

Our Home Circle.

THE BORDER LAND.

In fleshly weakness as abed I lie, And through the casement catch the gentle swing Of emerald boughs against the sapphire sky, And list the sweet wild birds their vesper singing.

I have no wish but my tired soul to lay Upon the bosom of the Good and Great; To fold my hands in meek content and say, "Well if thou bidst to come, well if to wait."

One word, "Forgive," embraces all past years, With praise for present gifts my heart runs o'er, While through the mist of silent tranquil tears Glimmers the far vision of a golden door.

Stands it ajar for me this Summer light? To greet me there are my lost angels met? Am I so soon to share their pure delight? Hark! a soft voice responsive saith, "Not yet."

Go back once more a simple child to school— The world's wide battle school of toil and tears, Follow no law but Christ's most loving rule, And bring each day new trophies to his feet;

Some selfish aim subdued, dark passions slain, Some sweet forgiveness of a brother's pain, Some tender solace of a brother's pain, Some sorrow bravely borne in duty strong.

And are the more you wrestle on to know, And knowing, walk the path the Master trod, Your all of hope in lowlier homage throw Upon the mercy of the perfect God."

Ah, yes! When sickness unto death goes by, The border-land should be a holy place— A glorious mound of pause 'twixt earth and sky, Whose finer airs give souls a deeper grace.

So be it mine henceforth in chastened mood To wear my lengthened years, forgetting never The Pisgah height where I this night have stood, And glimpsed afar the home beyond the river! —Good Words.

ORIGIN OF LYNCH LAW.

In Campbell county, Va., on the Roanoke river (then called Staunton river), during the old Revolutionary war, when there were some Tories of obnoxious character still remaining in the county not reachable by any statutory law, Col. Charles Lynch, supported by Capt. Robert Adams, his brother-in-law, both farming on adjoining plantations, and Calloway, determined to rid the country of such dangerous enemies, seized, on different occasions three of the worst of them, tied them to a tree and flogged them so severely as to prompt an unceremonious departure from the State, as they were ordered. This sort of procedure on the part of Lynch and his friends proving so effective in Campbell was quickly followed in other counties, where loyalty to King George sometimes provoked summary punishment, and it was called "Lynch law," and has been to our day.

The snatch of an old song of the time is still repeated in the neighborhood: Huzza for Captain Bob, Colonel Lynch and Calloway. Never let a Tory see 'till he cries out liberty.

John Lynch, the brother of Charles Lynch, was the founder of Lynchburg; only a few of their descendants are now living—none in Virginia—bearing the family name, so far as is known—the last of the males, Charles Henry Lynch, and his brother John Pleasant, having died in Campbell county since the War of Secession. Their sister, Mrs. Dearing and her daughter, Mrs. Faut Le Roy, now occupy the old homestead, where still remains the stump of the walnut tree to which the three Tories were tied and whipped. Life was never taken.

Webster, in his unabridged dictionary, says of "Lynch law," that it was the "practice of punishing men for crimes or offenses by private, unauthorized persons, without a legal trial. The term is said to be derived from a Virginia farmer named Lynch, who thus took the law into his own hands."

THE PATHWAY IN THE SKY.

A lady, travelling through a dense forest in a Southern State, was benighted, and after journeying some time her colored driver found he had lost his way. Dismounting from the vehicle he started to find it, and she noticed to her surprise that he went among the trees looking upward to the sky. She asked him why he was looking upward when he was trying to find the road beneath. He continued gazing up to the heavens, and said:

"If I can find the path in the sky I can find the road on the ground." He knew in that dense forest the only place where he could see the blue sky above, was where the road had been cut through among the trees; where there was clear sky overhead, there was a plain path under foot. The lady learned a memorable lesson that night; and we may learn the same. We tread a shadowed path; sometimes we find ourselves beset with dangers, and often our course is overhung with gloom, and in the midst of the deepening shadows, we feel that we have lost our way. Sometimes we despond, at others we turn wildly hither and thither to find the path we have lost. Can we not learn to look upward and seek the pathway in the sky? Over the path of divine appointment shines the light of divine blessing; over the way in which God would have us go, beams the calm brightness of his smile. If we will walk in that way, we may walk confidently and walk safely, fearing no evil. If we turn from that path we find ourselves involved in snares and dangers. In the midst

of doubts, perplexities and tribulation, let us ever seek to find the pathway in the sky. And that one course, over which beams the light of heaven, and above which gleam the stars of blessing and of hope, is the safe path for us to tread. "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—The Way-side.

