#### Our Home Circle

LIFE.

" But a week is so long!" he said. With a toss of his curly head, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven !-Seven whole days. Why, in six, you know (You said it yourself—you told me so), The great God up in Heaven
Made all the earth and the seas and skies. The trees, and the birds, and the butterflies ! How can I wait for my seeds to grow?"

"But a month is so long!" he said, With a droop of his boyish head, "Hear me count—one, two, three, four—Four whole weeks, and three days more: Thirty-one days, and each will creep As the shadows crawl over yonder steep; Thirty-one nights, and I shall lie Watching the stars climb up the sky How can I wait till a month is o'er?

But a year is so long!" he said, Uplifting his bright young head, "All the s-asons must come and go Over the hills with footsteps slow— Autumn and winter, summer and spring ; Oh, for a bridge of gold to fling Over the chasm deep and wide, That I might cross to the other side, Where she is waiting-my love, my bride!

" Ten years may be long!" he said, Slowly raising his stately head, "But there's much to win, there's much to lose; A man must labor, a man must choose, The years may be long, but who would wear The crown of honor, must do and dare! No time has he to toy with fate,

" Ah! life is not long !" he said. Bowing his grand white head. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!-Seven times ten are seventy.
Seventy years! As swift their flight As swallows cleaving the morning light, Or golden gleams at even. Life is short as a summer night— How long, O God! is eternity?"

#### PRAY OVER IT.

"I have just wasted this day," said one Sabbath school teacher to a friend who was calling upon her, " trying to decide which of these two patterns to use in making my new dress. Either is fashionable, and one looks as pretty as the other. I should have commenced the skirt but for this."

"I have always a good rule which I find it safe to follow in any perplexity."; "Do give it to me, Mary."

"I pray over it,"

The cheek of the other flushed, and by his tone and manner. she harldly knew what to reply.

"You would not pray over a dress would you?" she asked at length. . 415

"I think it is getting to be a matter of most serious moment with Christian women. Indeed, there is scarcely any thing we need to pray over more fervently, if we would ever wear the white robe in as twenty times before I had recovered the Father's mansion. We see in our from my surprise enough to compreclasses what mischief it is working hend his meaning. When T did, T American people for their Christian the midnight sum grazes the horizon, how it distracts the attention of our girls and fills their minds so entirely that all good thoughts are crowded out. Imagine the Lord Jesus sitting by the table here with you, my dear, helping you to decide this weighty question, that another mortal has passed from life, and that they are bearing the dead to the grave."

"But I must make the dress some

more was needed, he is explicit enough in the New Testament when he talks to us of our 'outward adorning.' Miss Alice, pray well over this matter, I entreat you, before you put in the scissors to your dress, and I am not afraid that you will regret the decision you make.'

Do not all need to pray more over our dress patterns?

### A HELPING HAND.

In a town on the Monongahela, among some hundreds of pledge-signers, was a man grossly intemperate and profane. He signed the temperance pledge and kept it for a few days resolutely; but passing along the street he came to a drinking house; the burning thirst for his accustomed stimulant came upon him with such power that he stopped, hesitated, took a step or two towards the door, and hesitated again, strongly reluctant to break his pledge, yet unable to resist the terrible craving.

Just then a lawyer of the place, who was also a signer of the pledge, came along. The poor tempted man grasped him by the hand and told him that if he had not come along he would have broken his pledge—that alone he could not have helped it. "Come to my office," said the lawyer. Entering it the two men knelt down together, and \* the tempted man prayed earnestly and audibly for strength. His prayer was answered; for after some time spent in conversation, he left the office strong in his resolution, cheerful and happy; for he had overcome through the grace and help of God. But he is but one of thousands who have been led from the lowest depth of sin; and we may hope that the boundless blessings promised 'to him that overcometh' will be his. When such scenes take place in lawyers' offices we may thank God and take courage. The lawyer himself told the stery at the noonday prayer meeting. Of his own share in the supplications of that hour he modestly forbore to speak

#### VAIN REPETITIONS.

My Spanish tutor was an old man. It was said that he was of noble birth, and had been rich and distinguished in his country, but had fallen into political difficulty and disgrace, and had been obliged to leave his native country and seek an asylum in ours; and that poverty now constrained him to earn his bread by giving instruction in various languages.

Of course I took him to be a Romana bigoted one, and resolved to leave in which we were then sitting. that question entirely untouched, although it pervades almost every page of Spanish literature, lest I might unwittingly irritate or offend him. By ject. He let fall remarks and critisuddenly cause his face to assume a as we read this simple inscription: look of contempt, and even anger, even though he said nothing. Still, as I believed him a rigid papist, I allowed myself to take no notice of these peculiarities.

