

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

GOD, MY ROCK.

"God is the Rock of my heart, and my portion forever."—Psalm lxxviii, v. 20.

Some hearts are like a quiet village street, Few and well known the passers to and fro; Some like a busy city's market place, And countless forms and faces come and go.

Into my life unnumbered steps have trod, Though brief that life and hearing now its close, At first the form of phantasies and dreams, And then the varied tread of friends and foes.

Coming and going: Ah! there lay the pang, That when my heart aub's med, and un-locked, Its wealth, to greet the loved familiar step, So it was gone, and only echoes mocked.

My listening ear. But oh, there came one step So soft and low, it said, "I pass not by, But stay with thee for ever, if thou wilt, Amidst this constant instability?"

Then in His eyes I saw the love I craved, Love past my craving—love that died for me, He took my hand and on His gentle strength, I learned the joy of loving utterly.

He taught my heart to trust Him fearlessly (Trust not betrayed, but now misplaced no more), My Rock—my Rock, my wave besigned Rock, Safe in thy clefts I hide forever more.

All, all things change, and noblest human hearts Can never be rocks, they are but potter's clay; The Lord on God, He only is a Rock, Who trust in Him may trust in Him for aye.

Still do the countless foot-prints come and go, Still with a sigh the echoes die away, But love shall abide and fill the solitude With music and with beauty night and day.

—Anon.

UNKNOWN SUCCESS.

In a volume, recently published, entitled, "Memorials of Phil-emon H. Fowler," there is men- tioned an experience of this emi- nent and useful minister of Christ which is worthy of considera- tion. He had one day preached greatly to his own dissatisfaction. He had a very high ideal of what preaching ought to be, and of course often fell short of it. But on this particular occasion he was depressed or morbid, and suffered from the pang one feels at the sense of a failure. He looked around, as he said for some knot- hole to creep into. He would not come down out of the pulpit till the congregation had gone, for he was ashamed to face them. But there was one, at least, wait- ing with streaming eyes to thank him for the sermon, and to testify that God had sent a message by it that had brought one soul to the great and happy decision for eternity. This reminds me of a similar case, mentioned many years ago by the Rev. Dr. John Knox, long Chairman of the Ex- ecutive Committee of the Tract Society. On a particular evening he had preached after his usual amount of preparation, but all the time had the feeling that he was not speaking to purpose, and at the close seemed to himself to have made an absolute failure. He did not search for a knot-hole, but said he did long for a sort of trap-door in the floor of the pulpit through which he might let him- self down, and so get away with- out having to face his hearers. He got home somehow, swallowing his mortification as best he could. The next day his engagements led him to a place where several of his people were collected to- gether. One of them said to him, "Doctor, would you like to see the sermon you gave us last night?" "No, indeed," was the answer, "that is just the last thing I have any desire to see." Then his friend told him that he had been so impressed with the dis- course, which seemed to him un- commonly weighty and judicious, that on returning home he sat down and made as exact a trans- cript of the whole utterance as he could, and judging by the testi- mony of others who also were among the hearers, he had been very success-ful. He rejoiced to have as a permanent possession, always within reach, such an ad- mirable pre-entation of scriptural truth. No doubt many readers of the foregoing can recall similar incidents in their own experience or that of their neighbors. What do they all teach? Ministers do not always see the good that God accomplishes through them. It is not well that they should. It was so to speak fortuitous that Drs. Fowler and Knox learned of the good results of their labors, and these instances render it very likely that the same thing has taken place often when there was no out- ward sign of it. And herein is that saying true: One soweth and another reapeth." What our Lord noted at the beginning has occur- red ever since. Many a man put in the seed who never saw the har- vest, just as many brought home

rips sheaves on which he bestow- ed no labor save that of the sickle. The worker for Christ, therefore is to work in faith, expecting the divine hand to secure the result. He has abundant reason to believe that good is done of which he has no knowledge, and will have none until the great day. It may be necessary for his own spiritual welfare that he should be kept in this ignorance. And certainly he renders no small honor to the Mas- ter when he perseveres in the face of all discouragement.—J. W. Chambers.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

Several winters ago a woman was coming out from some pub- lic building where the heavy doors swung back and made egress difficult. A street urchin sprung to the rescue, and, as he held the door, she said, "Thank you" and passed on. "Cracky! d'ye hear that?" said the boy to a companion stand- ing near.

"No; what?" "Why, that lady in seal-skin said 'thank ye,' to the likes o' me."

Amused at the conversation which she could not help over- hearing, the lady turned round and said to him, "It always pays to be polite, my boy; remember that."

