

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

A RECLAIM SONG.
 [For the Lord, the God, bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and deeps that spring out of the valleys and hills.—Deut. 8: 7.]
 [And I will give her the valley of Achor for a door of hope; and she shall sing there.—Hos. 2: 15.]
 God has given me a song,
 A song of trust;
 And I sing it all day long,
 For sing I must;
 Every hour it sweeter grows,
 Keeps my soul in bliss repose,
 Just how grateful no one knows
 But those who trust.
 O, I sing it on the mountain,
 In the light;
 Where the radiance of God's sunshine
 Makes all bright;
 All my path seems light and clear,
 Have I land and love very near,
 And I must do appear
 To walk 'till sight.
 And I sing it in the valley,
 Dark and low;
 When my heart is crushed with sorrow,
 Pain and woe;
 Then the shadows flee away
 Like the night when dawns the day;
 Trust in God brings light away,
 I find it so.
 When I sing it in the desert,
 Parched and dry,
 Living streams begin to flow,
 A rich supply;
 Verdant fields and anise grows,
 Deserts blossom like a rose,
 And my heart with gladness glows,
 At God's reply.
 For I've crossed the River Jordan,
 And I stand
 In the blessed land of promise—
 Beulah land!
 Trust in: is like break here,
 Just as easy; don't and fear
 Vanish in this atmosphere,
 And life is grand.
 —India Watchman.

NEGLECTED CHARITIES.

It was once my good fortune to know a Christian woman of rare intelligence and cultivation, whose home for life had been in a little provincial town, far removed from any of our great centres of culture, who yet would have shone in any circle as one of its brightest ornaments.
 Her special gift was with her brush, and in many countless and lovely ways did she find opportunity for giving happiness and pleasure to others by the exercise of her gift. Sympathy, affection, and interest for the sick, the bereaved, the joyful, found each time some new and beautiful expression through her fingers. Church festivals, bright weddings, holiday fests of all kinds borrowed her generous, artistic taste, until life in that little town was made brighter, purer, and better for the influence of her five talents put out to the highest usury.
 Another illustration which suggests itself is that of a lady possessed of fine literary tastes, who "never felt a good book had fulfilled its mission," to use her own words, "until it had gone to every one to whom it could be a benefit or a pleasure," and her deeds bore out her words. Believing in the power of a good book, possessed of ample means, and thrown by fortune into the midst of a fashionable circle, where her husband's position made her a leader, she lent her books here and there, elevating the tastes of many with whom she came in contact by her persistent faith in this mission for good.
 Still another instance is that of a lady who became a great invalid after a life of active usefulness. Grievous was the burden of pain and inactivity. She mourned that even the opportunity for expressing sympathy with others' sorrows and joys was taken from her. Anxiously inquiring what was left for her to do, she remembered—who shall say it was not the Spirit's whisper?—that the pen was still left to her.
 She watched every opening, and there went forth from that sick-room such words of strong cheer for others, of counsel and suggestion for Christian workers, messages of sympathy for the sorrowing, of rejoicing for those made glad, tender warning for the erring, as made Mrs. —'s notes an envied possession, and brought light and comfort to her own spirit, like a benediction.
 There exists the reverse side of the picture in those who need our neglected charities. There are women of less favored fortune than our own, to whom the freedom of a library would be an intense delight; there are those longing for chances of self education, with whom we are bound, by a higher than any visible law, to share our own fuller store; there are those to whom the loan of a valuable book, a fine picture, a rare curiosity, is a charity as real and satisfying as the gift of bread to the hungry—and a joy far keener; there are those in social circles to whom a gentle and

gracious word, a thoughtful attention at the right moment, is to the sensitive spirit a charity bearing heart's ease with it; there are the toilers about you, whose work is hard and unceasing, into whose lot you may, by delicate tact and thoughtfulness, put many spots of brightness, I have known the gift of a bunch of violets to one toiling and lonely woman from another of gentle heart fulfill a mission like that of rain on the thirsty fields.
 It is, O my sisters, that we shall each bring our alabaster box of ointment, very precious, and break it over the Saviour's feet, till it fill all the room—it is to this that I am calling you, and from the needs of my own heart sermonizing to hearts that throb with the same ambitions, hopes, intuitions, and affections.—*Cor. Christian Observer.*

AVALANCHES.

