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Many to sigh have stre emotions and the pear sc amused. sious int away iro

ships.

NEVEL

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE OLD YEAR'S BLESSING.

The pale haves flee before the dread Novem-The and st days are near, " 1 will not let thee go except thou bless

O swift departing year!

Stern is thy face, and with hush note of Thy voice imperious rings :

Yet un lermea at thy the my, warlike westure

I see an angel's wings! Life the n not yet, but of the priceless trea-

Hid in thy garment's fold. Olet my hands, a tull and shining portion In these last moments hold.

Not now the beaming cup of promised plea-

I ask thee to bestow, The thrill are glow of bright anticipation Are of the long ago.

But calm content and peaceful retrospection And rest from auxious feet, And cheerful waiting for life's lingering har-

Give these, oh passing year! And love that has no fear of loss in parting, Faith tinged with dawning sight, And still communion in the heart's recesses

All these are thine, O swift departing Pres-

Thine to withholl or give ; And only they who win thy latest blessing Have truly learned to live.

Bend from those frowning clouds with parting sp'endor;

Let my uplifted eyes Behold' reflected on thy fading features, The light of Paradise. -Frances L. Mace, in Alvance.

> A RIDE WITH THE DEACON.

> > BY UNCLE BOSTON.

Not with Josiah Tatt, for a "falling out."

Smith (so as to keep this fuss in closing words with truthful emthe family); he had also been phasis. elected superintendent of the Sunday-school; he could talk well and pray well. The deacon met me at the station with his "one horse shay;" we were to have a hearing the conversation were those belonging to "old Neddy," the horse, who continually turned his 'auricular appendages' to-I ventured the opening remark of

"So the elder has resigned." couldn't raise enough money for

"What's the trouble?"

ie." tion to the deacon was:

"What's wheat worth at the

station to day?" " Dollar and a quarter for number two," answered the deacon.

After a few questions concerning their stock, corn, oats, etc., the easy going horse was exhortconversation, I asked:

wheat crop this year, deacon?" twenty-five bushels to the acre." I then carefully put the ques-

tion: "You haven't used all your land for wheat, have you?" This occurred after last year's out of the "shay:" harvest.

and pencil from my pocket.

the village store, and Bro. A., who sionary. - The Standard. owns the mill, and several others who are not farmers."

I jotted down the deacon's sixty acres of wheat, with twenty- A lawyer, bright and gifted. five bushels to the acre, and soon sent for the writer, and on meetold gentleman would receive for cent experience: his wheat alone, and found it "I have just got faith." he said. L. sixty.

ing it is about right, but," added certainty.

in your pocket.

figures for?

deacon.

well-filled barns?"

pose when I reach your house I | penitent sinner. take ten oranges from my satchel refused to give me one orange?"

give you the largest one of all." "Well, now, deacon, do you think our Father has any children My word.'

who need to be whipped for not giving him at least one-tenth, of Sunday-school missionary could all he gives them in this world?" not "ride in the same cart" with | "It does seem as it every child | A sun dist, quaint and gray, the Farmersville croaker without of God ought to be willing to give | And it takes no heed of the hours that dark "It does seem as if every child

My Deacon's name we will call it," and the good man said the

'Now, deacon, I'll tell you why put down those figures you so willingly gave concerning the wheat crop of your so-called poverty-stricken church;" and took long ride over the prairie togeth. my memorandum book from my er; the only ears beside our own | pocket. "I have asked nothing about the crops of corn, oats, potatoes, nor of the stock raised by these ten members of your church. Let the profits of them pay all possession of these ten members, ment."

benevolent societies." "Old Neddy turned into the roadway leading up to the well- given up. "Oh, no, I put sixty in wheat managed farm of the deacon, who and the rest in oats and corn." remarked as he took my satchel

> "Figures are awfully stubborn times. But let us go and see if

THE HEART TO BLAME.