Years passed away, and last December, when doing her Christ- mas shopping, this same woman received an exceptional courtesy from a clerk in Boston, which caused her to remark in a low tone to a friend who was with her: "What a comfort to be civilly treated once in a while— though I don't know as I blame the clerks for being rude during the holiday trade."

The young man's quick ears caught the words, and he said: "Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness."

She looked at him in amaze- ment while he related the forgot- ten incident, and told her that simple "thank you" awakened his first ambition to be something in the world. He went the next morning and applied for a situa- tion as office boy in the establish- ment where he was now an hon- ored and trusted clerk. Only two words, dropped into the treasury of street conversa- tion, but they yielded returns of a certain kind more satisfactory than investments in stocks and bonds.—J. B. in Congregationalist.

THE COVENANTERS.

It was now that the cup of the suffering Presbyterians was filled to the brim. The Government, eager to improve the advantage they had obtained on the fatal field of Bothwell Bridge, struck more terribly than ever, in the hope of effecting the utter exter- mination of the Covenanters be- fore they had time to rally. Twelve hundred had surrendered themselves prisoners on the bat- tle field. They were stripped al- most naked, tied two and two, and driven to Edinburgh, being treat- ed with great inhumanity on the way, and on arriving at their des- tination, the prisons being full, they were penned like cattle, or rather like wild beasts, in the Greyfriar's Churchyard. What a different spectacle from that which this famous spot had exhib- ited forty years before! Their mis- ery was heartrending. The Govern- ment's barbarity toward them would be incredible were it not too surely attested. These 1,200 persons were left without the slightest shelter; they were ex- posed to all weathers, the rain, the tempest, the snow, they slept on the bare earth; their guard treat- ed them capriciously and cruelly, robbing them of their little money, and often driving away the citi- zens who sought to relieve their great sufferings by bringing them food or clothing. Some made their escape; others were released on signing a bond of non-resistance; others were freed when found to be sinking under wounds, or dis- eases contracted by exposure. At the end of five months—for so long did this miserable crowd remain shut up in the graveyard—the 1,200 were reduced to 250. On the morning of the 15th of November, 1670, these 250 were taken down to Leith, and embarked on board a vessel, to be transported to Bar- badoes. They were crowded into the hold of the ship, where there was scarce room for 100. A wail rose from the heat, the thirst and other horrors of this floating dungeon. Their ship was overtaken by a ter- rible storm off the coast of Ork- ney. It was thrown by the winds

upon the rocks, and many of the poor prisoners on board were drowned. Those who escaped the waves were carried to Barbadoes and sold as slaves. A few only survived to return to their native land at the Revolution.—Dr. Wy- lie.

"YOUR PEARLS."

Trust not the secret of thy soul with those Who hold their treasures with a reckless hand, Nor to each ready ear thy thoughts disclose, Nor to each smiling face thy heart expand.

Pearls from the ocean's depth too priceless are To be strewn heedless at the common feet Show not to curious eyes the hidden scar, Nor to the winds thy sacred words repeat.

Else, under trampling hoofs thy gold shall lie, The holy gold of thy interior self— Crushed the rare pearls by every passer-by, Or given from hand to hand as vulgar stuff.

It is the lesson taught each separate heart To shroud its gems from universal gaze; To shine in quiet glory and apart, Revealed alone on coronation days.

Give freely to the world its just demand Of sympathy, of kindness, and of trust; But keep reserved for one beloved hand The pearls too pure to be trod down in dust.

All lives may know thy gentleness and grace All hearts thy loving power may evidence, But on few hands, oft on alone, dare place The costly ring of priceless confidence.

ANECDOTE OF PROF. MORSE.

When Prof. Morse was in Wash- ington, trying to interest Con- gress in his great invention of the electric telegraph, he was the guest of Mr. Ellsworth, at that time Commissioner of Patents.

The Professor's money was all gone. His pleasant friends, home, and family were doubtless enjoyed the more by this honest man, who must have felt that in such a cause as his, it was no disgrace to be poor.

The Professor was using all the influence he could bring to bear to secure an amendment to the Civil and Diplomatic Approp- riation Bill of \$40,000, by which the telegraph could be put up be- tween Washington and Baltimore.

Judge Leonard, afterward a member of Congress from New York, and now a distinguished resident of Brooklyn, met the Pro- fessor at the house of Mr. Ells- worth, in company with Mr. Fer- ris, then a member from New York.

After many rebuffs and disap- pointments the great inventor was still as calm and unruffled as ever, explaining the minutie of the construction of the tele- graph, and the philosophy of elec- tricity, with the enthusiasm of a younger man. He was then over fifty years old.

