

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

STRENGTH ENOUGH.

The morning mists that lie About the day that comes so softly in, Hide all its secrets from the searching eye.

Before the busy feet, In the hot noontide 'neath the blazing sun, Shall with their rapid steps, sounds fill the street.

It may be ours to stand, Forsaken, single-headed in a fight With a determined and a hostile band.

We may be called to take Some noble work that needs the wise and strong, And do it faithfully for Jesus' sake.

Or we may have to-day To lay all work aside, and in the gloom That suddenly creeps around the way.

But howsoever it be, We dare go forth to meet the dim unseen, Tranquil and patient; God is near, and he Will be our helper as he has been.

A VISION OF ANGELS.

To abate curiosity, let it be said at once that the angels written of were not of the heavenly order. They were seen in Maine, and on this wise.

At length, at a way-station, a plainly-dressed but comely country-woman came in, and out of respect to her, those around her became comparatively quiet.

"What have they seen in this house?" "What have I to answer?" "Last night a dinner was given for them. I remember how every one admired the new paintings in the drawing-room.

"What have they seen in my house?" "Alas! vanity, idleness, worldly treasures." "And what have they heard?" True, they heard family reading and family prayer.

"What has changed this company's behavior?" Thus he asked, and answered to himself. The new influences coming in among them.

Should these lines meet the eye of any sons or daughters of affliction, let them give it as the r's message. "Son, daughter, be of good cheer. Not for ourselves we are always smitten. By the blow

upon you, God may be doing more unto others than you can ask or think." As seen in this vision of common life, suffering has as high an angelic dignity, and as strong an angelic power, and may we not add as pure an angelic origin, as purity and beauty themselves.

WHAT HAVE THEY SEEN?

A lady had just parted with some friends who had been her guests for a few days, and with a feeling of loneliness sat down in her now-deserted drawing-room.

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THE NAME PROTESTANT.

At a diet of the princes of the empire held in Spire, in Germany, in the year 1529, it was decreed by the majority there present that in those places where the Edict of Worms had been received it would be lawful for no one to change his religion; that in those places where

the new religion (that is, the Lutheran,) was exercised, it should be maintained till the meeting of a council, if the ancient (the Popish) religion could not be restored without danger of hurting the public peace; but that the mass should not be abolished, nor the Catholics hindered from the free exercise of their religion, nor any one of them be allowed to embrace Lutheranism; that the Sacramentarians should be banished from the empire; that the Anabaptists should be punished with death; and that no preacher should explain the gospel in any other sense than that was approved by the church.

EVANGELINE.

HOW LONGFELLOW CAME TO WRITE THE POEM.

An interviewer from the Philadelphia Press recently visited Mr. Longfellow at Cambridge. He says among other things:—

Expressing a preference for his "Evangeline," I ventured to say: "I see you located the final scenes of that beautiful story in Philadelphia." "Yes, sir. The poem is one of my favorites also—as much, perhaps, on account of the manner in which I got the groundwork for it as anything else."

"Hawthorne readily assented to my request, and it was agreed that I should use his friend's story for verse whenever I had the time and inclination to write it. In 1825, I started for Europe, and when in New York, concluded I would visit Philadelphia, and so went over. It was in the spring about this time, and the country was as beautiful as it is to-day."

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in another of my walks. It is purely a fancy sketch, and the name of Evangeline was coined to complete the story. The incident Mr. Hawthorne's friend gave me, and my visit to the poorhouse in Philadelphia, gave me the groundwork of the poem."

"The claim is that the Quaker almshouse on Walnut Street, near Third, is the one referred to in 'Evangeline'?" "No; that is not so. I remember that place distinctly. It is the old poorhouse I referred to, which stood on the square between Spruce and Pine and Tenth and Eleventh Streets."

Mr. Longfellow then took from an adjoining room a picture of the old Quaker almshouse, and explained that the spot which attracted his attention, and marked Philadelphia for the final act of "Evangeline," was not this old institution, as had been so often claimed.

BEYOND.

Never a word is said, But it trembles in the air, And the transient voice has sped, To vibrate every ear;

Never are kind acts done, But like flashes of the sun, They signal to the skies; And up above the angels read How we have helped the sorest need.

Never a day is given, And it tones the after years, And it carries up to heaven Its sunshine or its tears;

There is no end to the sky, And the stars are everywhere, And time is steady, And here is over there; For the common deeds of the common day Are ringing bells in the far-away.

WHEELBARROW RELIGION.

I believe it was Richard Baxter who spoke of some persons who had wheelbarrow religion in his day and that family has not yet become extinct.

"I don't think I have ever scolded you, I try to watch myself against that sin. Have I ever scolded you?" "Well, ma'am, not to say ravin' scoldin' as some do, but yer tells me things and makes me ashamed of meself."