THE COST OF A BELLE.

One day on a Pennsylvania railroad, the daughter of a wealthy lumber merchant was traveling in the same car with an old citizen of her native town and a gentleman from the West. The latter had been talking to the belle, but as night drew on, he gave up his seat to her and placed himself beside the Pennsylvanian. The latter began conversation by pointing to a high mountain, past which they were whirling, and said: "You see that mountain? Six or eight years ago it was covered with a fine forest and worth \$10,000 and upwards. Now, without a tree, covered with stumps, the land is scarcely worth a continental. The net produce of that mountain lies over there in that seat," and he pointed to the recumbent belle. "It has absorbed all of that lumber which her father owned to educate the girl, pay for her clothes and jewelry, bring her out in society, and maintain her there. Some young men, if given the choice between the mountain yonder, as it now stands, and the net produce on that seat, would take the net produce; but as for me, give me the stumps."

But oh, what a loss! when not only material wealth, but soul, mind, heart, hands, and prospects of present usefulness, and glad hopes of future immortality are engulfed in fashion, folly, worldliness and sin! When minds unsworn with heavenly seed, exhibit only the rank growth of pride and vanity and every fleshly work, and when souls that should have been royal temples of the heavenly king, become holes of foul spirits and dens of every unclean and creeping thing. May God help parents, to teach their children the fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom, and save from so sad a condition and so terrible a doom, souls for whom Jesus Christ shed his blood.—The Christian.

AN IMPORTANT LESSON.

A correspondent of the Church Union makes the following impressive and too true remarks, with regard to the commendation and encouragement of our fellow men, who are often so coolly treated while they are living and able to be benefited, and so greatly regretted and mourned over when they are beyond the reach of either praise or blame. We cannot too strongly enforce the teaching of this article upon all those who may peruse it:

"How might this man's life have been prolonged," made more useful, cheered, refreshed, rounded out with joy, had the due praise bestowed at his death been given in his life! Not only this departed one but millions more of the blessed dead, could they but speak, would doubtless say, "Anoint the living and not the dead only with the precious ointment of recognition of their personal worth, gifts and graces, for doing good, and of fellowship, fraternity, kindness and love for their enlargement, development, and growth in the knowledge and grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Fear not of making them proud and vain; but few are shipwrecked thereby compared to the multitudes who go down because of discouragement and the hardness of the way. Say to them, Be of good courage; go forward. Fear not to recognize and even honestly praise that which is good, while you deplore and reprove what is ill. Many hearts are yearning, and bleeding and breaking, for the want of sympathy and fellowship." "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith the Lord." "Bear ye one another's burdens." "Be kindly affectionate one to another, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

The article is concluded with the appended quotation, which, though we have met with it before, may be often perused with profit, and should be heeded by all:

"Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled by them. The things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away full of perfumes of sympathy and affection which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out now, in my weary hours, and open them that I may be refreshed and cheered. I would rather have a bare coffin without a flower, and a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends before-hand for their burial. Post-mortem kindnesses do not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days."

A CASE OF PERSONAL INFUENCE.

The biography of Dr. Bushnell contains a passage concerning his Methodist-ist grandmother, written by himself. Going to live in a newly settled part of Vermont, near the end of the last century, she became at once interested in establishing Sunday worship, and meetings were held in her own house:—

She put it on her husband to offer prayer; and she selected a young man, about twenty years of age to read the sermon. She had no thought of his being a Christian, and he had as little of being such himself. She only knew him as a jovial, hearty youth, with enough of the constitutional fervor in him, as she thought, to make a good reader, and that determined her choice. He read well, and continually better, as he had more experience, till finally her prayers began to find large expectation in him.

Advancing in this manner, she by and by selected a sermon in which she hoped he might preach to himself. He read with a fervor and unction that showed he was fulfilling her hope. When the little assembly broke up, she accosted him, asking him to remain a few minutes after they were gone. Then she said to him, having him by himself, "Do you know, my dear young friend, that you have God's call upon you to be a Methodist preacher?" "No he answered promptly, "I am not even a Christian. How can I be called to be a preacher?" "No matter for that," she replied; "you are called both to be a Christian and a preacher; and one for the sake of the other, even as Paul was! I think I say this by direction. And now let me request of you, on your way home, to go aside from the path into some quiet place in the woods where you will not be interrupted, and there let this matter be settled before God, and He will help you."