One day I was translating a passage from a Spanish author, in which very pointed reference was made to the common forms of the Romish worship, attaching great efficacy to the devout ielas of prayer eviouned by the church upon the true believer. When the lesson was daly rendered into English American society is this coming to the and made the second book of little I observed that my teacher had, as the French say, "le nez a Vair," while his lips were curled with the expression of derision which I had often remarked before, when similar ideas occurred in our, of women was never seen on earth) in tion was concerned. It has returned text. Not, knowing exactly what to the schools rooms of the West, more and say, I was going to ask something about more taking the most responsible places dailure, and still its sale is a source of the times and personal listory of our of instruction and supervision, almost profit. - Exchange. author, when, to my amazement, the monopolizing the Sunday school and professor broke out.— the religious work of the church, is God's professor broke out,-

ing up from his chair. I thought he' was moved to scold me for a badly prepared lesson, and was quite frightened tive side of Southern affairs, to day, is are like floating rooks whirled along a

"Miss," he repeated after a moment's pause, "suppose I wanted a favour of you, a small favour say a dollar,which I thought I could obtain for the asking. And suppose Idahould goome. and say to you, Give me, a dollar, give me a dollar, give me a dollar, give me a dollar," and he repeated it as many who are a prophecy of the often a black shining whale comes for could not restrain from a burst of laugh womannood and spienars worth seem immersed in a wave of purple light.

" What would you think of me, I say, if I went on in that way? not perhaps even reflecting upon the meaning of the words I used, but intent only to reep up all while the mechanical gabble, Give me a dollar, give me a dollar, "Certainly; but I think our duty is to give me a dollar,' believing I should choose a fashion that is most modest get it in consequence of these senseless and simple. The mind of the Lord has repetitions. Wouldn't you despise me? never changed, and he tells us clearly I know you would. And God," conhis view of this matter of ornamentation tinued the professor vehemently, in the third of Isaiah. And if anything may well despise those who approach him in this fashion of formalism and nonsense. I should think he would hate them all,—yes, and spurn them from his sight,—I would !"

Then, as if recollecting himself, he proceeded more calmly,—
"I was born and bred in the Roman

Church, Miss; I know all about it, its history, its workings, its excellences, its defects. It is good for some minds; it is adapted to some natures; but it has made an infidel of me, not to say an

atheist." And with these words he made me his stately bow and took his leave.-Golden Rule.

### ALMOST, BUT LOST !

" Many years ago," says Dr. William M. Taylor, "while we were ministering to a church in Liverpool, it was our melancholy duty to go to the widow of the first officer of the Royal Charter, and tell her that her husband was drowned. The vessel had gone round the world in safety. Her arrival at Queenstown had been telegraphed, and the sailor's wife was sitting in her parlor with the table spread in eager expectation, when we entered to say that he had been drowned with more than four hundred others in Meefra Bay, only two or three hours from the harbor. We never saw such agony as that depicted when, grasping our hand in hers, she cried with a grief too deep for tears, 'So near home and yet lost!

But what eternal horror shall hang about the doom of those who are "not far from the kingdom of God," but whose good desires, and resolutions, and determinations shall only end in the disappointment of perdition at last! Woe to the man who puts off the day of salvation-the time will come when perdition cannot be put off! Now is the accepted time.

" Almost can not avail. Almost, is but to fail. Sad, sad that bitter wail. Almost, but lost !"

# PAYNE.

I must tell your of our visit to the Protestant cemetery, to see the grave of John Howard Payne, the immortal author of " Home, Sweet Home." This man, who never knew the joys of a real home, died alone and unhappy in this far-off land. We called upon our American consul at Tunis, who told us of some interesting things in connection to Beston to receive their payment, with the last years of our unfortunate which Mr. Jewett states was \$10,000. ist, like most of his nation-probably countryman who died in the same room He paid in all to Mrs. Showe, a little

In a small enclosure, planted with cypress trees, and shut in with high walls, we found this quiet resting-place were to get the check for this large of the dead, among many tombs of for- amount cashed, and what they were to degrees, however, I came to under- eign consuls, English, German, and stand that my venerable instructor was other nationalities. Our attention was not morbidly sensitive upon the sub- first attracted to the plain marble slabs his bank and introduced them to the resting on a square foundation, and cisms occasionally which rather sur- overhung by an immense pepper tree, prised me as coming from a son of the whose long graceful branches reminded 'true church." Sometimes an expres- us of the weeping willow of our own Stowe was instructed into the mystery sion or allusion in our tesson would land. We stood with uncovered head,