amounted to \$1.875. I then ask- "and it has come to me so strangeed the deacon if he knew about ly that I want to tell you about how many acres of wheat his it. For years I was a scentic. neighbors had, and learned that reading everything on the subject Bro. D. had eighty, Bro. E. seven- of Christianity, and sometimes ty-five, Bro. F. one hundred, Bro. giving the weight of evidence to G. sixty, Bro. II, ninety, Bro. I. the one side, sometimes to the one hundred and twenty, Bro. J. other; but never quite able to hold seventy-five, Bro. K. eighty, Bro. both in the firm grasp of my mind of thought and unhealthful reflecat once, and balance the evidence tions. By the laws of the dance I "Is that high or low esti- so as to form an abiding conclusion, was brought into close relation book and placing it my pocket. and probability, like a helmless wise respect. "Well I think I am safe in say- wreck in the tossing waves of un-

the descon, "tell me what you | "At length I married a Ch" put down those figures for in that tian wife. Every night she real reads this article and is troubled of this peculiar clearness of per- every one of you who read this. Jesus Christ." Conrad and Urlittle book you've just hid away with me her Bible and prayed, on this subject will do the same. and I tacitly assented, more from | Some persons say there is no harm "O," I replied, "I am just get- love to her than any real interest. in a private dance at home, in the ting a few notes for my sermon But all the while I saw in her parlor. But experience says that ating sweetness of disposition and he alone can give this. Give ing the great champion of the resomething which I did not possess both alike destroy spirituality; "That answer isn't one bit sat- and which was worth more than "Have no fellowship with the un- was right. In the quarterlies and you have done this, help your Martin Luther! "Be not forget-

tell me what you wanted those short year we lived together, and THE GIRL EVERYBODY is quoted here and there with a then sue died. More than ever I said, "Just wait a minute in those last sufferings did I see deacon, and tell me who gave the the reality and value of her faith, deacon, and ten me who gave the line remayand value of her latter, sunshine and rain and such favors and when I found myself alone. sunshine and rain and such rayors, and when I loans myself anne. Xi one out of a dozin can tell riel to a sister of the poet's. Size again, sand Mory Capp, secting able weather for the wheat standed with grid and without Xi one out of a dozin can tell riel to a sister of the poet's. one prop on each to cling to-I whether her eyes are black or was scarcely seventeen at the her basker her lawn on the contact myself also, without even blue. If you should ask them to time. One of the sonnets, althings, of course," replied the thinking way, instinctively cry-

"Well, deacon, do you know no help and cantort. what the promise is that secures "instantial relt the answer, ellian-loving, bewitching maiden, Before I had time to reason whether without a spark of envy or malice He could not "call it to mind I believed or not my heart had in her whole composition. She cried in its orphanage, and had enjoys herself, and wants every-Opening my Bible at the third heard the answering heart of God. body else to do the same. She chapter of Proverbs and ninth And that touch of love and com- has always a kind word and a verse, I read as emphatically as I fort was so sweet and real that I pleasant smile for the oldest man could, "Honor the Lord with just kept on praying, and the thy substance, and with the first-same answer has ever come, and the same answer has ever come, and the nothing she resembles more than reason that I can think of nothing she resembles more than reason to be the same answer has ever come, and the nothing she resembles more than reason to be the same answer has ever come, and the nothing she resembles more than reason. fruits of all thine increase; so I know it is God; so that now you a sunbeam, which brightenseveryshall thy barns be filled;" and see I have got faith, I hardly thing it comes in contact with. quietly asked, "Deacon, do you know how. But I know it is faith, All pay her marked attention, Will wrong thy gentle spirit, or make less know the Lord has many child- and I know it is true, and that is from rich Mr. Watts, who lives in ren who read that last-fruits?". | enough for me."

little meditation the old gentle where alone God ever can meet her with an admiring eye, and man asked, "Well, how much man, "in spirit and truth," in the say to themselves: "Sne is just the ought a Christian to give, any- simplicity of the heart, in the at- right sort of a girl." The young titude not of the proud censor, men of the town vie with one

and say to your youngest daugh- their weary eyes toward a cold p'y kind and jolly; so no one can ter, 'Here Elna, are ten oranges, and lofty region where the Father call her a flirt; no, indeed, for the I want you to give me one back. is not found, and simply turn to young men all deny such an as-Now what would you say if Edna | the cradle of Bethlehem, the Cross | sertion as quickly as she. Girlsof Calvary, the footstool of simple, "Why, I'd whip her if she lovely penitence, to find Him, who didn't come straight to you and has Himself said, "I dwell with him that is humble, and of a con- things behind their backs. She is trite heart, and that trembleth at always willing to join in their lit-

> CLOUDLESS HOURS ONLY. There stands in the garden of old St. Mack

at least a tenth, but they won't do Pass it over day by day.