The result was that he reached home with the double call upon him both of a disciple and a minister of God. And thus began the public story of the great Bishop Hedding, one of the most talented and grandly executive men of the Methodist-Episcopal Church—led into his work and office, we may say, by the counsel and prayers of his woman-bishop guide.

FAMILY RELIGION.

There is danger in the great rush of the present that even in Christian families the spirit of worship and devotion may be in great part shut out by the exciting habits of private and public life. To maintain religion in the family, its form must be observed. Prayer, song, and reading of the Scriptures are all delightful forms of worship, and they will enter into the custom of every well-regulated family. The home altar is the fountain of all moral and spiritual power to a great degree in the church. We remember its influence in our own childhood, and its memories come back fragrant with the blessings of parental piety that led our childish feet to the divine footstool to wait in reverence before the father of families. The Christian family is God's little sanctuary. It is very near the celestial land. No shrine like this in all this pilgrim world. That professed Christian father who fails to be the priest of his own household, in leading the worship of those entrusted to his care, comes far short of his high duty and privilege. He deprives his own soul of one of the richest means of grace, and his children of the greatest helps to a life of piety and devotion. Fathers, you may learn the highest path of honor and blessing in fidelity to your position. It will be blessed when your active work shall be done, and nothing but memory shall remain, that there shall be the power of a life-long example of prayer and duty to those who shall love to think of you and recall the tender and blessed scenes that made the home circle a place of delight.

Happy the household whose altar burns with daily sacrifice, and form and spirit of worship that elevates and educates the immortals whom God hath bound so sweetly together. How blessed to go to heaven by families! How to secure a more general attention to family religion, is one of the most serious questions of our time. Pulpit and press cannot enforce it too much.—Banner of Holiness.

LEFT NOTHING TO HIS FAMILY.

How often is this said of a man who dies owning no property! How often in their ignorance are good men saddened by the thought that, having no money whatever they can bequeath nothing to their children. But every child is an heir, and his inheritance is indefeasible. First of all are his memories of his parents and home. Ah! if men and women could dictate to their lawyers on paper or parchment what memories they shall leave behind them, how differently would the record read in so many cases! But memory is a record not open to amendment, nor subject to obliteration by another's will. We shall be remembered chiefly for what we are—happy if there be even one who will think of what we wished or tried to be. Every day and year, therefore, adds to the possessions of our children and friends,

in their memories of us. How inadequately does money represent one, when compared with one's self! The trite truth that it is not what a man has, but what he is, that measures him, never seems less trite than when one thinks what he will be to his friends when he has been ten years dead!

And so a man who has no property to devise, should not be unhappy. "I give and bequeath to my dearly-beloved wife a good name." Isn't that a good start to a last will? If a man can honestly and proudly write that, and then descend to possessions that are expressed in figures, so much the better. But there is the best authority for giving the preference to the intangible bequest. And if in his inmost soul the father feels that among the unnumbered legacies, each dear one left behind will have a memory of him as kind, loving, tender and true, how dare he think that he shall die poor? These are treasures that no heirs quarrel over, and that require no probate outside of the heart. They are veritably "laid up in heaven." Why do the errors of the old spiritual materialists still keep men looking beyond the stars at the place where "their possessions be?"—Golden Rule.

I do not know a more beautiful sight on the earth than a man who has served his Lord for many years, and who, having grown grey in the service, feels that in the order of nature he must soon be called home. He is rejoicing in the first fruits of the Spirit which he has obtained, but he is panting after the full harvest of the Spirit which is guaranteed to him. I think I see him sitting on a jutting crag, by the edge of the Jordan, listening till the harpers on the other side, and waiting till the pitcher shall be broken at the fountain, and the wheel at the eastern, and the spirit shall depart to God who gave it. A wife waiting for her husband's footsteps, a child waiting in the darkness of the night till its mother comes to give it the evening kiss, are portraits of our waiting. It is pleasant and a precious thing so to wait and so to hope.

Our Young Folks.

WAITING FOR PAPA.

In the pleasant sunset hour At the close of day, When my little blue-eyed girlie Wearies of her play, Trip she lightly down the pathway To the entrance gate, For her father's homeward coming There to watch and wait.