"JOHN HOWARD PATNE" Twice Consul of the United States, Died April 1st, 1862, Born at Boston, June 8, 1792." Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled, To realms beyond the azure domen and with arms outstretched God's angels said,

Welcome to heaven's Home. Sweet Home. -Tunis (Africa) Letter to Boston Trans-

#### WOMEN TO THE FRONT.

To-day, the most hopeful feature of

front of the finest American womanhood in every grade of the American school. The presence of the noble army of schoolmistresses (and a nobier body Ma'mselle," almost hercely, start - bow of promise bending above that wild LIFE IN THE POLAR REGIONS. waste of savage conflict we call Western business and polities. The most attract tempest in the polar sea. The icebergs Southern girls crowding every new dash against each other, backward and avenue of the higher education often forward, bursting with a roar like thunthe daughters and wives of illustrious der, and returning to the charge until families, wrecked in the great revolution; losing their equilibrium, they tumble beginning life anew as teachers in the over in a cloud of spray, upheaving the common school. We know fifty young ice-fields, which fall afterward like the colored girl-teachers in Southern schools orack af a whip-lash on the boiling sea. who are a prophecy of a great future The sea-gulls fly away screaming, and admiration and support of the whole an instant pushing to the surface. When womanhood and splendy work. Every the floating mountains and the rocks sphere." Woman's whole sphere is not open air without inconvenience. in the rear of the baggage-train, bind- much higher degree of cold becomes, ing up wounds, saying prayers, and however, insufferable if there is wind. keeping the children out of range of At fifteen degrees below zero a steam. masculine artillery. All this she can as if from a boiling kettle, rises from and will do out of the depths of her un- the water. At once trozen by the wind, selfish love. The other half-beyond it falls in a fine powder. This phenomquestion the grander half of her sphere enon is called ice-smoke. At forty deis to come to the front in the school, grees the snow and human bodies also the church, and society, and so instruct smoke, which smoke changes at once and train the children of the new generation that this horrid lunacy of the past, inflicted on the world by man, shall give place to the age of light and love and peace. For man in all his glory, is always half a lunatic while he keeps the women and the children in the rear and struts along the highway, the lord and master of the front. He only comes by contact with the ice on board. To to himself when he "locks arms" with mother, wife, "sisters, cousins, and aunts;" and, with a little boy and girl must be carefully removed before one holding on to each finger, moves forward a united phalanx of human wis- jold. dom, beauty, and love upon every foe of God and the human race.—New England Journal of Education.

# MRS. STOWE'S PROFITS.

An exchange commenting on authorship and its reward, mentions \$10,000 received by Harriet Beecher Stowe as the author's compensation on the sale of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' We can state the incorrectness of this figure, upon the authority of the publisher, Mr. Jewett, himself. That gentleman once gave the writer an interesting account of how first began Mrs. Jewett was in the habit | that comes out with a grimace and Catherine did in regard to her famous passably or even correctly. - Ez.

THE GRAVE OF JOHN HOWARD Cookery Book. Mr. Jewett explained that it would then be necessary for her to bear part of the cost, and he suggested further that Mr. and Mrs. Stowe should take competent advice as to the fairest plan for Mrs. Stowe, and he named some prominent persons in Boston who could advise properly. The result was a decision in favor of royalty. Three months after the book was issued, the author and her husband returned over \$30,000. An amusing part of the event was the ignorance of both the Professor and Mrs. Stowe as to how they do for safety's sake with the money it called for. Mr. Jewett took them to President. As such distinguished visiters were rare, they were at once asked into the bank parlor and then Professor of a bank account and drawing checks against it. Mr. Jewett tells how Miss Catherine Beecher created ill will by denouncing him as having dealt unfairly by Mrs. Stowe in not giving a share of the profits instead of the royalty. He claims to have successfully proved that his royalty gave the famous author a far fairer and proportionately more rumunerative return than that obtained by Catherine Beecher for her book, The result of the difference was the publication of 'Dred,' by Philips, Sampson & Co., whose subsequent failure swept baway the author's royalty pecuniary profit to her. These are probably the undeniable facts as to Mrs. Stowels remuneration for Uncle Tom's Cabin, so far as the American publicaconsiderable money since Mr. Jewett's

