Our Home Circle.

WHEN, WHERE AND HOW. Dear Lord! in some dim future year, In some dim future month and day, Abides the hour, the solemn hour, When thou shall call my soul away. That year, that month, that day of days,

Come soon—come late—I know not when,
O Thou, who rulest all my ways! Ma-ter of Life whom Death obeys,

Be with me then, be with me then! Somewhere upon this globe of ours Is hid the spot where I must die, Where 'mid the snows or 'mid the flowers My shrouded form shall coffin'd lie; If North or South-if East or West-At home-abroad-t know not where, O tender Father, Lord of grace! Whose presence fills the realm of space, Be with me there, be with me there!

By fire-by flood-by famine sore-By sudden stroke—by slow decay— When Death's dark angel opes my door, How shall it call my soul away? God only knows; He bends the bow, And He alone can fix the dart; Yet care I not when, where or how The end may come, dear Lord! if Thou Wilt then but shield me in Thy heart! -Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

IIIS MISTAKE.

Shadrach Bostwick was presiding elder of Pittsfield district in 1802. On one of his circuits in Massachusetts lived a Dr. Stone (I think it was), who, like other pastors of "the standing order," claimel sole religious jurisdiction over all the souls in his parish, and the doctor thought he must oust them. In order to do so, he called upon the man at whose house they preached, and expressed in strong terms his disapproval of allowing the Methodists to preach in his house, making discord and division in the par-

"Why not?" said the man. "They are a good sort of people, are doing good, and getting souls converted to God.'

"Why not?" said the Doctor. "Why, they are an ignorant set, never having been to college. They do not know even the English grammar, much less the dead languages; and how can they teach the way to heaven?"

"Did you ever hear one of them?" inquired the man.

"No; but I have heard enough of "But does our law judge a man

before it hears him? You would better hear them before you condemn them." This was a poser; and the Doc-

tor admitted its force. "Well, Doctor, we shall have

caching at my house on such a day. You would better hear them for yourself."

To this the Doctor agreed; and as it leaked out that the Doctor was going to hear the Methodist preacher, and would probably give the ignoramus such a lecture as would cause him never to return. the people thought they might go and see the fun.

On the Doctor's consenting to hear for himself, the man said, "Well, Doctor, I must tell you that our preacher for that day is but a young man, a new beginner. This is his first year. He is one of our You will not expect as much from him as from a man of

age and experience. "Certainly not. I know how to make allowance for the young; I was once young myself.

It so happened unexpectedly, that the presiding elder rode up just betore the hour for preaching, and, of course, he must preach. It did not occur to the host to tell the Doctor on his arrival, of the change, and as Bostwick was but a young man at that 'time, the Doctor supposed he was listening to the boy all the

Bostwick was a good scholar, a superior preacher, and an able critwithout notes," which the Doctor City last evening, is charged with never did. The Doctor and his peo- having embezzled \$3000 of his emple were astonished above measure. | ployer's money. When, as alleged,

duced Bostwick to Dr. Stone, the comings, he fled from Albany, conversation on English grammar. however, kept watch of the move-

more than half way. failed on that score, turned off to by one of the Erie Railway terry. language. This was beyond the little family group without any re-Doctor's reach, and he began to cognition. Mrs. Bryant's little show signs of uneasiness. But daughter, sitting on her knee, knew Bostwick had also acquired some him at once, however. "Wry," knowledge of French on the Canada she exclaimed, "There's papa." But the Doctor was mum on this, I still; for God's sake, "But that"is also, and rose in haste and left, ap- papa," persisted the little one, as

parently thinking he had "caught

a Tartar" in reality. As soon as he and his flock had got away from the Louse, they began to inquire of him what he thought of the Methodists.

