and birds that hopped in and out of their nests, chatting away like so many Frenchmen. And in the autumn, when the leaves fluttered down, and the red apples began to glow in the orchard, what a bursting open of brown prickly burrs there was, and what a falling of shiny big chestnuts! I tell you, there was a running and scampering then among the little boys at the farm-house, and the squirrels, and the greedy field mice! Which got most, we don't pretend to say, but as the squirrels were the earliest risers, and moreover were always promptly on hand after the brisk autumn gusts sent the nuts rattling down through the boughs, long before Tommy and Jack could get their caps and boots on, we rather think that the little bushy-tails came out first and foremost.

But that was not all the chestnut tree held. About half way down the main trunk there was a great hollow place, where a colony of wild bees had built up their cells, and filled them with gold-colored honey. Busy little people they were, always on the wing, and generally on the buzz, and great travellers beside.

"Don't you think those bees make an unnecessary noise in the world?" said Spot, the toad, as he sat in Silverwing's bower one day. Now Spot, being neither handsome nor good tempered, had a habit of grumbling at every body and everything, which made him rather disagreeable company.

"Here comes Mrs Buzz, now, I should think her wings would be tired gadding here and there. I shan't stay to hear her gossip."

And Spot hopped briskly away, scolding as he went, greatly to Silverwing's relief.

"Won't you take a seat on my rose-buds, Mrs. Buzz?" said Silverwing, good-naturedly."

"Well, perhaps I will," said the busy little bee. "The truth is, Silverwing, I'm in trouble."

"Dear me!" said good natured little Silverwing, "what's the matter?"

"It's that boy of mine, Lazylegs," said Mrs. Buzz. "He sits all day on the comb, eating honey, and won't stir out to look for sweets among the flower bells. Nothing that I can say to him makes the least impression, and only yesterday the queen bee said she should turn him out of the hollow tree if he didn't alter his course of conduct. Just fancy the disgrace of having my boy, Lazylegs, turned out of the hollow tree!"

"It would be awful indeed," said little Silverwing.

"I think," said Mrs. Buzz, "that if you would step round and talk to him, Silverwing, it would do more good. Here it is bright noonday, and every bee abroad except him, and there he sits, gorging himself with honey, and listening to the foolish stories of the chattering little yellow bird that lives in the crook of the tree! I don't wonder the queen bee gets out of patience!"

"Nor I either," said Silverwing. "However, I will go round and see what I can do, Mrs. Buzz."

The July sunshine was very hot, but under the big chestnut tree it was cool and shady, where Silverwing floated in and out of the green boughs upon a glancing thread of sunlight.

There sat Mr. Lazylegs in the opening of the hollow tree, winking his sleepy eyes, while his little mouth was all smeared with fresh honey.

"Lazylegs," said the Fairy, balancing herself on the sunbeam, "why don't you go to work?"

"Work!" echoed the little drone. "Don't you see how hot it is? Work never did agree with me Fairy Silverwing."

"But all the rest of the family are working."

"Because they are fools, it's no reason I should be one."

"But, Lazylegs, you ought to earn your living."

"I went out last week, Silverwing, and you can't imagine what a pain I had under my yellow belt. Besides I'm a poet, and poets never work."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Silverwing, in great scorn.

"Yes, but I am indeed. Shall I read you the poem I wrote this morning on the wrong side of a Chestnut leaf?"

"I won't trouble you to read it, Lazylegs; you had a deal better go out and try to get a little honey against winter weather."

"Oh, I assure you that's entirely against my principles," said Lazylegs. "I may go up to the farm house towards evening. I always try to get out of the way when the old folks come grumbling home, with their everlasting clack about shiftlessness, and indolence, and coming to poverty. Then I come quietly home, when they are all fast asleep and snoring. There's a fine family of hornets among the blackberry bushes, and we have fine times stinging the cherries by moonlight."

"Lazylegs, I'm afraid you are a miserable vagabond," said Silverwing.

"Oh, no! you're mistaken. I'm only a gentleman of leisure," answered Lazylegs, pertly.

So Silverwing skimmed away on her sunbeam, feeling very sorry for hard-working, industrious Mrs. Buzz.

But the queen had overheard this conversation from her nook in the crystal cells, and no sooner was Silverwing gone, than she sent her maid of honor to summon Lazylegs to her presence.

"Well, your majesty, what's wanting?" said the drone, flippantly.

"I want you to get out of my sight and hearing," said the queen-bee, indignantly. "I won't have such a ne'er-do-well in my swarm. Now go, and never come back."