"I want to be kind to you, poor girl, for you are a stranger in a strange land. I was going to ask you to try and be more pleasant to the children. It is now a whole week since a smile has been seen of your face. Now, must I lose my good girl, or keep her?"

"Don't you see my little girl will catch your sullen ways? No, Sarah, you must be a cheerful, pleasant girl, if you are to stay; and now I want you to decide it for me."

"I'll stay, ma'am." And as the tears filled her eyes she added, "Ye're are the best mistress in the wide world."

Years passed, and Sarah remained a cheerful servant till a wise boy took her for a wife, and many tears fell for the loss of a faithful servant. Who shall count the value of words fitly spoken?

There is one long word which ought not to be in it; namely, "generation." In the old version, the word "brood" is used. Read the verse again with this term, and you feel its full force: "O ye viper's brood, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?"

Crime sometimes does not look like crime when it is set before us in the many folds of a long world. When a man steals, and we call it a "defalcation," we are at a loss to know if it is a blunder or a crime. If he does not tell the truth, and we are told it is a case of "prevarication," it takes us some time to know just what we should think of it.

ON ANGER.

Has any good housekeeper ever thought of the uselessness of anger? May not one dissent as certainly or disapprove as decidedly without anger? Can not house, horse, or domestic be managed as well by quiet resolves? And yet how it moves about like coin among the masses, and steals in the family circle, from mamma with that wrinkled brow, to the little miss who gets to her seat at table with a positive frown of disgust!

Once, when a very young girl, I was impressed by the manner and words of a good woman. She sat swaying back and forth with a puzzled look on her sweet face. She was thinking how to get rid of a petty annoyance. Arising, she rang the bell. A servant entered in a noisy way.

"Sarah, you may sit down." The girl threw herself sullenly on a chair, averting her face. "I'm sorry to have to find fault in you, Sarah."

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cation of this book at the time it appeared, lest it should interfere with "A Fool's Errand," and only did so at the earnest solicitation of Mrs. Tourgee; he therefore presented her with the copyright, not anticipating for it, as he confesses, such a success as it achieved.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

GOOD-NIGHT. Good-night—the little lips touch ours, The little arms unfold us; And oh, that thus through coming years They might forever hold us!

Who, in the weary years to come, When we are hid from sight, Will these little hands and his These little lips "Good-night" say?

WHAT THE SUNDAY SCHOOL DID FOR HIM.

A little boy was hurt at a spinning mill in Dundee, and after being taken home, he lingered for some time, and then died.

"Tell me what he was singing," I asked. "He was singing: 'Oh the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb The Lamb upon Calvary! The Lamb that was slain has risen again, And intercedes for me.'"

"You might have heard him from the street, singing with all his might," she said with tears in her eyes. "Had you a minister to see him?" "No."

"Why was that?" I enquired. "Oh, we have not gone to any church for several years," she replied, holding down her head. "But you know he attended the Sunday school, and learned hymns there, and he sang them to the last."

"ITS ALL RUINED!" The ruin of the Sunday-school—at least for one of its members—was thus pathetically announced by him to a missionary of the American Sunday-school in North Carolina. This may improve some other teacher guilty of such ruination. The missionary relates it thus: "On Sunday afternoon, I stopped in front of a log cabin, and asked a little fellow who sat on the doorstep for a cup of water. In reply to my inquiries he said his name was Lewis; that he was eight years old, and that he knew the way to the Sunday-school; and as I was hurrying to meeting, I asked if he was not going."

SUNDA IDOLATRY 1.—The shows how most sole before the derings of say in drea make to t etc. They surround emn scene fore them presence had seen he and knew the very of assume, rions which waiting f out of purpose of val, and ch them to e Alas! for the Israel things our even to the en, after God, and may we be His place t The stat what had t excuse. had to dea duct proces than sinfu resist the became an their sin, though mis their proce by keepin it was a f It was that the is the first, no doubt, lan god a intend to a the gods of It was as intended the Aaron's wo impression word gods The word at in the sin meaning w our God wh land of Egy a visible ob lies at the re the tendency ly condemn meat. The disobedience mand. 2.—Mosee Lord what so that he v sight that h he reached The sight holy indign was filled waxed not the violence the two tab to pieces a It must not simply a ra It was an it ing for the needed it. man, and v God do b tion of it b from the m stone strew present d trampled u But Mos senger of w might have declared he and they w to his inter the scene upon him, with and to ger. The to be allo and be mus stern mea sense of the grand e striding int of reveller ishing the standard, a the Lord's a 3.—Three mentioned. ple drink of dust of th thousand s plagues of the A little reduce all nected and drink the w dust of the cording to the L repudiation ship. It w test. Thos were, no de leaders in t put to dea command, the," etc, injunction sacre, i ut those who were to be e relationship Then, on t many indir quences, h