Hardly a season passes in Switzerland that lives are not lost and property destroyed by avalanches. Avalanches fall more or less all the year round, but the Grundwägen of winter and early spring are the most fatal and destructive. The records of such disasters go far back. On the 24th of January, 1458, the church of St. Placida, at Dissentis, and the manor-house of Gastion were destroyed and sixteen persons killed. A few days thereafter, two avalanches broke simultaneously above Tirus (between Disentis and Chur). Coming together in the Puntaigsthal, they formed one lawine, and flew over wood and wild, leaving death and destruction in their wake, as far as the valley of the Vorder Rhein.
 In 1695, two goatherds of Churwalden, going home after milking their goats, with their milk tins on their backs, were struck down by an avalanche. The tins of one of them broke, and running over his head and down his neck, melted the snow from his mouth and nostrils, so that he could breathe. When disinterred, a few hours later, he was alive, while his companion, whose tin had not broken, was dead.
 In 1695, a peasant of Soglio (Graubunden), hearing the roar of a coming avalanche, threw himself under the lee of a wall. The wall saved him from being suffocated or crushed, and he succeeded in freeing himself; but in the struggle his garments got filled with snow, and the snow outside freezing that inside, he was encased in a panoply of ice, and had the greatest difficulty in getting home. Before undressing he had to be thawed.
 In 1709, when Leukerbad was swept by an avalanche, whereby fifty-five of its inhabitants lost their lives, a youth by the name of Stephen Roth took refuge in a cellar and remained there eight days without food or drink. He had quite given himself up for lost, when he thought he heard a sound as of spades shoveling away snow. At this Roth struck up a psalm, and went on singing until he attracted the attention of the rescue party, who thereupon dug down to the cellar and set him free.
 Avalanches play strange pranks sometimes. In 1806, an avalanche at Calancathal, in the Grisons, carried a wood bodily from one side of the valley to the other, and left it standing there; a pine tree was planted on the roof of the parsonage; and the villagers were provided with fire wood for many a year without the trouble of feteching it.
 In 1824, fifty-two sledges, while journeying through the Scaletta Pass to Davos, were buried under a schneeschild, and the wind of it sent the drivers and passengers spinning through the air as if they had been shot from a mortar. The snow being fortunately loose and powdery, and the alighting soft, nobody was much hurt.
 Cattle drovers, in their journeys over the Alps, often fall victims to avalanches. At certain times of the year they literally carry their lives in their hands.

Many a casket has been broken, and the gems of fine fancy have been scattered on the world, and the name of the self-immolating genius is now forgotten; but that box of ointment which the weeping penitent crushed over the feet of Jesus, will pour its fragrance through all time; for wherever there is a gospel the Lord Jesus has secured that there shall be spread the

FEMININE USE OF ADJECTIVES.

Gentlemen often say that the conversational powers of ladies would be more agreeable with a limited use of adjectives. The exaggerated use of adjectives, says the *Hartford Times*, is characteristic only of American women. Their constant habit of qualifying everything they see, hear, smell, taste, or touch by inappropriate superlatives is not contracted through ignorance. It arises from the ridiculous custom engendered during the giggling period of their school days. By habitual practice it becomes firmly established, follows them into maturity, debases their language, and makes them appear far more silly and frivolous than they really are. It is almost impossible for women to shake off this nonsensical habit formed in early youth. Their exaggeration of language is carried to an extent that not only becomes a serious consideration to ordinary observers, but also to learned men and professors. In conversation the other day a professor of Trinity College gravely enquired: "Why do ladies invariably mar their conversation by the repeated exclamation 'perfectly lovely'?" We do not wonder that he noticed it. There is nothing more tiresome during a lady's conversation than to hear the unceasing words "perfectly lovely." At the theatre, parties, weddings, funerals, lectures, prayer-meetings, and in horse-cars, steamboats, steam-cars, art galleries, milliners' and dry-goods shops, or at the dentist's, doctor's, and dressmaker's, indoors and outdoors, wherever American women are gathered together the inevitable chorus of "perfectly lovely" arises to arouse the half-contemptuous amusement of observers. The expression "perfectly lovely" is beginning to be perfectly unlovely by its gross misuse. It has a strong rival in the other also too common expression, "perfectly elegant." How American women are laughed at abroad by the misplaced exaggeration and enthusiasm! In nine cases out of ten they qualify customs, cathedrals, castles, and cows, as "perfectly elegant"; palaces, peers, peasants, and pigs are "perfectly lovely"; or sunsets, soldiers, sculpture, and sheep as "perfectly stunning." Is it any wonder that it excites ridicule? A year or two ago a Hartford gentleman who accompanied a relative—a young lady—on a trip up the Hudson River promised to give her a handsome silk dress if she would not utter the words "perfectly lovely" once during the journey. We never heard whether she won the dress. We presume not.
 School teachers could do much to remedy this defect. It begins in school days. Then is the time to prevent the overflow of this bubbling effusion into later years. A modification of adjectives, an improvement in language, would be the result. Perhaps it would become "perfectly lovely."