It has stood for ages among the flowers, In the land of sky and song; I note none but the cloudless hours," Its motto the whole day long.

So let my heart in this garden of life Its calend ir cheerfully keep, Taking no note of the sorrow and strife, Which in shadow across it creep. Content to dwell in this land of ours, In the hope that is twin with love. And remember none but the cloudless hours Till the day-s'ar dawn from above.

DANCING. A great number of well meanward us, seemingly very much in- the expenses of raising the wheat ing young Christians have been alterested in what we were saying. crop, though you see that the step | lured 'from the path of duty, is robbing the Lord of the first through the influence of dancing. truits. Nothing has been said Having had some experience with leaves us, and it is not long before Magazine. about the incomes of the other this "innocent amusement," as it we hear from that place. She is "Yes," said the deacon, "we thirty members of your church. was presented to me, with the in there the woman everybody likes. The number of acres of wheat terrogation, "what harm can their planted by these ten members is he in dancing?" I could not exleight hundred. You say the plain it with my experience at the THE SUBJECT OF "We're all poor on this prair- average number of bushels to the time, although I had promised the acre is at least twenty five; that pastor upon my examination for Just then we came to a farmer | makes twenty thousand bushels, | admission into the church that I leaning over a fence. His ques- and the price of wheat at the would renounce dancing. Because station, to which this wheat will I could not answer the question be hauled in the next two weeks, above mentioned, and because peris one dollar and twenty-five cents, sons to whom I looked for an exwith a prospect of going higher, ample, . who belonged to the Now, that makes the amount of church indulged in the practice; I money which will come into the consented to join in this "amuse. of his collected poems and essays

the nice little sum of twenty-five I tried it just long enough to ed to "Get up." Resuming our thousand dollars; and if they paid become convinced that I could not the Lord his tenth your treasury live a Christian and dance. The "Have you a pretty good would have in it twenty-five hun- following are the reasons why. It dred dollars with which to pay a separated me from intimate com-"Yes, a very fair crop, about number-one pastor and make munion with Christ-secret prayer liberal contributions to all our and reading the Bible became irksome duties, instead of real heart. felt enjoyment, and were finally

It grieved the most devoted members of the church, those who had taken the deepest interest in | youd ordinary men. When much my salvation. It weakened my I again carefully inquired, things, and your mathematical influence for good amongst the un-"Are most of the members of calculation shows very plainly converted. It brought reproach your church farmers?" and quiet- that we are not so very poor as upon Christianity. It brought place, I fear, will be felt to be ly took my memorandum-book we like to make ourselves some- me amongst evil associates and caused some of my companions to mind was calculated by its native "Yes, they are mostly farm- wife has that big pitcher of milk stumble and fall. It caused me to tendencies to work powerfully and ers; there is Bro C., who keeps ready for the Sunday-school mis- be half-hearted in all religious for good, in an age full of import services.

I am satisfied that a dancing man. professor of religion cannot be a happy and useful Christian. We must be dead to the world and its amusements, and alive unto God. figured the amount of money the ing him, began to speak of his re lif ve would enjoy His favor. We must take pleasure in the regular means of grace, if we would grow

as Christians. Again, I observed that to attend dances I must dress in an unhealthful manner; and expose mydisease. It caused me to partake health. It produced loose habits

For these reasons I renounced the practice forever, and I hope that every young Christian who isfactory. Now I want you to all my intellectual superiority. One fruitful works of darkness."

LIKES.

would end. She is a merry-heart- began to teach her Italian. a marsion on the hill, to negro No answer was given. After a Yes, he had sought for God Sam, the sweep. All look after An English maiden and an English wife." I said to the good man, "Sup- but the helpiess child and the another as to who shall show her the most attention; but she never When will men cease to strain encourages them beyond being simwonderful to relate-like her, too; for she never delights in hurting their feelings, or saying spiteful tle plans, and to assist them in any way. They go to her with their love affairs, and she manages adroitly to see Willie or Peter, Jennie, until their little difficulthing goes on smoothly againthanks to her. Old ladies say she is "delightful." The sly witch -she knows how to manage them. plaints of rheumatism or 'neural it pretty well without any telling, which had been his mother's early to judge from his face. So she home.—Mrs. Ritchie in Harper's

MEMORIAM.