"Just as your majesty says," said pert Lazylegs, drawing out his gauzy wings to make a low bow. And off he went, humming a tune he had learned from the little boys who came to play under the chestnut tree.

"The hornets will take me in," said Lazylegs. "They're jolly, hospitable fellows."

But Lazylegs found himself entirely mistaken. The hornets liked an occasional frolic with Lazylegs very well, but they had no idea of being burdened with him *all* the time.

"No you don't," said Striped-jacket, the chief hornet. "Go about your business, and don't hinder my boys and girls from working."

Lazylegs whimpered a little, but nobody paid any attention, as he wiped his eyes with his wing, and went on up to the farm house, to see what the big grass-hopper under the currant bushes would say to him.

"I'm really afraid, at this rate, I shall have to work for a living, like the common est bee in the swarm," thought he. "Hallo! here's something quite extraordinary!"

It was a gilded cage, hanging out on the parlor window, with cups of seed, and cups of water, and oh! delight! a great lump of sparkling white sugar pushed in between the wires; while on a wooden perch in the centre of the cage, a fat mocking-bird sat with his head under his wing, fast asleep.

"This is famous," chuckled Lazylegs. "Who wants to go sticking their noses into honeysuckle bells and hollyhocks when there's such fat living as this to be had for no trouble at all. Here goes for a fine supper of white sugar, such as all the bees in the swarm never tasted before."

But Lazylegs in his incautious haste buzzed so loudly, and attacked the crystalline lump so greedily, that the brown mocking-bird waked up from his afternoon nap.

"Hallo!" thought the mocking-bird, "here is uninvited company, but I'll soon settle this business."

And before Lazylegs knew what he was about, the mocking-bird had darted from the perch, and swallowed him, wings, legs, yellow-belt and all.

That was the end of Lazylegs, and poor little Mrs. Buzz never knew what had become of her graceless son.

"I'm afraid he's gone to Australia," said the little mother.

"Just as well," said the queen-bee. "He never would have come to any good here."

The mocking-bird knew all about it of course—but he kept his own counsel.

"If any of the rest come to inquire after him, I'll serve them just the same!" said the warlike bird.

But no one came for Lazylegs. Like all indolent people he had very few friends, and so the mocking-bird had no more bee suppers.

HOW THE CLIFF WAS CLAD.

Between two cliffs lay a deep ravine, with a full stream rolling heavily through it over boulders and rough ground. It was high and steep, and one side was bare, save at the foot, where clustered a thick, fresh wood, so close to the stream that the mist from the water lay upon the foliage in spring and autumn. The trees stood looking upwards and forwards, unable to move either way.

"What if we were to clothe the Cliff?" said the Juniper one day to the foreign Oak that stood next him. The Oak looked down to find out who was speaking, and then looked up again without answering a word. The Stream worked so hard that it grew white; the North wind rushed through the ravine, and shrieked in the fissures; and the bare Cliff hung heavily over and felt cold. "What if we were to clothe the Cliff?" said the Juniper to the Fir on the other side. "Well, if anybody is to do it, I suppose we must," replied the Fir, stroking his beard; "what does thou think?" he added, looking over to the Birch. "In God's name, let us clothe it," answered the Birch, glancing timidly towards the Cliff, which hung over her so heavily that she felt as if she could scarcely breathe. And thus, although they were but three, they agreed to clothe the Cliff. The Juniper went first.

When they had gone a little way they met the Heather. The Juniper seemed as though he meant to pass her by. "Nay, let us take the Heather with us," said the Fir. So on went the Heather. Soon the Juniper began to slip. "Lay hold on me," said the Heather. The Juniper did so, and where there was only a little crevice the Heather put in one finger, and where she had got in one finger the Juniper put in his whole hand. They crawled and climbed, the Fir heavily behind with the Birch. "It is a work of charity," said the Birch.

But the Cliff began to ponder what little things these could be that came clambering up it. And when it had thought over this a few hundred years, it sent down a little Brook to see about it. It was just spring flood, and the Brook rushed on till she met the Heather. "Dear, dear Heather, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little," said the Brook. The Heather, being very busy, only raised herself a little, and worked on. The Brook slipped under her, and ran onwards. "Dear, dear Juniper, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little," said the Brook. The Juniper glanced sharply at her; but as the Heather had let her pass, he thought he might do so as well. The brook slipped under him and ran on till she came where the Fir stood panting on a crag. "Dear, dear Fir, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little," the Brook said, fondly kissing the Fir on his foot. The Fir felt bashful and let her pass. But the Birch made way before the Brook asked. "He, he, he," laughed the Brook, as she grew larger. "Ha, ha, ha," laughed the Brook again, pushing Heather and Juniper, Fir and Birch, forward and backwards, up and down on the great crags. The Cliff sat for many hundred years after, pondering whether it did not smile a little that day.