IT IS THE CUSTOM.

Why is it that we cannot do as we wish in our own homes, without the fear of making some one talk?
 We must have just as many ruffles on Clara's dress as the daughters of our next neighbors, or it will be whispered about in such manner that the child's feelings will be hurt. We farmers' wives, with our many, many cares, must keep our stoves polished just as bright as those who have little to do, or keep strong foreign help to perform such hard tasks, or we shall be called "slack."
 We who have a number of active, romping, mischief-loving little boys, must have our sitting-rooms just as orderly as our neighbor, who has just one sleepy little girl, who never makes any confusion of any kind, or they will say "What a poor house-keeper Mrs. So-and-so is!"
 If we have passed through an unusually busy time, and feel that our strength is nearly exhausted, and long for one day of solid rest, with an interesting book to lift our thoughts away from these trifling cares, we scarcely dare to take it, for fear some one might call and find our house a little out of order! Oh, if we could add to our new year resolutions this one, our new year resolutions this one, to be more independent in our own homes—to do our duty without regard to "what will they say?"—to study the comfort of our family more, and care less for custom.—*Country Gentleman.*

WHAT IS HEAVEN?

"What is Heaven?" I asked a little child;
 "All joy!" and in her innocence she smiled.
 I asked the aged, with care oppressed;
 "All suffering o'er, Oh! Heaven, at last, is rest!"
 I asked a maiden, meek and tender eyed;
 "It must be love!" she modestly replied.
 I asked the artist, who adored his art;
 "Heaven is all beauty!" spoke his raptured heart.
 I asked the poet, with his soul afire;
 "Is glory—glory!" and he struck his lyre.
 I asked the Christian, waiting her release;
 A halo round her, low she murmured:
 "Peace."
 So all may look with hopeful eyes above,
 "To beauty, glory, joy, rest, peace and love!"

THE HOSPITALITY OF FURNITURE.

A writer on taste has incidentally called attention to certain principles that must be observed in a room if it is to impress the visitor with a sense of comfort or beauty. For one thing there must be a variety in it. It is not necessary to buy a whole set of furniture alike, but there should be one prevailing color, a solid basis on which to build. There should also be care taken to furnish the wall spaces. It is an admirable plan to pull a sofa out, but if in doing so a great empty space is left the room is made bare. In such a case the sofa could be turned so as to break the stiff line, and yet remain against the wall. But the great secret of comfort and of giving an immediate effect of pleasant living is in the making of corners. What does an open fire amount to if an easy chair does not stand in front of it, or a lovely view from a window if the curtain has to be drawn up and the visitor has to stand to look out? No, what we want is the chair by the fire; the light on the table and the lounge pushed near it; the easy seat by the window where a good light falls all ready and waiting. It is all in vain to put baskets of bright wools about, magazines or portfolios of engravings, to give a "home look," if the convenient and comfortable seat is not added. The visitor who, coming in, finds an easy chair by the fire, and near it the little stand with the magazine, can endure waiting a few moments, because he feels that his welcome has met him. The chair by the window, the fan ready to be picked up, the bench under the tree, the seat on the porch, are the successes of hospitality. It is not given to every one to appreciate pictures, or to feel color, but every one delights in being made comfortable.