High above the head so golden Stretch the gate-posts tall, High above the dignity figure Of the entrance gate, But against the rails she presses Dimpled brow and cheek, As far down the road the blue eyes For "dear papa" seek.

One by one the sunbeams vanish From the earth and sky, One by one the wandering birdies To their sang nests fly; But when comes the father homeward, Though the hour be late, Still he finds his own bright sunbeam Watching at the gate.

MARY D. BRIDE.

THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T BE WHIPPED.

I may as well tell the boys now that my mother was a widow, and a woman of great firmness and decision of character, and of deep piety. When she said anything she meant it, and yet she was just as gentle and tender as a lamb. One time in the fall of the year I was out in the yard trying to move a heavy stick of timber. I asked my brother, then twelve years of age, to assist, but he stood stock still, and laughed at me, while I almost strained my eyeballs out of my head. At last I lost my temper, grew hot, got mad, and picked up a switch, and gave brother a whipping. That was one thing mother did not allow—she did not permit one child to whip another on her place. When she heard the row, she came out of the house and gave brother a good thrashing, and made him help me put the timber in place, and then said to me:

"Now, my son, I am going to whip you for whipping your brother."

I had not had a whipping for a long time, and had begun to feel like a man. In fact, I waited on the girls now and then, and some white, downy-looking stuff had begun to grow upon my lip and chin, and I felt large over the prospect of beard at no distant day. The fact is, I had "gotten too big for my breeches, and needed to be taken down a button or two." I had no idea of taking a whipping—none in the world. I had violated one of my mother's rules, but the provocation had been a great one to a boy. True, if I had gone five steps to the door, and told mother she would have adjusted matters and made brother do what I wanted him to do. Instead of this, I had assumed authority, and had done what I knew my mother did not allow.

I said, "Mother, you shan't whip me."

"But I will do it, my son," she replied, and started toward me with a purpose in her eye. I got out of her way, and bad boy that I was, I turned my back upon my home and my mother, and went off about four miles, and hired myself to a clever, thrifty, well-to-do farmer for five dollars per month. I told him what had occurred, and how

I had been outraged at home, and that too by my mother. He told me I had done wrong, and that I ought to go back home, and he proposed to go with me and intercede for me. I had too much of my mother in me to yield just then. I went to work, but was not happy. I lost my appetite and could not sleep. I grew worse and worse, but hoped all the time that mother would send for me, and take me back "scot-free," but I heard nothing from her. I began to feel that I needed mother and home more than mother and home needed me—a lesson most boys do not learn until it is too late. At the end of the week, or Saturday morning, I told my employer I wanted to go home. He approved my purpose, and kindly offered to go with me, but I preferred to go alone. He paid me for my week's work, but I hated the money. It felt like lead in my pocket, and grew heavier and heavier as I got nearer home, till finally, I pulled it out and threw it as far as I could send it into the woods. I didn't go home in a hurry. It was four miles, and I was four hours on the way—and mortal hours they were. I hesitated and turned back, and resolved and re-resolved. The better thing in me said, "go home, and yield to your mother and obey her," but some other thing said, "I'd die first." Those who have never been in the shoes of the "Prodigal Son" do not know what an effort that trip home cost the poor boy, nor how long he was making it. When I felt that I could go no farther, I would kneel down and pray. That would always help me. I felt firmer afterward. The last hundred yards before I got home seemed to be a mile long. If it had been night and no lights burning, so mother could not see me, how glad I would have been; but there it was, a beautiful sun-bright day in the calm, cool November. Oh how black the bright light makes a guilty heart look! The last hour before day is said to be the darkest hour. When I got near enough to hear, mother was singing—

Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly.

Ah! that song! what mingled feelings it stirred in my heart, and how appropriate it was. Hope and shame had a great struggle, but thank God, hope prevailed just as I reached the kitchen-door, where mother was setting the table for dinner.

"Good morning, my son," she said, just as pleasantly as I had ever heard her say in all my life—"Come in," she continued, "have a seat," setting a chair for me. "I hope you are well my son?" That word "son," how it hurt me. I was not worthy of it.

"Very well, I thank you"—I did not venture to say "mother."—Are all well I asked.

"Well, I thank you, my son," and she went on chatting away just as pleasantly as if I had been a neighbor called in. I wanted to tell her my sin and shame, but did not know where or how to commence. Dinner was soon ready, and mother asked me to dine with her with all the politeness and deference due a visitor.