"Think?" said he, "I don't know what to think. I never met with such a man before. I had heard that the Methodist preachers were an ignorant set of fanatics, never having been to college; that they were even ignorant of the grammar of their mother tongue. But found this man to be a master of grammar, Latin and Greek, which is the end of my race in languages, and he talks Hebrew and French, of which I know nothing. He preaches off-hand without notes, as if a born speaker. I never met with such a man before, and I don't know what to think. But what astonishes me mo-t of all is, he is what they call 'one of their boys,' a in the ministry! If that is but a boy, I know not what their men must be !"-Rev. Dr. Brunson in Zion's Herald.

PROFITABLE POLITENESS.

The Boston Traveler, in comment ing on the prevalence of rudeness, tells the following incident that system. He never left another cusmuch attention as if she had been a princess.

This continued a year or two, till the young man became of age. One onversation took place: Lady .neither money, credit nor friends, nor will any one trust me." "Well," continued the lady, "you go and The young man went, found a capital location, and a good store, but terrible storms and tempests in has been working in you both to of the lady's request, he forthwith health and vigor, again preached God's Lesson! let us treasure it." went to her and reported. "Well," she replied, "you go and tell Mr. -that I will be responsible." was surprised, but the bargain was

The next day the lady again called to ascertain the result. The young man told her, but added, What am I to do for goods? No one will trust me." "You may go and see Mr .---, and Mr .---, and Mr.—, and tell them to call on me." He did, and his store was soon stocked with the best goods in the market. There are many in this city who remember the circumstances and the man. He died many years ago, and left a fortune of \$300,000. So much for politeness, so much for treating one's elder: with the deference due to age, in whatever garb they are clothed.

closed.

"BUT THAT IS PAPA."

An exchange of a recent date gives this touching incident respecting the arrest of a runaway through ic; and, furthermore, "he preached | Bryant, who was arrested in Jersey After the sermon, the host intro- he could no longer conceal his shortpriest of that parish; and the Doc- leaving his wife and children behind tor seemed to think that he must him. A warrant was issued, but take the edge off that sermon, or he officer Dwyer, who was entrusted would lose ground in the estimation with its execution, could get no trace of his own people. So he led off the of his whereabouts. The officer. Bostwick saw at a glance the object; ments of his wife. Recently she and being accustomed to such at | sold her furniture, and a day or two tacks, and, withal, being at home ago boarded a train for New York on that subject, he met the Doctor city. The detective took the same train and never lost sight of her. The Doctor, feeling that he had Last evening she went to Jersey City Greek and Latin. But Bostwick, boats, with her two children. She having studied medicine before he | walked up Pavonia Avenue after those languages to converse about a solitary stranger who lounged on them; and knowing that the ordinary | the street near Eric depot. Presentcollege graduates were at the end | ly she retraced her steps and returnof their race, in the dead languages, ed to the depot, the detective still at the Greek, and having on his following her. The stranger, whom circuit paid some attention to the she had passed on the street, strolled Hebrew, he launched off into that | through the depot, and went by the frontier, and talked French to him. "Don't," said the mother, "Keep

taken back to Albany.

TOBACCO AND INSANITY. .

