

THE HOME CIRCLE.

WALKING BY FAITH.

If I could feel my hand, dear Lord, in Thine
And surely know
That I was walking in the light divine
Through weal or woe:

If I could hear Thy voice in accents sweet
But plainly say,
To guide my groping, wandering feet,
"This is the way,"

I would so gladly walk therein; but now
I cannot see.
O, give me, Lord, the faith to humbly bow
And trust in Thee!

There is no faith in seeing. Where we led
Like children here,
And lifted over rock and river bed,
No care, no fear,

We should be useless in the busy throng,
Life's work undone;
Lord, make us brave and earnest, in faith strong,
Till Heaven is won.

THE MAN TO BE.

Stop and think a moment just what sort of a man could do the most good in the community in which you live, among the people with whom you associate. Picture him in your mind with distinct, careful lines. Decide what he must be—genial, warm-hearted, generous, cordial, sincere, possessed of a hearty laugh, a keen appreciation of a good joke, and yet earnest, helpful and unselfish. Decide what he might do, and still keep the respect of all, what he might not do, and what he must do. Decide in just what work in your neighborhood such an ideal man is most needed. How in his everyday intercourse with other men he could do them the best service; picture to yourself how such a genial, wholesome man would cheer and encourage toiling men, how he could give a helping hand to many of whom you know. Such a man is needed in almost every community. Picture just what such a man might accomplish in your own, then—be that man!—Hattie Louise Jerome.

CHILDREN AND THE LORD'S DAY.

The Lord's day! Are we losing the sense that one day in seven belongs to Jehovah, who gives us six days for our own work, our own play, our own uses, but reserves the seventh for the refreshment of our souls and bodies, and for His hallowed worship? "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," was the Divine command which made provision for the race, that so, until time shall end, we may have cessation from care and rest from toil, when its blessed hours come round. Here in America we have great occasion to guard well our Sabbaths from the invasion of foreign ideas, in direct antagonism to the spirit of our country, and the principles of our fathers. We need, too, to insist on our right to a Sabbath in our households; and to train our little ones in reverence for the Lord's own day is at once our duty and our privilege.

But in doing this we should be careful that we do not make the children hate the Sabbath by burdensome restrictions which are of our own invention and not of God's ordering.

Little restless hands and feet must have employment on Sunday as on Monday. Wide-awake childish brains seek food for thought on Sunday as on Monday. We must make a difference between that which is secular and that which is sacred, but the sacred hours may be full of agreeable occupations, which are in no sense tasks, and the dear children may grow up feeling that Sunday is the cap-sheaf and climax, the best day of the week.

By all means let them be taken at an early age to church. There is no sweeter sight in the world than a row of golden heads in the pew:

"I think that our tender Saviour,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For dear little heads in the pew."

A prudent mother will not expect her small lads and lassies to attend strictly to a sermon, and will provide them with a picture-book, or a pad and pencil, or allow them to cuddle down into her lap, and take a bit of a

nap, when the good pastor begins to explain the doctrine to his hearers.

If they go regularly and steadily to church, they will after awhile form the habit, as they increase in wisdom and in stature, of listening to the discourse, and much of it will be by degrees assimilated.

Teach the children to sit still and not to fidget, for they must not disturb others when in the sanctuary. Teach them also that the regular business of Sunday morning is going to church, and that nobody can be excused from this, unless he or she is ill. As families we should seek the courts of the Lord on the Lord's day.

Then, too, let us read in the home the dear familiar Bible stories, on which whole generations of God's people have thriven. How beautiful they are, these old stories in Genesis and Numbers and Joshua, in Kings and Chronicles. Forever new, each time we read them, they shine upon us, star-like and serene, and their characters are more vividly outlined and more interesting than any which we find in pages of modern romance.

Let us cherish God's day,
Sweet day that comes from the heavenly land,
Ever bringing a gift in its hand.

Ever pouring above our life
Some of the peace with which heaven is rife.

Lifting a face serene and fair
Over our discontent and care,

Giving us something of Christ, to bless
Even in moments of sore distress.

For the Lord who loves and brought us, sent
This beautiful day, to be ever blent
With tenderest thoughts of the infinite love
That forever is brooding our lives above.

I wish I could persuade you all to end the hallowed day with home song. An hour of hymns, father, mother and children joining, is a sweet and precious thing at the close of the Sabbath. Even those of the family who are not in full sympathy with the religious life, if any such there be, are unconsciously drawn into the tide of song. They join in "Blest be the tie that binds," and "Jesus, I my cross have taken," and "Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear," and "A charge to keep I have," and "All hail the power of Jesus' Name," and on the wings of those glorious songs of God's Church militant, they are wafted towards the glories of the Church triumphant. Do not fall into the error of thinking that a juvenile observance of the Sabbath, along strict, old-fashioned lines will keep any grown person from Sabbath-keeping.

Let us cling to the Sabbath! Let us honor the Lord of the Sabbath! So shall we and our children, and theirs, keep to all time, our goodly heritage in this free land.—Margaret E. Sangster.

OUR NEED OF AFFLICTIONS.

It is necessary that we sometimes pass through shadowy places in life. The glare of the garish day forever resting upon us, would blind our aching, tired eyes, and send the fever burning through our veins. We sometimes need the shadows of affliction to cause us to look away from the busy, rushing world. To dwell in the darkened chamber of pain for a season, and thus be kept from the din and roar of the great world—to bow sometimes in the shadowy presence of death, may be as needful to us as the night that comes with its soft, cool shadows, after the heat of the burning day.

If we did not sometimes see the faces of our loved ones pale in death, we might forget all about dying ourselves. So as we tarry for a little while among the silent shadows of affliction that come to us, let us not think that God is unkind in sending them. We need them and the lessons they bring to our tired human spirits. As the rushing tempest sweeps over the parched, drouth-stricken land with its fountains of water, so do afflictions often come to us, and we find blessings following in the train of the storm cloud. God knows when to send the storm cloud, and He often lets us see the rainbow after it has passed over. He knows when tears will save the eyes from blindness and He sends them at the right moment. He knows when the strained nerves must rest, and when the throne of reason must be held by the power of delirium. Let us be thankful that He does know, and interfere in our behalf.—Mrs. M. A. Holt.