STUDY THE WORD.

Whoever searches and studies his Bible earnestly, and especially the teachings of Jesus Christ, reflecting upon what he learns and trying to apply it to his own life, inevitably will become a sagacious as well as a spiritually minded Christian. If any doctrinal or practical question arise on which he desires light, he will find its answer, if he need to learn how to answer it, in the inspired pages. Let him study for himself what God has taught about the truths of religion; the virtues and graces which form a holy character; the temptations which beset it; the personal experience of the patriarchs and prophets, the apostles and other early believers, and most of all, of Jesus Himself; and he will become strong mentally no less than spiritually rich and influential. He may not always at first see things as other believers see them. In some respects probably his individuality will assert itself always, like theirs. But, thus studying and reflecting, he and they alike will grow to be powerful for God, by reason of their own reverent and humble yet mighty confidence in Him, their accurate and profound understanding of His teachings, and their wise and sympathetic helpfulness in explaining and enforcing them to others.—*Congregationalist.*

WORK AND TRUST.

During a long course of years, even to the closing fortnight of his life, in his last sickness, Dr. Judson lamented that all his efforts in behalf of the Jews had been a failure. He was departing from the world saddened with that thought. Then, at last, there came a gleam of light that thrilled his heart with grateful joy. How did it come? Unexpectedly. Mrs. Judson was sitting by his side while he was in a state of great languor, with a newspaper, a copy of the *Watchman*

and *Reflector*, in her hand. She read to her husband one of Dr. Hague's letters from Constantinople. That letter contained some items of information that filled him with wonder. At a meeting of missionaries at Constantinople, Mr. Schaudler stated that a little book had been published in Germany, giving an account of Dr. Judson's life and labors, that it had fallen into the hands of some Jews, and had been the means of their conversion; that a Jew had translated it for a community of Jews on the borders of the Euxine, and that a messenger had arrived in Constantinople asking that a teacher might be sent to them.
 When Dr. Judson heard this his eyes were filled with tears; a look of almost unearthly solemnity came over him; and clinging fast to his wife's hand, as if to assure himself of being really in the world, he said:
 "Love, this frightens me. I do not know what to make of it."
 "To make of what?" said Mrs. Judson.
 "Why, what you have just been reading. I never was deeply interested in any object, I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anything, but it came; at some time—no matter at how distant a day—somehow, in some shape—probably the last I should have devised, it came!"
 What a testimony was that!

WHAT THEY LOST.

Near London there dwelt an old couple. In early life they had been poor; but the husband became a Christian, and God blessed their industry, and they were living in comfortable retirement, when one day a stranger called on them and asked their subscription to a charity. The old lady had less religion than her husband, and still hankered after the Sabbath earnings and easy shillings which Thomas had given up from regard to the law of God. So when the visitors asked for their contributions, she interposed and said: "Why, sir, we have lost a deal by religion since we first began, my husband knows that very well. Have we not, Thomas?" After a solemn pause, Thomas answered: "Yes, Mary, we have. Before I got religion, Mary, I had an old slouched hat, a tattered coat, and mended shoes and stockings; but I have lost them long ago. And you know that, poor as I was, I had a habit of getting drunk and quarreling with you; and that you know I have lost. And then, I had a hardened conscience and wicked heart, and ten thousand guilty fears; but all are lost—completely lost, and like a millstone cast into the sea. And Mary, you have been a loser, too. Before we got religion, Mary, you had a washing tray. And you had a gown and a bonnet much the worse for wear; but you have lost them long ago. And you had many an aching heart concerning me at times; but those you happily have lost. And I could even wish that you had lost as much as I have lost; for what we lose for religion will be an everlasting gain."—*The Christian.*

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE DANDELION.