The next morning, with the bat- tery in one committee-room and the wire in another, the Professor made a series of very successful experiments. The spectators were impressed and convinced of its utility, and the next day Mr. Fer- riss moved the proposed amend- ment. It was immediately car- ried, only one man voting against it. This man was Cave Johnson, "the war-horse of Tennessee."

Mr. Ellsworth had a little daughter four years old, who was devotedly attached to Prof. Morse. She had heard the amendment and the forty thousand dollars talked of so much that she seem- ed to understand its character as well as the grown folks.

When the messenger ran to Judge Ellsworth with the joyful tidings that the amendment was carried, the little girl ran up stairs as fast as her feet could carry her, and opened the door of her friend's chamber.

The inventor was on his knees in prayer. Usually the child would have waited, but now she ran quickly to him, and putting her little hands on his shoulder, said:

"Come down 'tairs, quick. The 'mentment is carried."

She was God's messenger, bring- ing to the devout man of genius an answer to his prayer. It was a touching incident, and one that impressed Professor Morse very deeply.

RESULTS OF SMOKING.

My debut as a smoker was like everybody's. My first pipe made me very ill and it was only by degrees that I managed to become a third-rate smoker—that is, I disposed of eight or ten pipes a day without inconvenience. But whenever I exceeded that average, I suffered from violent sick-head- aches, ushered in by indistinct- ness of vision, and numbness of one side of the face, the tongue and one arm, most often on the left side. These preliminary

symptoms lasted about ten min- utes, after which the headache came on in full force. The most refractory organ, however, was my stomach. After having smoked too much I used to experience the symptom known as pyrosis or heartburn to a very trying extent, though as any alkaline water speedily caused these phenomena to vanish I did not care to give up my tobacco.

About a year ago, having smoked for some months more than usual, I suddenly found myself af- fected by a peculiar and terrific pain over the region of the heart; in short, I had a violent attack of angina pectoris. It put a stop to my smoking, as, though I have since tried once or twice, I have always found my cigar or pipe detestable, and, to sum up, am radically converted. I do not wish to discuss scientifically the nicotinic origin of my sufferings, but am sure they all sprang from the same cause—excessive use of tobacco. Degeneration of the cardiac muscle is often caused by tobacco. So long as the rest of his organism remains in good working order the smoker only experiences intermittent palpi- tation, and the grave injury done the heart remains unperceived un- til some trifling cause brings in- to relief the irremediable disorders produced by the prolonged use of tobacco.—Dr. Deschamps.

THE BROKEN BELT.

Little occurrences are often suf- ficient to arouse a child of God from spiritual slumber, and call back to duty slighted or neglected. By the side of a stream, running among Vermont hills, lived Bro. —, the industrious owner of a saw-mill, and one who feared God with all his house. The heavily timbered lands around him made great demands upon his mill, and several helpers were employed, who were of like precious faith in Jesus. The family altar was kept daily smoking with the sacrifices of praise and thanksgiving, and every helper tarried at the service. The first of January an advance step was taken, and every mem- ber of the family, helpers and all, prayed around that altar every morning, assured by their employ- er that they should have plenty of time to worship God, as prayer never hindered work. That was a blessed household, and is still. But when Spring came, and the logs piled up wondrously, and they must be sawed during the spring rains, as the summer stream was too low, Bro. — got anxious and would send the boys to breakfast while he stayed and filed the saw. The head of the family being ab- sent, the helpers would eat and hasten back to the mill, and then Bro. — would come, take his breakfast and have family pray- ers, while the boys would run the mill. He did not feel that it was exactly pleasing to God, and a kind of inward unrest was his. One day, as he stood near the saw, without any warning the perfect- ly sound rubber belt, twelve inches wide, that drove the machinery, broke instantly, with the report of a musket, and had it not been for a strong iron rod which it struck and bent to the floor, it would have killed Bro. — on the spot. He stood a moment in amazement, and then said, "I understand. I have been saving time by robbing God of worship. This danger and this loss means 'pay your vows,' and I will do it!" Henceforth, the old mill has stood still, as if in silent reverence, while morning by morning the whole household kneel and wor- ship, each calling upon God from a grateful heart. The logs seemed to saw faster than ever.

FORMATIVE INFLUENCE.

It is an accepted truth in men- tal and moral philosophy, that men become like the objects of their thoughts and affections, that their intellectual and moral char- acters are formed by the things which most frequently occupy their minds. When a man engages with great earnestness and indus- try in any kind of secular busi- ness, excluding as much as pos- sible all thoughts of every thing else, he soon becomes known as a man of business mind. We hear of the scientific mind, the legal mind, the artistic mind, and other kinds of mind differentiated by objects of thought; and not only is it true that "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he," in real char- acter, but his features are so mould- ed by his thinking that adepts in the study of character can tell, with a considerable degree of cer- tainty, the daily avocations of strangers by their appearance. Man sins and suffers, is degraded or exalted, becomes God-like, or devil-like, is blissful or miserable, through thought, and according to the nature of his thinking.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

GOD'S HEARING.