A party of clergymen were discussing this subject when the case of the Rev. Mr. B-was mentioned, a graduate of Andover, of high standing, and for a time very successful. "He was made a raving maniac twenty years ago by the use of tobacco!" remarked one of the party. Another gave his account of the man, whom he recalled vividly to mind, "with his pale face, stained lips, repulsive breath and quivering hand." The abject slave of tobacco, he chewed negro-head tobacco, a match for any man who new beginner; this is his first year has not the iron nerves of an African goat or horse. He preached about three years with unexampled popularity and success. His health then failed and no one knew the cause. A few months rolled away. and he utterly broke down, yet still no one knew the cause. In a few months more he became a maniac. relinquished his pulpit, and was as wild as the man found "among the happened some years ago: A very tombs," and no one knew the cause. plainly dressed, elderly lady was a He was then taken to an asylum frequent customer at the then lead- for the insane and remained twenty ing dry-goods store in Boston. No years! He breathed a fetid atmosone in the store knew her even by phere, paced the floor of confined of the old-fashioned tune of "Sarah," name. All the clerks but one avoid- halls, stared upon the outside world and the pianist was the only singer ed her and gave their attention to through iron gates, cursed himself, of the last two lines. Then again those who were better dressed and cursed his wife and children, and in on their knees, broken petitions asmore pretentious. The exception his wild ravings "dealt damnation was a young man who had a con- around the land," thus day and scientious regard for duty and night champing tobacco as a fret- God heard and answered, and out ting horse champs his bit. He of the ten present, two at any rate tomer to wait on a lady, but when once was pacing his room as he had gained the "one thing needful," at liberty he waited on her with as aforetime, year by year, when a and there was great joy in that litchange came over him. He stop- tle room. ped abruptly, and in a sort of soliquy exclaimed, "Why am I here? What brought me here? What teacher. morning the lady approached the binds me here?" His soul burstyoung man, when the following | ing with indignation, he cried aloud, "Tobacco! Tobacco!" He walked 'Young man, do you wish to go backward and forward; then burst- have learned. I trust, that 'the exinto business for yourself?" "Yes, ing into tears, he cast the foll plug cellency of the power' must be of ma'am," he replied, "but I have through the iron grates, and look- Him." And the truth was confessed ing upward to God he said, "D God, with penitential grief. "I thought help, help! I will use no more."

the gospel of the blessed God, in the Tobacco.

GOD'S LESSON.

We were a very small party on

that memorable Sabbath afternoon. and it was with a sigh that the teacher took her seat at the table. have been in the confidence of the teacher of whom I am writing I thoughts of her heart were taken up with "my lesson." "I hope the room will be full."

she said, as we entered it; "it is so much easier to speak when it is." the teacher's mind came thoughts of changing her lesson. However, the first bymn was one she had seshe gave out-

" Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay, Though I have done Thee such despite Nor cast the sinner quite away, Nor ake Thine everlasting flight," After the hymn, followed a brief voice of singing-

"Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee The prophets wrote and spoke; Unlock the truth, Threelf the key, Unscal the sacred book."

she leaped from her seat and ran to By this time the teacher had resol- and aunt," and all reveal George the stranger. He said that he did ved not to give her prepared les- Eliot's great talents. not know her, but the detective, who son, and with no very defined idea The style is elegant and graceful, had witnessed the scene, knew that of what she might do or say, she and the letters abound in beautiful he had Bryant, and took him into chose for reading the 18th chapter metaphor; but their most striking custody. This morning he was of St. Luke's Gospel. Verse by characteristic is the religious tinge verse it was read through, and of that pervades them all. Nearly course contained far more than every line denotes that George Eliot could be even cursorily glanced at was an earnest Biblical student, and wisps of hair on the odges of the in the twenty minutes which was that she was, especially in the years merchant's temples, and looking all that was left for the lesson. 1839 and 1840, very anxious about down on the appealing face, the Now easting herself on the promised her spiritual condition. In one of man pulled at them. When he had help of the Spirit of God, and for- these letters, written from Griff to getting self in her sense of utter "Dinah Morris," in 1839, she says need, she took the few verses des- she is living in a dry and thirsty hand travelled down to his vestcribing the visit of the rich young land, and that she is looking forward pocket. ruler to Jesus. "One thing thou with pleasure to a visit to Wirks lackest' was the point she strove to worth, and likens her aunt's comdrive home, and strange indeed was | panionship and counsel to a spring the power of the word. Tears were of pure water, acceptable to her as in all eyes, and conviction in all is the well dug for the traveller in hearts, but then none spoke. "Only the desert. That the most affectionone thing wanting," concluded the ate and loving relationship existed teacher, "but that was the most between the eminent authoress and important! the absolutely necest Mrs. Elizabeth Evans, or "Dimah sary! and I, too, can but say when Bede," is apparent from this cor-I look at some of you-amiable, respondence. The inmost secrets of pleasant, affectionate, and lovable- George Eliot's heart are laid bare

> Then came the words-"And can I yet delay, To tear my soul from earth away For Jesus to receive. Nay, but I yield, I yield, I can hold out no more;
> I sink, by dving love compelled,
> And own thee conqueror!"

in His mercy supply the need!"

