OUR HOME CIRCLE.

A LITTLE WHILE.

A little while, O hands,
Of labor weary;
The days of toil are short,
Though dark and dreary;
The coming time is glad, and blest
With full and perfect peace and rest
After a little while

A little while, O feet,
All torn and bleeding;
This way will bring thee home.
And Christ is leading;
Soon thou shalt find cool waters s
And pleasant pathways for thy feet,
After a little while.

A little while, O eyes,
Thy love-watch keeping;
A few more bitter tears,
Then no more weeping;
Beyond the reach of grief and pain
Thy loved ones thou shalt see again,
After a little while.

A little while, O brow,
With fever burning;
These hours of noonday heat
Have no returning;
Life's later hours are full of calm,
And eventide shall bring thee balm
After a little while.

A little while, O heart,
With sorrow breaking,
A few more hours of night,
And then comes waking;
And lasting comfort shall be given
When breaks the golden day of heaven,
After a little while.

HOW DOES HE SLEEP?

BY REV. DR. DEEMS.

One of the most important things to know about any man upon whom you are going to place dependence is how he sleeps. Sleeplessness may sometimes be involuntary. There may have been some shock to the man's nerves which has made him insomnolent; but sleeplessness is more frequently voluntary. Men choose to push their studies or their work into those hours when they should be asleep. It does not matter for what cause any man may do this; the mere fact of not sleeping spoils his case. He may spend his nights in the theatre, in the study, or in the "protracted meeting." It will make no difference: the result to the body will be the same. The sleep was not had, and for that the man must pay. One man may do with a little less sleep than another: but, as a general rule, if your want a clerk, a lieutenant, a lawyer, a physician, a legislator, a judge, a president, or a pastor, do not trust your interests to any man that does not take on an average eight good, solid hours of sleep out of twenty-four. Whatever may be his reason for it, if he does not give himself that, he will snap sometime just when you want him to be strong.

The intellectual and moral connections of sleeping have, I think not been sufficiently appreciated. Men and boys have been praised for "burning the midnight oil." Now this "midnight oil" is a delusion and snare. The student who is fast asleep at eleven o'clock every night and wide awake at seven o'clock every morning is going to surpass another student, of the same intellectual ability, who goes to bed after twelve and rises before five. In sleep, the plate in which the picture is to be taken is receiving its chemical preparation, and it is plain that that which is the best prepared will take the best picture.

Men who are the fastest asleep when they are asleep are the widest awake when they are awake.

Great workers must be great resters.

Every man who has clerks in his employ ought to know what their sleeping habits are. The young man who is up till two, three or four o'clock in the morning, and must put in an appearance at the bank or store at nine or ten o'clock and work all day, cannot repeat this process many days without a certain shakiness coming into his system, which he will endeavor to steady by some delusive stimulus. It is in this way that many a young man begins his course to ruin. He need not necessarily have been in bad company. He has lost his sleep; and losing sleep is losing strength and grace.

Here is the outline of the history of a suicide within my own knowledge: A young man, a stranger in New York, in a good situation, in a large boarding-house, has pleasant young companions; spends his evenings out; goes to midnight parties, from eleven to seven; his nerves become disturbed, then a little drink—a little mistake in business — another drink — reproof from employer—more drink—more mistakes—loss of situation—no help from frivolous companions—money all gone—then credit all gone—then turned out of the boarding-house—wandering in the street—mortification—desperation—shoots himself.

Now, it does not always come to this; but all people who are losing sleep are somewhere along this line, they are somewhere in the rapids.

We must begin a reform in this department. People who "profess and call themselves Christians" must refuse to go out in the evening to any amusement, to any entertainment, to any religious exercise, from which they cannot return at ten o'clock, to be in their beds by eleven. The absurd and ruinous custom of guests arriving at nine or ten o'clock, and supper being served between eleven and twelve, must be opposed. Well-to-do officers and members of the several churches must be made by their pastors to feel that if they give such entertainments they are responsible in a measure for the deleterious results that are to come to the bodies, to the intellects, and to the souls of their guests, young and old. Employees in every department must be made to understand that intelligent men are not going to entrust important matters to the hands of other men who do not sleep. How dare any merchant consider himself a Christian who works his clerks all night, and then holds them responsible for the bodily, mental, and moral injury they have sustained, and which reacts upon his interests?

Our religious services, our business, our amusements, our police regulations, must all be adjusted to this great necessity of our nature. When the city is governed as it should be, no man will be allowed to make night hideous with loud noises. Not even policemen will be permitted in the dead of night, for an hour at a stretch, at the top of their voices to bawl for the carriages of people who set the laws of health at defiance themselves, and will not permit other people to obey them—a custom which is rendering property in the neighborhood of places of amusement unfit for residence. In this age of rapid transit and accumulated work we must more and more provide for the necessity of sleep.