"How do you think God can hear, so far off?" asked a child of his mother.

"O, my darling, God can hear, not only the words that rise from your lips, but the thoughts that rise in your heart. He has not ears such as we have, but the ears of feeling and sympathy. He is not far from any of us. He is everywhere, and fills all space; and he wants to fill your heart. If you only let him in, don't you think he will be near enough to know all that goes on there, and to guide you, and to hear your prayers before they are spoken?"

"But, mamma, he does not al- ways do what I ask him."

"Perhaps not. I do not al- ways do what you ask me. But it is because I know better than you do what is good for you, and I sometimes say no. When God does not do what you ask him, never think he does not hear. He

says: 'No, you do not ask the thing that is good for you, or go the right way to attain it. What I will do for you is to open the right way to reach the right thing. But trust me; I hear all that call on me in spirit and in truth. I hear, and I love to hear, the cry of my children.' In all trouble and sorrow, call on God. In all difficulty and perplexi- ty, call on him."

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

In a Sunday-school at Nantas- ket there is a little girl of whom the following incident is related. It occurred when she was only six years of age:

Her uncle was brought home very sick, and the doctor told the family he could not live. The little girl heard it, and at a time when no one was in the sick room, she went softly in and up to the bedside, put one hand on the cheek of the man, and reaching up, pressed her face close to his and whispered, "Cast your sins on Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God."

His bodily distress had been very great, a moan coming with every breath; but at her whis- pered words, the flood-gates of his soul were unlocked, and he burst into tears.

The little girl went about her play, not telling any one she had been in the room. His mental anguish was as great as his bodi- ly suffering. All through the night he lay praying for mercy and forgiveness of sin. The next day the little messenger God sent watched her chance, and again whispered to the sick man and whis- pered with a winning tenderness:

"Did you do as I told you, Uncle William?"

"Yes, I did, I did! He wash- ed away my sins."

Only a few hours before he died, he implored God's richest blessing on his "little angel," as he called her, for teaching him the way to Jesus.

THE BOYS PRAYER.

In April of 1860, the brig "Helen Jane," bound from St. Domingo, when well advanced on her course in the southern latitudes, was one day confronted with that fearful aqueous phenomenon—sometimes so dangerous a foe to ships at sea—which was bearing down upon the vessel with great rapidity. The sails—for there was little or no wind—af- forded no means of escape, and the going off of a pistol, in the absence of any larger gun, could not produce a concussion of the mighty columns of uplifted water from its threatening altitude. All now was consternation and confu- sion on board among both crew and passengers, of whom there were several, including three or four young children and their parents, persons of culture and education from a Massachusetts city. One of their little group, a boy of about ten years, noticing the captain's pale and terrified looks, and his pious mother with the rest in tears, with despair de- picted on their faces, came up to her who had taught him from in- fancy to pray to the great God as "our Father in heaven," and our only Helper in time of trouble, exclaiming, in earnest, yet com- posed voice, "Mamma, why don't you pray?" And then, without waiting for a reply, he knelt down in the midst of the trembling cab- in company, and in a few simple words besought that Almighty Being, whom winds and waves and the whirlwind obey, to turn away the awful waterspout, and mercifully save them from the impending danger.

After his prayer the child seem- ed to feel sure that the Lord would hear it and grant deliver- ance. Nor was he mistaken in his expectation of relief from the power of an over-ruling Provi- dence. In a few moments the dark, seething, hissing, cloud-crested mass of waters passed harm- lessly by, not touching, yet so al- most grazing the vessel's side as to cause all to regard their es- cape as marvelous, and to realize that to God the Lord belonged all the praise.

From the mother's still fresh memories of the scene, we have received the narrative given a- bove. Her dear son's life voyage ended in his early manhood, but not without honor and the crown- ing grace of true religion. What has been here recorded is a just tribute to his memory, and a true story of a boy's great faith in God.—Eps. Recorder and Coven- ant.

GOOD ADVICE.

Mr. R. J. Burdette, he of the Hackeye, gives the following advice to a young man:

"My son, when you hear a man growing and scolding because Moody gets \$200 a week for preaching Christianity, you will perceive that he never worries a minute because Ingersoll gets \$200 a night for preaching athe- ism. You will observe that the man who is utterly shocked because P. Murphy gets \$150 a week for temperance work seems to think that it is all right when the barkeeper takes in twice as