Before the verses were finished, the voices of many were hushed; the pianoforte was giving out the notes cended to the throne of grace, and while his servants were speaking,

"Thank you so much for your lesson," said a young woman to the

"My lesson!" was the startled reply; "no, indeed! it was God's Lesson! and my humiliation. I my lesson too important to give it Now, we believe in no miratulous to ten people, when I might keep select a good situation, ask what cure in this case. Mr. B-drop- it till next Sunday and give it to the rent is, and report to me," hand- ped his tobacco, and the sat and thirty, and God has reproved me. ing the young man her address. dark eclipse fled from his beautiful The work has been taken out of my the landlord required security, sanity clear as the sun and fair as | will and to do." To Him be the which he could not give. Mindful the moon. He soon regained his glory! My lesson! I will forget it.

Need I add that it was many Presbyterian connection, and after months before the teacher ventured ten years of arduous service, he to take her prepared lesson, and He went and the landlord or agent | died revered and beloved, and pass- | when she did, it had been laid beed as we believe, into the better fore the Lord with humble, earnest world.—Prof. Thwing's "Facts about prayer. If it was effective, she never knew it.—Lillie Montfort.

GEORGE ELIOT'S LETTERS TO HER METHODIST

The following, from the Manchester Times, marks a love for human and opened the hymn-book. Pie- praise as the temptation through sently she looked at her watch, and which George Eliot, like many sighed again, for that persisted in other, suffered loss. Such impresproceeding rapidly towards the sions as were early cherished by hour of three p. m., and the meeting her cannot be wholly effaced. They should have begun at half-past two were not sufficiently powerful to o'clock. It was a rare thing not to restrain her from a course which be punetual, but then it was a rire has thrown a dark shadow over her thing to have so few present at the life; it is to be hoped that their inproper time. Not that I think | fluence, at a later period, led her not paucity of numbers is any excuse only back to the path of moral recfor wasting the time set apart or titude, but to the purposes of earlier the service of God; there is nothing | and purer days. "An important makes young people more careles | link in the chain of the great novelabout the minutes than the thought | ist's life has just been supplied by a -"The meeting won't begin exact- grandson of "Dinah Bede," now a remark of his own child. B. Dole by to time." But as I happen to residing in Sheffield. He has in his religion were orthodox, and that dollar in advance; I'll take it out teacher of whom I am writing I letters written by George Eliot years striving for the "peace that passeth member?" will tell you what her real trouble ago to Mrs. Elizabeth Evans and Mr. understanding;" but in 1843 a letwas. She had carefully and pray- Samuel Evans, the "Dinah Morris" ter was written to "Dinah Bede erfully prepared her lesson for the and "Seth Bede" of her most popu- from Mrs. Isaac Evans, of Griff, in day, and that morning, while look- lar story. The letters are signed which George Eliot is spoken of, ing it over, there had stolen into by the talented authoress in her her heart the thought of how good maiden name, "Mary Ann Evans," it was-how effective it might be. and they are indited from Griff, and writes that she is in great pain Surely there would by that lesson Foleshill, near Coventry, at which about Mary Ann; but the last porbe trophies won for the Redeemer! place she lived with her father dur- tion of the letter, dealing more fully And so, listening to the enemy's ing the years 1839 and 1840 and with the subject, has unfortunately suggestions, she was expecting 1841. The gentleman who is the got lost or destroyed. The close great things, but not right things. fortunate owner of these documents association of George Eliot with Instead of looking that God's word very properly looks upon them as Derbyshire, as well as her love for should not return to Him void, the great treasures; still he has allowed the quaint village, and its upright, with age, and much worn at the munications; but the writer has edges and in the folding creases. even stronger proof of her delight became a preacher, knew enough of landing in Jersey City, and passed But the room was not full, and in The letters, at least those despatched in 1841, were sent to Wirksworth, just a year before Sir. Rowland Hill's scheme for penny postage lected, and with tremulous voice was carried into effect, and before envelopes had come into common use. They are written on the oldfashioned post paper, and the address, "Mr. S. Evans, the Millhouses, Wirksworth," appears on prayer, and then rose again the the outer sheet. Beneath the direction is the word "free," indicating that George Eliot had paid for the transmission. Most of the epistles