It was clear the Cliff did not wish to be clad The Heather felt so vexed that she turned green again, and then she went on. "Never mind; take courage!" said the Heather.

The Juniper sat up to look at the Heather, and at last he rose to his feet. He scratched his head a moment, and then went on again, and clutched so firmly, that he thought the Cliff could not help feeling it. "If thou wilt not take me, then I will take thee," said he. The Fir bent his toes a little to feel if they were whole, lifted one foot, which he found all right, then the other, which was right too, and then both feet. He first examined the path he had come, then where he had been lying, and at last where he had to go. Then he strode onwards, just as though he had never fallen. The Birch had been splashed very badly, but now she got up and made herself tidy And so they went rapidly on, upwards and sidewards, in sunshine and rain. "But what in the world is all this?" said the Cliff, when the summer sun shone, the dew-drops glitted, the birds sang, the wood-mouse squeaked, the hare bounded, the weasel hid and screamed among the trees.

The day came when the Heather could peep over the Cliff's edge. "O, dear me!" said she, and over she went. "What is it the Heather sees, dear?" said the Juniper, and came forwards till he, too, could peep over. "Dear me!" he cried, and over he went. "What's the matter with the Juniper to-day?" said the Fir, taking long strides in the hot sun. Soon he, too, by standing on tiptoes, could peep over. "Ah!"—every branch and prickle stood on end with astonishment. He strode onwards, and over he went. "What is it they all see, and not I?" said the Birch, lifting up her skirts, and tripping after. "Ah!" said she, putting her head over, "there is a whole forest, both of Fir and Heather and Juniper and Birch, waiting for us on the plain;" and her leaves trembled in the sunshine till the dew-drops fell. "This comes of reaching forwards," said the Juniper.—*Bjornson.*

PARENTAL INFLUENCE.

A short time since there was published an account of the suicide of a boy, 13 years of age, in this city, by taking arsenic. Quite lately a school girl, having been reprimanded by her teacher, informed her schoolmates that she intended drowning herself, and having persuaded them to assemble on the bank of the river, she actually consummated the terrible deed, and, before assistance could reach her, life was extinct. A contemporary states that three boys under fifteen years of age have committed suicide in Fulton County, Illinois, within a period of nine weeks—two by shooting, and one by hanging. These cases may well startle every parent and educator of youth, and lead them to ask how such things can be. When the strong vitality and love of life that characterize the young, and the terrible and bitter despair that is usually supposed to induce the act of suicide, are considered, the causes that have been brought to bear upon these young people to produce so unnatural, so awful, a result, may well be a subject of earnest inquiry.

It is true, in a certain sense, that the children of the present day enjoy far more freedom and happiness, and lead upon the whole a pleasanter life than those of olden times, who were more restricted in action, whose pleasures were fewer, and whose toils were more severe. Perhaps the parents of the present day are less likely to err by undue severity than by negligent indulgence, and yet it may be that in the cases cited above, as well as in too many other instances not brought into public notice, the sympathy and love that would have made life pleasant to the young have been denied, and a stern and chilling severity has turned the naturally hopeful life into desolate despair. In numerous cases, where no severity darkens the life of childhood, yet neglect and indifference prove almost as baneful in their results. The father immersed in his daily business, and the mother too often plunged into the vortex of fashion that allows no time for the most precious duties of life, permit their children to grow up under the care of others, and deny them the affectionate companionship and intercourse which would, of itself, be an education worth more than all that schools have power to impart. Children possess keener sensibilities and deeper feelings than is usually believed possible. If their reason is less developed, and their judgment more faulty than those of their elders, their susceptibilities are more acute, and their affections more ardent and easier wounded. While by harsh and stern rules there may be secured a sullen obedience of action, these can never reach the heart of the child, and the only way to influence it truly for good is through love and confidence.

Parents little know how much they lose by refusing companionship to their children. Of all affections, one of the most enduring and grateful is that of the child, who, having arrived at maturity, turns fondly back to the authors of his existence and happiness, and strives to repay them for their love and care, by blessing and honoring their old age. Such blessings and honors, however, are only given to those who have secured the confidence of their children in early life. Naturally every little child comes to his parent anxious to share with him his joys and sorrows, his hopes and fears. If he is met with sympathy and consideration, his love and faith are unreservedly bestowed, but if he be coldly repulsed or carelessly slighted, his heart recoils in sullen disappointment, and he seeks and soon finds other and less suitable channels for his sympathies. Every parent who values his child's best welfare, or who hopes to reap an affectionate gratitude in after life, should bestow upon him at once, and always, the kindly consideration, the loving sympathy, and the confidential intercourse which will bind them together in ties that no distance, no changes, and not even death itself can sunder.—*Public Ledger.*

BE A WOMAN.