When seated at the table, mother said, "Will you please say grace for us?" That was awful. The words choked me, though I had been accustomed to asking a blessing for a year or two. I could not eat; I was too full already. Mother hoped I was well. I told her I was.

When dinner was over, I said, "Mother what work do you want me to do?" "None at all my son; I do not expect visitors to work for me," she answered. "But, mother, I have come home, and I want to go to work, and quit this foolishness," I said.

She replied firmly, "Well, my son to be candid with you, if you will now take a whipping, you can stay, but if not you can take your clothes and leave."

I jumped up and pulled off my coat and vest, and sat down with my face toward the back of the chair, and my back toward mother, and said:

"Well, mother, I will take the whipping, and stay at home with you. So get your switch and give it to me."

Just then mother burst into tears, caught me in her arms and said:

"That will do my son. Let us pray!" She led. O that prayer, that prayer! It lingers yet like the refrain of some old song, grand with the melody of heaven. I then had a home and a mother, and was just about as happy as boys ever get to be in this life. Now boys, I am ashamed of my sin till this day, but I am so proud of my mother I thought I would tell you this story.—Nashville Advocate.

LYING WITH THE FINGER.—A little boy, for a trick, pointed with his finger to the wrong road, when a man asked him which way the doctor went. As a result the man missed the doctor, and his little boy died, because the doctor came too late to take a fish-bone from his throat. At the funeral the minister said "that the boy was killed by a lie which another boy told with his finger." I suppose that the boy did not know the mischief he did. Of course nobody thinks he meant to kill a little boy when he pointed the wrong way. He only wanted to have a little fun; but it was fun that cost somebody a great deal; and, if he ever heard the results of it, he must have felt guilty of doing a mean and wicked thing. We ought never to trifle with the truth.—Illustrated Christian; Weekly.

TIME.—The patriarch the head of his clan only two years after (B.C. 1996). He left 126, remained in Haran for 75. He departed thence for aged 75. To-day's B.C. 1926-1920. 42 lesson.

PLACES.—He was important of the call. There he went to Haran on the banks of the Euphrates, now a to the land of Canaan.

ABRAHAM (father changed from Abram father).—Youngest of the Jewish nation where he lived for 75 called of God to leave spent nearly 100 years at the age of 175, B.C.

INTRODUCTION.

It seems that in the flood, mankind in its way, and had faithfully destroyed the earth. The purpose of the choice a man, and nation, to be his way and the repository of Messianic hopes, deeming time abundant on whom this choice (Abram), the son of Shem, whose native Chaldea. Beside two other sons, Nahor, though named Isaac, was plainly the eldest, the youngest of the ever, died prematurely. He left two daughters, Hagar and Milcah. The father of Abraham, and the Nahor. The son, became famous for his history with the

EXPLANATION.

And Terah. The from Shem, and the am (inclusive). To deference paid to Terah is here represented movement, though obedience to the monarch (12: 1). Sarai his Sarai's birth and certain knowledge of Jerome, and others same with Isaac, ve Haran; but in chap "She is my sister; my father, but not mother." In Hebrew daughter is termed for this statement, her being the daughter may have been the Terah by another wife. Probably either: (1) Orpah, the classic name about 25 miles north of Haran, on the west of Euphrates with the were, according to people whose empire, B.C. 2586, in the region around the Gulf. To go into the country, generally to the land of Israel came into Haran. on the banks of a which flows into the miles south of the

Now the Lord had St. Stephen tells most likely from the that God appeared was in Mesopotamia Charran. "Unto I pounded of father's high, i. e., an eminent progenitor of a richly country. Abram the head of a new dynasty; but with this world is not taken only left out, left ways. Abraham was to be separated to hope and holiness with God." We shed him by separations. This is a ham's life. From father's house. It ties—country, kind he was to go by father were his country and house, he was the at God's direction, rous. He is chosen new family, and a There is many a a was, whose duty den the party with who worked, to act again way that those who shrink from him, when it must be so, that I will show thee all, and to go he kn he been told it was milk and honey, an put in possession of faith would have been not even tell him the land, but merely he I will make of thee seven the twofold given by God to temporal, partly spiritual, and heirs of the all Christian nation, filium of this promise blessing. The pro dantly fulfilled; for neater which the world hereafter possessed tally to Abraham. Through them we b