out the one thing is wanting. God in these letters to the famous Methodist preacher, who was at that time her dearest friend. She is ever asking for advice and spiritual guidance, and confesses her faults with a candor that is rendered additionally attractive by reason of the polished language in which it is clothed. When quite a girl George Eliot

was known as pious and clever; and in the letters she wrote in 1839, when she was nineteen years old, the cleverness has grown and expanded, but she is not so sure about her piety. She says that "unstable as water thou shalt not excel" seems to be a description of her character, instead of the progress from strength to strength that should be experienced by those who wish to stand in the presence of God. In another letter she admits that she cannot give a good account of her spiritual state, says that she has been surrounded by wordly persons, and that love of human praise is one of her great stumbling blocks. But in a letter written in 1840 the un certainty has gone from her mind, and she writes that she resolved in the strength of the Lord to serve him evermore. In a later communication, however she does not appear so confident, and admits that she is obliged to strive against the ambition that fills her heart, and that her fondness of worldly praise is a great bar and hindrance to spiritual advancement. Still she thinks it is no use sitting inactive with folded hands, and believing that the love of God is the only thing to give real satisfaction to human beings, she hopes with His help, to

One of the letters is chiefly devoted to the concern felt by George Eliot at "Dinah Bede's" illness; betrays some humor, amid the trouher future. Their outward circumstances, she writes, are all she can desire; but she is not so certain the low reply. about her spiritual state, although alone that can give the greatest sa- take his place.' tisfaction. Then she goes on to Mr. Saunders looked up slowly-We get the truth; but it is not recommended by the mode of its delivery," is how she writes of this divine; yet she is charitable | indeed, but I like his pluck. What withal, and removes the sting by adding that more good may sometimes be obtained from humble instruments than from the highest privileges, and that she must examine her own heart rather than speak

unkindly of the preacher. Up to this period it is evident week. Come back on Monday and that George Eliot's views upo re- I'll tell you what to do. Here's a possession a number of valuable her life was passed in ceaseless of your first week. Can you reand the change in her religious opinions indicated. Mrs. Evans the writer the privilege of perusing | honest, God-fearing people, breaks them. Some of the letters are brown forth in more than one of these com-Others are in better preservation, in the society of the "Bedes" and the affection that grew so strong real pluck - courage you know. between the authoress and "Dinah

Our Young Foiks.

PLUCKY.

The boy marched straight up to the counter.

"Well my little man," said the merchant, complacently, he had arms, and hugged him and kissed just risen from such a gloriously him, the tears streaming down her good dinner What will you have cheeks. But they were tears of are addressed to "my dear uncle to-day ?"

"Oh, please, sir, mayn't I do some work for you?"

It might have been the pleasant blue eyes that did it, for the man was not accustomed to parley with such small gentlemen, and Tommy was'nt seven yet, and small for his age at that. There were a few done tweaking them, he gave the ends of his cravat a brush, then his

"Do some work for me, eh? Well, now about what sort of work might your small manship calculate to be able to perform? Why you can't look over the counter.'

"Oh, yes, I can, and I'm growing, please growing very fastthere! see if I can't look over the counter!"

"Yes, by standing on your toes: are they coppered?