Oft I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with a son on duty,
Urging him to be a man,
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,
Though with love's words quite as ready,
Points she out the other duty—
"Strive, my dear, to be a *lady.*"

What's a *lady?* Is it something
Made of hoops and silks and airs,
Used to decorate the parlor,
Like the fancy rings and chairs?
Is it one that wastes on novels
Every feeling that is human?
If 'tis this to be a lady,
'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
Speak of something higher far
Than to be mere fashion's lady—
"*Woman*" is the brightest star,
If you, in your strong affection,
Urge your son to be a true man,
Urge your daughter no less strongly
To arise and be a *woman.*

Yes, a *woman!* brightest model
Of that high and perfect beauty,
Where the mind and soul and body
Blend to work out life's great duty.
Be a woman! naught is higher
On the gilded crest of fame;
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brightier, holier name.

A TRUE STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

A little girl, six years old, was one evening gently reproved by her pious mother for some of her faults during the day. She seemed very sorry: and shortly afterwards, when she was alone, some one passed by and heard her talking, but in too low a tone for any one to understand what she said.

The next evening, after repeating her usual prayer, at her mother's knee, the little girl asked earnestly, "Have I behaved better to-day?" Her mother answered that she was much pleased with the day's improvement, and hoped that her little daughter would always behave as well. "Then," replied the child, "I must go and talk with God again. I told Him yesterday that I wanted to be good, and I begged Him to help me, and He has helped me all day long, so that I could not be naughty, even when I felt it in me."

Yes dear children, the evil is *in us* all the time, and it is only by God's grace that we can subdue it. Go and *talk* to *Him* about it, that He will help you to avoid every evil way and to obey the precepts of His holy law all the days of your life.—*Religious Herald.*

BUDGET OF ANECDOTES.

—Billy Hubbard was a queer Methodist genius. Once when roll was called in the Conference, his name was read William. He rose at once and objected, saying that his name was not William, it was Billy. "But, brother Hibbard," pleaded Bishop Ashbury, "Billy is a little boy's name." "Yes, Bishop," was the quick reply, "and I was a little boy when my father gave it to me." "Billy" was apt to be pugnacious in the pulpit. It was well-nigh impossible for him to say "Amen" until he had given the Five Points of Calvinism a rap. Once after he had been thus freeing his mind, a good Presbyterian friend who had been listening said, "Brother Hibbard, you hurt my feelings by what you said about so and so"—some point of Calvinistic doctrine. "O," was the reply, "I am sorry you took that; I aimed that at the devil, and you stepped in and took the blow instead. Don't get between me and the devil, brother, and you won't get hurt."

—One of Peter Cartright's pioneer experiences is thus narrated in *Zion's Herald:* "On the third year he had an appointment so poor that even his presiding elder advised him to give it up. On going there again, he found two young ladies, well dressed in homespun, in his congregation, whom he had never seen before. They seemed affected by his preaching, and he inquired where they lived, with a view to calling there. He was told that the mother of the girls was a fearful woman, and would curse him to the teeth. He replied that his mission was to save sinners, and he should go, though she had seven devils. He went into the cabin, but the woman never spoke to him. The man of the house was one of those women-pecked creatures who have no moral courage. However, he asked about the girls, and was told to let them alone, the old woman evidently thinking he had come a courting. He declared his purpose to pray, and she ordered him out, for she didn't want any of his prayers, she said. She walked up, put her fist under his nose, and told him 'to take the door.' He thought best to frighten her a little, and told her she had better not do it again, for if she did, God pity her. Whether she was frightened or not, she seemed a little composed. He ordered her to sit down on a stool while he prayed, but she retorted by threatening to kick him out of doors. However, he got through with singing a hymn, the old woman meanwhile making a terrible racket with her tongue and the stools and kettles. When he got through singing, he knelt down to pray, and if he ever watched, and prayed at the same time he did then, keeping one eye on the old woman. She made no demonstration, however, and he prayed that the Lord would convert her if possible, and if not, to let her die and go to the devil at once, where she belonged. He then went away on his circuit, and on his return, four weeks after, he found that she experienced religion, as also her husband and daughters. This might be a novel way to bring about a revival, but there are some people who have to be whipped into religion."