I know a little flower gay,
 That's very dear to spring,
 That blooms contented in the grass
 When first the robins sing.
 It's just as happy in the field
 As by the garden walk;
 And doesn't trouble its bright face
 If people want to talk.
 And say, it's nothing but a weed,
 And shouldn't be allowed
 To grow among the finer flowers
 That all the borders crowd.
 It meekly lifts its golden head
 From out the dull, brown sod,
 Beside the proud exotics grand,
 To own and praise its God.
 I wonder if the boys and girls
 Who read about this flower,
 And see it on the field and lawn
 In many a springtime hour,
 Will learn the lesson wise and good,
 That's written on its face:
 God means us all to do our best,
 In every time and place.
 And if He wills that you should grow
 Along a path obscure,
 Contented by the wayside be—
 God's loved ones may be poor.
 And though the proud may scorn you oft,
 Your mission still fulfill,
 By being good and noble, yet
 Submissive to His will.
 —*Western Advocate.*

DON'T BE MEAN, BOYS.

Sometimes I wonder what a mean man thinks about when he goes to bed. When he turns out the light and lies down alone he is then compelled to be honest with himself. Not a bright thought,

not a generous impulse, not a word of blessing, not a grateful look come back to him; not a penny dropped into the hand of poverty, nor the beam of a loving word dropped into an aching heart; no sunbeam of encouragement cast upon a struggling life; no strong right hand of fellowship reached out to help some fallen man to his feet—when none of these things come to him as the "God bless you" of the departed day, how he must hate himself—how he must try to roll away from himself and sleep on the other side of the bed—when the only victory he can think of is some mean victory, in which he has wronged a neighbor. No wonder he always sneers when he tries to smile. How pure and good all the rest of the world must look to him, and how careless and dreary must his own path appear. Why, even one isolated act of meanness is enough to scatter cracker crumbs in the bed of an average man, and what must be the feelings of a man whose whole life is given up to mean acts? When there is so much suffering and heartache and misery in the world, anyhow, why should anyone add a pound of wickedness or sadness to the general public? Don't be mean, boys. Suffer injustice a thousand times rather than commit it once.
 —*Burdette*

PAPA'S BOOK.

There are many wonderful sayings of little children well worth recording as evidences that their minds may be early brought under the enlightening influences of the Holy Spirit, for in no other way can utterances so far beyond the grasp of their undeveloped intellects be accounted for.
 Here is one of the brightest of these gems, which coming from a four year old Baltimore youngster, gives it additional interest for our readers, as we have good authority for saying that it was uttered just as we report it.
 The little fellow has a brother two years his junior. A few mornings since he came running to his grandma who was seated in a separate room from where the little fellows were playing, and with his countenance showing that he was greatly disturbed and excited, he cried out, "Grandma! O grandma! brother has papa's book." "What book," asked grandma quietly, "Why Papa's Book." "Well, what book is it?" "Why the Kingdom, and the Power and the Glory."
 He could not think of the name of the Book of books, but he knew it was the Book which should not be handled for amusement or in play, for it was in that Book that he was taught of God as "our Father in Heaven," to whom belongs the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory." Of course like Timothy little Rozzell has a mother and a grandmother by whom he is taught the Scriptures.—*Baltimore Meth.*

I'LL SAY MY PRAYERS.

Her name is neither Effa, Etta, nor Ella, but plain, honest Julia, and she lives in a town; not a large one, but a pleasant one in Berkshire. She is a bright child, and as a rule good, though sometimes this little Julia was a very naughty girl as I will tell you.
 She was a naughty girl one day, and so her mother told her she must go out into the dining-room and stay there until she was a good girl. She went out crying very hard, but in a little while said she would be good, so her mother told her to come in, but she didn't look just right. There was no smile on her face, and very soon she had to be sent out again; and again she came in with the promise to be good, but her mother had to send her out for the third time. Now Julia, although she was only four years old, got very angry and made a great noise for a few minutes. Pretty soon the noise ceased, and her mother went close to the door and listened to see if she could hear anything. Sure enough, she heard her saying the little prayer she had been taught: "Dear Jesus, bless papa and mamma, and Julia and sister, and make me a good girl, for Christ sake, Amen."
 Her mother opened the door very softly, and there she was on her knees; she got up with a very sweet smile and said, "I'm a good girl now, mamma. I was so naughty and felt so dreadful bad, I said to myself, I'll say my prayers and maybe Jesus will help me to be a good girl." And sure enough, she was just the best girl you ever saw. Now this is a true story, every word of it, and her whole name is Julia Allen Tucker.