Arthur Hallam was the same age as my own father, and born in 1811. When he died he was twenty-three; but he had lived long enough to show what his life might have been.

In the preface to a little volume published some time after his death, there is a pathetic introduction. "He seemed to tread the earth as a spirit from some better world," writes his father; and a correspondent, who I have been told, is Arthur Hallam's and Tennyson's common friend, Mr. Gladstone, and whose letter is quoted, says, with true feeling. It has pleased God that in his death, as well as in his life and nature, he should be marked betime has elapsed, when most bereavements will be forgotten, he will still be remembered, and his still vacant; singularly as his to the nature and destinies of

How completely these words have been carried out must strike us all now. The father lived to see the young man's unconscious influence working through his friend's genius, and reaching a whole generation unborn as yet on the day when he died. A lady, speaking of Arthur Hallam after his death, said to Mr. Tennyson, "I think he was perfect." "And self to great fatigue, which induced so he was," said Mr. Tennyson, "as near perfection as a mortal of late suppers, undermining my man can be." Arthur Hallam reviews of the time, his opinion companions to do the same,

Than to suspect this pleasure thou dost That element whence thou must draw thy

Ringing with echoes of Italian song;

And all the pleasant place is like a home. Hark, on the right, with full piano tone,

Old Dante's voice enclodes all the air;

Hark yet again, like flate-tones minging

rare Comes the keen sweetness of Petrarca's moan.

teem it was already held.

As we read the pages of this little book we come upon more than one happy moment saved

out of the past, hours of delight

and peaceful friendship, saddened

by no foreboding, and complete in themselves. Alfred, I would that you beheld me now, Sitting beneath an ivied, mossy wall. Dilates immeasurable a wild of leaves, Seeming received into the blue expanse

That vaults the summer noon.

There is something touching in

with all a young man's expansion. straight. But I signed the pledge It seemed to be but the begin- ast night, and with God's help I ning of a beautiful happy life, mean to keep it." when suddenly the end came. Arand drop a good word for I ia or thur Hallam was travelling with hope to keep it, Joe, responded his father in Austria when he the master. "Our religion gives ties are all patched up, and every died very suddenly, with scarce every man a chance to reform. a warning sign of illness. Mr. No one need despair so long as Hallam had come home and found we have such promises of grace to his son as he supposed, sleeping help. upon a couch; but it was death, She listens patiently to com- not sleep. "Those whose eyes the man, humbly, "but I shall tell must long be dim with tears"-s) the boys to try and not grow gia, and then sympathizes with writes the heart-stricken father- crooked at the beginning. them so heartily that they are | "brought him home to rest among

more than half cured. But she his kindred and in his own councannot be always with as. A try." They chose his restingyoung man comes from a neigh- place in a tranquil spot on a lone boring town, after a time, and hill that overhangs the British marries her. The villagers crowd | Channel. He was buried in the around to tell him what a prize chancel of Clevedon Church, in he has won, but he seems to know | Somerset, by Clevedon Court,

A MAN OF HONOR.

A clerk in the Treasury De. partment at Washington often knows an official secret which is of such pecuniary value that he LUTHER'S SNOW SONG. could make himself a rich man by telling it. It is said that when the Ways and Means Committee decided to increase the tax on whiskey, a small circle of men made their fortunes by becoming possessed of the official secret. The Manhattan tells the following anecdote of an honorable clerk:

In the dark days of '64.a Treasury clerk kept for twenty-four hours a secret known only to President Lincoln and Secretary Chase besides himself. When it became officially known, it sent gold flying up, and the country was in dismay.

It was a secret, too, that could have been passed on without harming the Union cause. It was simply a question of keeping faith till the time came.