Instead of asking our acquaintances, when we meet, the usual question of "How do you do?" we might teach a good lesson by that other question, "How do you sleep.

A TOUCHING TESTIMONY.

At the close of a most earnest sermon preached by our pastor to young men, on the subject, "The Young Man in the City," a meeting was held for testimony. Many young men related experiences of the dangers and temptations of city life, and expressed the most devout thankfulness that they had been brought into the church and led to Christ, who had strengthened them to resist the evil influences which had so constantly beset them.

Near the close of the meeting, a refined, thoughtful-looking young woman arose and said, "I am an entire stranger to you all, but I am a member of the church of Christ. I have a dear husband who has come into your city to work. To-morrow I return to my country home and leave him alone. Oh, I want to commend him to the care of this church! He will be exposed to all the dreadful temptations of city life. Will you not try to make him at home among you, so that he may be kept an upright man?"

When this stranger had finished her touching testimony, spoken in a voice full of emotion, there was scarcely a person present whose eyes were not filled with tears of sympathy for her; and we inwardly resolved to care for this young man for the sake of the pleading request of his wife.

In connection with this testimony, our pastor mentioned the many letters he had received from parents in the country, imploring him to show a fatherly interest in their sons and daughters who were working in our city. They urged him to make them welcome in the church, and to do all in his power to keep them from evil influences.

It seems to me this testimony of the young wife and these letters point with great impressiveness to a most important work which should be accomplished by city churches. Hundreds of young men and women leave homes in the country to seek work in the city. They have no friends and no home influences. They reside in boarding-houses, where they often meet with company who entice them into temptation and sin; and unless the church cordially welcomes them and exerts over them a strong Christian influence, they are quite likely to drift into evil, and not only ruin themselves, but bring the greatest sorrow to their country homes.

There is no work more important for men and women who belong to churches in large cities than to feel a loving Christian interest in those people who come among them as strangers from country homes; and if they would but try to interest themselves in caring for these strangers, they would be the means of saving souls and leading them to become strong and useful Christians.—*Zion's Herald.*

TEMPT NOT THE WEAK.

"James Dunton, arrested for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Fined twenty shillings. In default of payment, sent to jail for thirty days."

This item in the morning paper met my eyes and I read it again for the name seemed familiar. Could it be possible that this was my schoolmate? And my mind turned back to the time when James stood among the brighest of the class. True, he was a little wild, and soon after leaving school he commenced drinking, and would occasionally become intoxicated. Then he joined the temperance organization, and seemed so deeply in earnest that I had really thought him safe from all further temptation.

Such was the condition of things when I moved to a distant city in the far west. I had been absent for ten years, and was now on a visit to the old home. I had heard nothing of James Dunton during my absence, and supposed him still working in the temperance ranks.

Could it be possible that this was the same man? On inquiry I found it to be. James Dunton had become a victim of intemperance, after abstaining for three years. He had not simply gone back to his old way, but had fallen far lower, until the chances of his ever reforming seemed almost hopeless. I called on him, and learned the story of his fall:

"I had tasted no kind of liquor for more than three years, and had conquered the old habit so far that it had little or no temptation for me. One evening I attended a party celebrating the birthday of a lady friend. Wine and other liquors were used quite freely. I had twice refused to drink, when the hostess approached and offered me a glass of wine. I begged her to excuse me from accepting it, but she answered somewhat petulently:

"I should think you might drink once with me in honour of this occasion.'

"As I said something about the principle involved, and the possibility of a single glass leading to further indulgence, she retorted rather sneeringly:

"'O! I beg your pardon. I had supposed that Mr. Dunton was man enough to drink a harmless glass of wine without fear of becoming a drunkard.'

"This stab at my pride, in the presence of others who had no scruples about taking an occasional glass, had its effect, and with some light remark in reference to the excuse I had been making, I took the wine and quickly drank it. This led to another, and then another, for I wished to show the lady that I had sufficient manhood to drink several glasses of wine if I chose. The result was, that I was carried home beastly drunk. After that night all the old cravings came back tenfold. I tried to fight against it, but it seemed of no use. My courage all forsook me, and I became reckless. In my false attempt to sustain my manhood I had lost all. I feel now that my fate is fixed, and there is no help for it. The sooner that the end comes the better for all concerned."

I tried to encourage him to hope for better things, but he would not listen.

As I went away I thought of the wonderful influence of woman, and how sad that it should ever be put to such bad use—that it should be used to lead men downward, when it might do so much toward lifting them up. The loss of manhood through life, and of the soul through eternity, are too weighty matters to be trifled away.—*Exchange.*

CABLE MESSAGES.