—The Rev. Samuel Clawson, a Methodist preacher of eccentric manners, sometimes called the "wild man," was very popular in Western Virginia some twenty years ago. He was cross-eyed and wiry made, and very dark skinned for a white man. At times he was surprisingly eloquent, always excitable and occasionally extravagant. He once accompanied a brother minister, Rev. Mr. R., a prominent pastor, on a visit to a colored church. Mr. R. gave the colored preacher the hint, and of course Clawsen was invited to preach. He did so, and during the sermon, set the impulsive Africans to shouting all over the house. This, in turn, set Clawsen to extravagant words and actions, and he leaped out of the pulpit like a deer, and began to take the hands of the colored brethren, and mix in quite happily. He wept for joy. Then, pressing through the crowd, he found Brother R., and sitting down beside him, he threw his arm around his neck, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, he said: "Brother R., I almost wish I had been born a nigger. These folks have more religion than we have." "Well, well," said Brother R., "you come so near it that you needn't cry about it."

—One of our ministers who recently delivered an address at the laying of a corner-stone of a Reformed (German) church in Lehigh valley, said that he knew of no people more richly favored and blessed, than the people of that healthy, rich, and magnificent valley—all being enriched by its agricultural, but especially its mineral resources. One thing, however, should be seriously considered. That was the gain of the Lord's day—the money that is made in keeping the iron furnaces in full blast and operation on the holy Sabbath. This Sabbath work, it is alleged, is a work of necessity—and he was not well enough acquainted with the present process of iron manufacture to pronounce on it either way. But, granting it to be so, the seventh day is the Lord's own day, and the ore is the Lord's, and they make as much iron on that day as on any other day; therefore, the one seventh of all the clear gain from these furnaces should be the Lord's also—and whoever holds this seventh part back from Him, shall not be guiltless. We learn that a certain prominent and wealthy stockholder in those iron works, who was present, contributed one hundred dollars on the occasion; and said that he had never before considered the points presented by the speaker; but he believed he was right, and from henceforth he purposed to give—as near as he could calculate—the one seventh of his profits from iron to the Lord.—*The Presbyterian.*

—James Oliphant, minister of Dumbarton, was especially quaint in his public prelections. When reading the Scriptures he was in the habit of making comments in undertones, on which account seats near the pulpit were much prized and best filled. It is said, in reading the passage of the possessed swine running into the deep, and being there choked, he was heard to mutter, "Oh that the devil had been choked too!" Again, in the passage as to Peter exclaiming, "We have left all and followed thee!" the remark was, "Ay boasting, Peter, ay braging; what had ye to leave but an old crazy boat and may be twa or three rotten nets?"

—One of the best things that was ever said about a minister, is told of Rev. Henry Cummings, D. D., who died after a pastorate of more than half a century over the (now Unitarian) church in Billerica, Mass., in 1823. It became a proverb among his people: "pour a bushel basket full of gossip and scandal down at his door, and he will never stoop to pick it up." It is said of him also, in illustration of the same trait, that a parishoner who was one day dining with him, beginning to speak in a confidential way with him in disparagement of certain parishioners who were not present, was suddenly stopped by a stern rebuke, after this wise, Sir, "I invited you to dine with me to-day, as a friend to me, and not as a slanderer of any of my people—all of whom I consider as my friends."—*Congregationalist.*

HOW TO MARKET BUTTER.

The Boston Cultivator tells how the best farmers near Philadelphia get so high a price for their butter.

"First, they *always* make a first-class article, so their customers, sure of getting the best there is, will not desert them on account of a rise in the price. Second, they bring in their butter in a showy and attractive condition. No pot of delf ware, no tub or pail of oak or hemlock, no vulgar firkin is used to entomb those noble balls, golden-hued with the aroma of white clover and *Poa pratense* lingering in firm grain. A large tin vessel, designed expressly for the business, has chambers at each end, into which ice is put. Thin wooden shelves, about three inches apart, rest on little projections on the sides. A layer of balls is placed on the bottom and covered with its shelf, but not so as to touch or mar the handsome print of a sheaf of grain, which stands out on the top of each ball; on the shelf another layer of prints, and so on till the vessel is full, then containing forty or fifty lb. prints. The tin, with ice in each end, is then set in a wooden tub, which has been cooled with ice or spring water.—Over this is drawn a cover of padded carpeting, with an oil cloth on top. Thus hot air and dust are wholly excluded, and the butter rides to the city and opens in the market house in as fine condition as when packed in the spring house. In just this way, with this degree of care and skill, is the best Philadelphia butter made, marked and marketed. No wonder the Philadelphians would rather pay seventy-five cents than go back from such manna to the leeks and onions of the common firkin.