An hour after the news broke the clerk fairly staggered under a terrific slap on his shoulder. He heard and saw a banker whom he knew well. "You miserable fool!" cried the

banker. "I'd have given you one hundred thousand dollars to have known this twenty-four hours

And the banker could have well afforded to do it. But the clerk had the satisfaction of knowing that he had done his duty, as many another Government officer has done under circumstances of

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

was a man of remarkable intel- wait to become older. It is them. They sent him to school, lect. He could take in the most easier to give your hearts to Je- and afterward he went into a difficult and abstruce ideas with an sus and commence to live for him monastery. There, one day, he extraordinary rapidity and in- now than it will be when you are found a Bible, which he read, and mate?" I asked, shutting up my And so I drifted between doubt with persons that I could in no sight. On one occasion he began older. Every day of delay may learned the way of life. The to work one afternoon, and mas- take you farther from the Saviour. sweet voice of the little singer tered a difficult book of Descartes Those who "seek early" have became the strong echo of the good at one sitting. In the preface to special promises of success in find-news-"Justified by faith, we have the Memorials Mr. Hallam speaks ing. Christ wants you now- peace with God through our Lord ception and facility for acquiring Ask him to forgive your sins how- sula, when they took the little knowledge; but above all, the ever small they may be, for every street singer into their house, litfather dwells on his son's undevi- little sin needs forgiveness, and the thought that they were nourishadherence to his sense of what yourself to Jesus now, and when formation. The poor child was

respect which shows in what es-"Such a cross old woman as She is not beau iful—oh, no! At the time Arthur Hallam Mrs. Barnes is! I never would ing out in my agony to her God "Sae is just right," and there it betrothed, was written when he bie chief, and don't knock over the bottes. Why don't your mother come herself instead of sending you? I'll be dead one of these days, and then she it wish Heaceforth to thee these maric halls belong, she had been more neighborly. I

THE CROOKED TREE.

I shouldn't think you would." "Molly! Molly! come quick and see Mr. Daws straighten the old cherry tree !" called Tom through the window; and old Mrs. Barnes was forgotten as Molly flew over the green to the next

never want to go there again, and

Her mother watched with a good deal of interest the efforts of two stout men as, with ropes, they strove to pull the crooked tree this way and that, but it was of no use.

"It's as crooked as the letter S and has been for 20 years, You're just twenty years too late. Mr. Daws," said Joe as he dropped the rope and wiped the sweat from his face.

"Are you sure you haven't begun 20 years too late on tobacco and rum, Joe?" asked Mr. Daws.

"That's a true word, master, the tranquil ring of the voice call- and it's as hard to break off with ing out in the summer noontide them as it is to make this old tree

"With God's help you may

"That's my comfort, sir," said

"Mother," said Molly as she stood by the window again at her mother's side, "I know now what is the matter with old Mrs. Barnes. She needn't try to be pleasant and kind now, for she's like the old tree; it's 20 years too late.'

"It's never too late, with God's help, to try to do better, but my little girl must begin now to keep back harsh words and unkind thoughts; then she will never have to say, as Joe said about the tree, 'it is 20 years too late.' Child's World.

On a cold dark night, when the wind was blowing hard and the snow was falling fast, Conrad, a worthy citizen of a little town in Germany, sat playing his flute, while Ursula, his wife, was preparing supper, when he heard some one singing outside-

"Foxes to their holes have gone, Every bird unto his nest: But I wauder here alone, And for me there is no rest."

Tears filled the good man's eyes as he said, "What a fine sweet voice! What a pity it should be spoiled by being tried in such weather!" "I think it is the voice of a child. Let us open the door and see," said his wife, who had lost a little boy not long before, and whose heart was open to take pity on the little wanderer. Conrad opened the door and saw a ragged child, who said: "Charity, good sir, for Christ's sake!" "Come in, my little one," said he. "You shall rest with me for the night." The boy said, "Thank God," and entered. The heat of the room made him faint, but Ursula's kind care soon revived him. They gave him some supper, and then he told that he was the son of a poor miner, and wanted to be a scholar. He vandered about and sang, and lived on the money people gave him. His kind friends would not let him talk much, but sent him to bed. When he was asleep they looked in upon him, and were so pleased with his pleasant countenance that they determined TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS to keep him, if he was willing. In the morning they found that he Christ wants you now. Do not was only too glad to remain with

ful to entertain strangers."