It is impossible to form an idea of a he affecting spectacle: of these loyal rapid current. The crystal mountains into millions of tiny particles, like needles of ice, which fill the air, and make a light continuous noise, like the rustle of a stiff silk. At this temperature the trunks of trees bunst with a loud report. the rocks break up, and the earth opens and vomits smoking water. Knives break in cutting butter. Cigars go out talk is fatiguing. At night the eyelids are covered with a crust of ice, which can open them Professor Nordensk-

# MUSIC: MAD MISSES.

I'm sure I den't knew how it is, but in these years everybody seems to be crazy on music, whether they have any in their souls or not. Regularly you will meet young ladies you know on the street with a music roll in their hands, and they are going to Kelleher, or to Fabbri, or to Melville or to Mancusi, or to Blanchi, to ah, ah, ah and oh, oh, oh through a lesson of an hour, and that furnishes work to practice on for the rest of the week, and so they keep he came to publish 'Uncle Tom,' what | month in and month out, having all the royalty he paid and its amount, and how little sweetness there is in their voices. Mrs. Stowe came to leave his house spoiled by their half attempt at somewhen 'Dred' was published. 'Uncle Tom's thing grand. When by dint of hard Cabin' first appeared as a serial in Dr. exertion you induce them to sing they Bailey's National Era. Mr. Jewett was are forever making a lamentable effort anti-slavery, and followed the Free Soil at a trill, or a failure at grace notes, or form of the agitation. When the novel a trial at a faint and miserable C sharp, of reading it aloud to her husband. (She squeak, leaving the would be cantatrice became greatly affected, and urged Mr. breathless, and her audience quite as-Jewett, when it was about half issued, hamed for her that she hadn't stuck to to publish it in book form. He wrote something simple, yet pretty, and withto Mrs. Stowe, who was residing in in her limited compass. I met one of Maine, Mr. Stowe being Professor of these the other day, and a nice and Theology at Bowdoin College. The charming little girl she is as one would author and her husband came to Boston. wish to see, with an unusual talent all her Mr. Jewett's offer was a surprise to them. own for her pencil, and a perfect knack They were ready to concede to any terms for millinery and making things tasty. he might offer. His proposition was to | Yet all this she looks upon as of no acpublish at his own cost, and pay a royal- count; she entirely neglects these real ty of, we believe, ten per cent. Mrs. gifts, and off she must switch to her Stowe was somewhat disposed to take music lessons, when I don't believe she a share in the profits, as her sister could learn to sing "Bonnie Doon,"

## Our Young Folks.

BABY THANKFUL. Roaming in the meadow, Little four-year-old

Picks the starry daisies,
With their hearts of gold: Fill her snowy apron, Fill her dimpled hands Suddenly-how quiet

"Who made f'owers so pitty— Put 'em here? Did God?" I, half-heeding, answer With a careless nod

In the grass she stands

Dropping all her blossoms. With uplifted head, Fervent face turned skyward, "Thank you, God!" she si

Then as if explaining
(Though no word I spake)
"Always mus' say 'thank you' For the things I take. Oh, mylittle preacher, Clad in robes of praise Would we all might copy

Baby Thankful's ways Time to fret and murmur We could never make, Should we first "say 'thank you'

For the things we take.

#### HARRY'S VICTORY.

BY MISS KATE M. FRAYNE.

"Oh dear, I wish I had n't touched I do wish I had left it on the top shelf of the supboard where it was! What will Aunt Martha say ?"

"You need n't tell her, and she'll never suspect once it was you who

Harry started as if some real voice had spoken to him, and looked eagerly about the room to learn from whence the voice came.

"That sounded so much like Joe Simons' voice, when he wanted me to tell mother a story last summer when he and I went fishing together."

But Harry remembered now that Joe at Simons was several miles from Aunt Martha's, and it certainly could not have been him.

This very afternoon Aunt Martha had gone to a neighbor's on an errand, and eft Harry as sole occupant of the house for an hour or more. The time seemed very long, and as Harry sat rocking back and forth in the sitting-room, his eyes chanced to see this quaint old China candlestick. Now, Harry had some curiosity (though you know boys do not get credit for such a degree of that element as girls), still he wanted very much to see that candlestick, but of course never once thought of breaking it, when all of a sudden, as he lifted it to put it back on the shelf, down it came with a crash; and was broken in several

It was then the voice suggested, "You needn't tell; gather up the pieces and throw them away where no one will see them; you are going home to-morrow anyhow, and your aunt will never miss it, or notice its being gone before that time; besides Aunt Martha will think it very meddlesome in you to search about so when she is away."