A recent visitor to Heart's Content describes as follows the method of receiving messages at that point. The recorder is a horse-shoe magnet, electrified by the usual circles of fine wire, and attracting a small metallic coil. The coil is hung between the magnetic poles, and by a light lever and a thread almost as fine as the strand of a cobweb is connected with a delicate siphon hung in a little reservoir of ink. The ink is electrified, so as to produce a repulsion of the particles, making it flow more readily through the siphon, which outside is about the size of a darning-needle, and the interior tube scarcely larger than a hair. The lower end of the siphon rests against a paper tape playing perpendicularly through rollers. The whole machine is almost of gossamer fineness and flexibility, so as to minimize the electric strain necessary for working the cable. Let us imagine now that a coming message has been signalled from far across the ocean at Valentia. The operator at first opens the simple machinery that works the brass rollers. On the centre of the tape, as it passes between the rollers, the siphon at first marks only a straight line. Suddenly the line swerves to the right or to the left. The message has started, and the end of the siphon has begun its record. Worked by two keys, and positively or negatively electrified, the coil swings the siphon point now to one side, now to the other, along the tape. Responsive to the trained hand of the operator, the filament of ink marks out one notch, two notches, three notches; then suddenly, it may be, a high elevation or depression, until the delicate line traced on the tape looks like the tiny outline of a mountain range. But it is a range whose every hilltop, peak, and valley means an alphabetical symbol to the telegrapher's eye. The recorder is the invention of the famous electrician, Sir William Thomson. How delicate an interpreter it is may be inferred from the fact that ten jars work 1,800 miles of cable between Valentia and Heart's Content, while twenty-five jars of the same electric power would be needed to work 350 miles of land wire; or, in other words, the recorder is more than twelve times as efficient for its purpose as the ordinary Morse instrument. The recorder traces its characters on the tape about as fast as a slow penman copies a letter. Besides its delicacy of work, the recorder, as its name imports, has the merit of leaving the record of the message.

UNBELIEF,

There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod—
He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees, 'neath Winter's field of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow—
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says, "To-morrow," "The Unknown,"
"The Future," trusts that Power alone
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief;
And day by day, and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny,
God knoweth why!

"MAMMIES" BEFORE THE WAR.

The office of "mammy" in a Southern family was often hereditary, some mammy that is to be beginning her profession as playmate, and then waiting maid of pretty Miss Mary. But when young mistress goes off to boarding school for the finishing touches, the maid rises a step in rank.

Instead of being taught to cook, wash or iron, the ladies' maid spends her time in knitting socks, hunting old miss's spectacles, or sometimes learns to read a few words out of the primer.

At the close of the war it so happened that one of these incipient mammies applied for service to a bustling, strong-minded woman, one of King Solomon's paragons, "who riseth while it is yet night and giveth meat unto her household." Well pleased with the girl's honest, dark face, Mrs. Allen asked her name.

"Alcinthy Fitzallan de Montague, marm,"

"Well, Cinthy, I suppose you can cook?"

"Oh, no, ma'am; Aunty Melindy was the cook of our house."

"Can you wash and iron?"

"Me wash and i'on! Law, no, marm! Aunt Big Tildy, she did the washing and i'oning."

"Can you attend to the table?"

"He! he! Dat was nobody's business but Uncle Solomon's, and he didn't 'low no children to fool long o' his dinin' room."

"Can you make beds and attend to the chambers?"

"In course not, marm! Little Tildy and Cousin Pat was de house gals, and they didn't want nobody to tend to der business."

"Then what under the sun was your occupation?"

"I did keep flies off de old missis."—*Atlantic.*

DR. CHALMERS AND THE BIBLE.