Harry's heart beat louder and more rapidly as he thought of the probability of losing Aunt Martha's favor by his meddling, and the suggestions of the tempter were in a fair way to win, when another voice, not nearly so bold, but firm and gentle, as that of his own dear mother, seemed to say, "Harry Wilton, would you, could you, tell a lie about breaking the candlestick?"

"A lie! Oh dear! I did n't think about its being a lie," cried Harry, nervously; "I, I'd tell if she asked me: but if she did n't-"

" If she did nit you'd just act the lie, would you?" said the last voice.

Harry stood hesitating a moment, and the first voice spoke out bolder than even, "Harry Wilton, you're a regular chicken-hearted little simpleton to own up that you broke it, when no one knows it; and then if your aunt gets very vexed with you, she'll never like you or trust you again."

"Do right whatever comes of it," said the second voice, more impressively than ever; and Harry said:

"Yes, I'll tell Aunt Martha alliabout it; it's right, I'm sure, and I'll do it." The first voice left off speaking, as the tempter always does when the right has fairly won the field, and Harry's heart best lighter for having obeyed that inward monitor, conscience, which, vou know, is said to be the "voice of

God within us." He told Aunt Martha just how it happened, and also of the two voices speaking out so plainly that it seemed as if some one must be near him. She freely forgave Harry, and explained to him about the two voices; of how they always speak to us when questions of right and wrong come up for decision and she added: "Harry, I'm so glad to know that you were enabled to obey the good voice; may you ever be thus faithful, my boy, and remember that the least victory won on the side of right, is always worth all it costs, and that-

Each victory will help you "Some other to win."

-Exchange.

"Johnny loves to do right," said Mrs. Hale. "I can always trust him." What kind of a man do you think Johnny will make? An upright man, like the good king who "did that which was good and right." It is better to be such a man as that than to be a king.

LESSON VI.-A

Sunday Scho

ABRAM AND MELO ТІМЕ-В. С. 1913.

last lesson. PLACE-Abraham miles north of Jerusal which Lot was captur valley of Siddim, on t of the Dead Sea. A Hebron receives the overtaking them at them as far as Damas the king of Sodom, ar of Salem (afterwards . in the valley of Sha Jerusalem.

And they took Lot, . eth with wise men she companions of fools s Prov. 13: 20. How whilst-they have looke themselves! When w of our duty, we put ou God's protection, and choices made by our to our comfort. Par made of their taking goods which had occa with Abram, and his s

Came one that had one of Lot's letainers. lers on the summits. of the chief nations land of Canaan before Israelites. They are Canaanites, who were lowlands; and the tv main broad divisions Eshcol (the cluster of times the name given Israel to a valley near the bunch which the thence. Confederate Amorite Mamre, and were named as confede because they assisted h verse 24.

His brother. Kin, speaking, Lot was his his trained servants. and practiced in the ially those born in his the patriarchs carried from chs. 3: 25; 49; and eighteen. Which of more than one thou and children. He divided himself

and his allies attac quarters. By night. that the manner of war, and pillaging the keep by the side of them in the rear, near cording to their forces easy to do in Arabia, v plain; and in the nigh upon the camp, and o it before the rest are He supposes that Abr camp of the four king same Arab manner, a with unequal forces, a sign, and rescued Lot is the first mention of ble. It is one of the me at all times been on ant, of the cities of Sy in a plain of vast size tility, which lies east of Anti-Libanus, on t ert. It is still a city

tants. The king.....went out kings of the different congratulate them, and the deliverers of their ham had been one of whom be defeated, he-w up his victory, and mad the country. But the he was governed as a s vented him from doing

Melchisedek; i.e.,

ness. There is someth

mysterious in the first chizedek and in the su to him. Bearing a t after ages would recog their own sovereign, t recall to Christians this (anaanite crosses path of Abraham, and recognized as a person rank than the friend ing as suddenly as h to the sacred writing and then a few empl other moment bring h type of the coming l more, after another 1 brew Christians are t a proof that it was the of God to abolish the His person, his o Christ, and the sea have given rise to sions, which even n considered as settled. view of the true chara is that given by Jos was a Canaanitish prin gious man; a persona up by God, whose gen designedly veiled might be in this as in of Christ. He is mer the Scriptures only and in the Epistle 5. 6, 7; where the aporthe pre-eminence of over that of Aaron, somewhat remarkab subsisted between wh Melchisedek, and wh firm of Christ. A the sacred record, -priest, not by inhediate divine appoin his office from no l ered it down to no before us in the say

alone, constituting

priesthood. In the nently "made like t

was also a priest, il-

the sons of Aaron, i

predecessors, but at

Melchisedek, that divine constitution.