Chalmers' zeal for the evidences of Christianity, on which he spent so much of his strength, was homage to that right hand of the Almighty, into which he delivered himself as a little child to be conducted to an acquaintance with the unfathomable riches of the contained truth. It was clear to him that the Eternal God had set His imprint upon the Scriptures, that the Word is the rod of His power, before which every intelligence is to bow, and that it must be submitted to and experienced before it is comprehended. He revels in the evidences of Divine majesty with which it is encompassed, and goes forth to meet opponents like a strong man glorying in his might. The objections the world conjures up against the Scriptures are to him so many phantoms, like the tricks of the magicians in presence of the rod of Moses, and require only to be firmly grasped to disappear. When Hume was supposed by his celebrated sophism to have bound the right hand of the Almighty and made it impossible to prove a miracle, as involving in every case a competition between the proverbially variable testimony of man and the unchangeably stable testimony of nature, Chalmers not only meets Hume, but elicits the grand fact that there are laws of the moral world which have higher validity and certainty than the sequences of the material, and that there is testimony of a peculiar kind, like that of the apostles, which stands more firmly than the very framework of nature. When the facts which the nascent science of geology laid bare were turned to undermine the authority of the Bible, and common minds trembled for the consequences, Chalmers went confidently to the record, assured that it would disclose the true method of reconciling the works and the Word of God. Having first pointed out the fact that the Bible makes no profession of determining the antiquity of the globe, he turns to seize the deliverances of geology, and converts them, with the proof they afford of successive destructive catastrophes, into a demonstration that the world cannot have been from eternity, but must have been originally stocked with the existing genera and species by the fiat of the Creator. Chalmers' example is a brilliant illustration of the fact that in the appropriation of the truth delivered by God's right hand, a man has not less but more scope for all the energy, and for the freest exercise of the intellect with which God has endowed him, and that this occupation is, both in respect of the exercise itself and its results, as surely to be preferred above the vain roaming of the skeptic after that shadow he calls truth, as the life of cultivated humanity is above that of the savage whose poor existence is divided between the chase of the wild beast and degrading sloth and starvation.—*British and Foreign Evangelical Review.*

A WORK OF FAITH.

Some people are very anxious to undertake some kind of "faith work," such as they have seen or read of in books. Perhaps they may find faith work all around them.

One of the most intelligent women I have ever known, the Christian mother of a large family of children, used to say that the education of children was eminently a work of faith. She never heard the tramping of her boys' feet as they came home from school, or listened to their noisy shouting in their play, or watched their unconscious slumbers, without an inward, earnest prayer to God for wisdom to train them, and for the Holy Spirit to guide them. She mingled praying with counsel and restraint; and the counsel was the wiser, and the restraint the stronger, for this alliance of the human and Divine elements in her instructions and discipline. At length, when her children became men and women accustomed to the hard strife of the world, her name was the sweetest one they could speak and she who "had fed their bodies from her own spirit's life," who had taught their feet to walk, and their tongues to speak and pray, held their reverence and love, she received a thousand fold by the reminiscence of an early education that had its inspiration in faith in God, and its fruit in the humble lives of upright and humble men.—*Baptist Weekly.*

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

SOLDIER AND THISTLE.

Little Minnie, in her eagerness after flowers, had wounded her hand on the sharp prickly thistle. This made her cry with pain at first and pout with vexation afterward.

"I do wish there was no such thing as a thistle in the world," she said pettishly.

"And yet the Scottish nation think so much of it that they engrave it on the national arms," said her mother.

"It is the last flower that I should pick out," said Minnie. I am sure they might have found a great many nicer ones, even among the weeds."

"But the thistle did them such good service once," said her mother "that they learned to esteem it very highly. One time the Danes invaded Scotland, and they prepared to make a night attack on a sleeping garrison. So they crept along barefooted as still as possible until they were almost on the spot. Just at that moment a barefooted soldier stepped on a great thistle, and the hurt made him utter a sharp, shrill cry of pain. The sound awoke the sleepers, and each man sprang to his arms. They fought with great bravery and the invaders were driven back with much loss.

"Well I never suspected that so small a thing could save a nation," said Minnie thoughtfully.—*Baptist Weekly.*

ABOUT BEING CAPTAIN.

I heard a droll story the other day about a company of little fellows who were formed into a club by their teacher. She had planned a great many delightful things for the club to do. They were to go on excursion, to play base-ball, to have regular military drills, and I don't know what else which boys take pride and pleasure in.

But all the fine plans came to nothing. Can you imagine why? When they met to organize the club every boy wanted to be captain. Nobody would consent to be in the ranks, and as all could not command, the little teacher gave up in despair.

It is very well to be captain, boys, but Aunt Marjorie wants you to remember that before one can lead one must always learn to obey orders. The great armies which have conquered in the battles of the world have had splendid soldiers to command them, but they have also had columns of splendid men, who were glad to do just as they were told without the least delay, and without any shirking of duty.

A person who wishes to be captain must learn, in the first place, to control himself. You know what the Bible says about this, do you not? "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city." "He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls."

A captain who flies into a rage or gets into a fright whenever there are difficulties in the way will never be able to manage his forces. Control yourself, and then you may hope to govern others.

You see that though it is quite simple, yet the office of leader has its grave cares. Before you can guide you must know how to follow, and before you rule others you must have yourself in hand.

Then, too, you must learn a great deal, and be quick to see what ought to be done and prompt in ordering it. "King" means the man who "can" do a thing, and when a boy is Rex or King on the play-ground, or at the picnic, or in the school-room, you may make up your mind that he is a lad who can do some things better than his comrades, and of whom the other boys are proud.—*Harper's Young People.*