"What, sir?" "Why, your toes. Your mother couldn't keep you in shoes if they

"She can't keep me in shoes anyhow, sir," and the voice hesitated, The man took pains to look over the counter. It was too much for him; he couldn't see the little toes.

Then he went all the way round. "I thought I should need a microscope," he said very gravely, but I reckon if I get close enough, can see what you look like."

"I'm older than I'm big sir," was the neat rejoinder. "Folks say I'm very small of my age.'

"And what might your age be, sir?" responded the man with em-

"I'm almost seven," said Tommy, with a look calculated to impress even six feet nine. "You see, my mother hasn't anybody but me, and this morning I saw her crying because she could not find five cents in her pocket-book, and she thinks the boy that took the ashes stole it -and-I-haven't had any-any breakfast, sir."

The voice again hesitated, and tears came to the blue eyes.

"I reckon I can help you to a breakfast, my little fellow," said the man, feeling in his vest-pocket. There, will that quarter do?"

The boy shook his head. "Mother wouldn't let me beg, sir," was his simple reply.

"Humph !- Where's your father?" "We never heard of him, sir, after he went away. He was lost, sir in the steamer City of Boston "Ah! you don't say that. That's bad. But you're a plucky little fellow anyhow. Let me see;" and he pondered, puckering up his mouth, and looking straight down into the boy's eyes, which were

and another, written at Foleshill, looking straight up into his. "Saunders," he asked, addressing a clerk, ble that afflicts the authoress about who was rolling up and writing on parcels, "is Cash No. 4 still sick?" "Dead, sir; died last night," was

"Ah. I am sorry to hear that. she feels that it is the grace of God | Well, here's a youngster that can

speak of the preacher at Foleshill, then he put his pen behind his left with whom she is not greatly pleased. | ear - then his glance travelled curiously from Tommy to Mr. Toweres. "Oh, I understand," said the lat-

> did No. 4 get?" "Three dollars, sir," said the still astonished clerk.

ter; "yes, he is small, very small

"Put this boy down four. There, youngster, give him your name and run home and tell your mother you've got a place at four dollars a

"Work, sir-work all the time?" "As long as you deserve it, my

Tommy shot out of that shop. If ever broken stairs that had a twist through the whole flight, creaked and trembled under the weight of a small boy, or perhaps, as might be better stated, laughed and chuckled on account of a small boy's good luck, those in that tenement house enjoyed themselves thoroughly that morning.

"I've got it, mother! I'm a cashboy! Don't you know when they take the parcels, the clerks call 'Cash?' Well I'm that! Four dollars a week! and the man said I had And here's a dollar for breakfast; and don't you never cry again, for

I'm man of this house now! The house was only a little tenby fifteen room, but how those blue eyes did magnify it! At first the mother looked confounded; then she looked faint; then she looked-well it passes my power to tell how she looked, as she caught the box in her thankfulness now.

Sunday

FEBRUA

THE PREACHIN

I.-Who t

The lesson tel John, the son of heard of him be have heard not But now he eme seclusion in the pears before u simple in appea its (Matt. in. 4)dinary man, and dinary mission. the son of Zuch part of the ar question which the Pharisees It was a question answered by a Isaiah's proph runner of the was at hand, ar acter and held a glorious, as to he prepared, t that are born o risen a greate

II.-Wh

" The baptist remission of si that the times come-the king hand-and thos it and be save their sins, be b their future live of repentance. it was no use selves on their and think that day of wreth. Abraham could ently of them. could raise up even from th The aliusion, e tiles; and the found in St. 11-16). He v was already tree, preparate -that is, unle rejection was a pared for. 8 John's preso took its form from the spec sion, and had times, and sp Jews, yet we model of all sinners. The men are pron takes, than on necessity for ought to be a Christian tead topic for the Sunday scho to repent-the ing; the Holy for this purpo pentance may from them.

> III.—I 1. Plainly.

and he spoke homely mann of the adornn grandiloquent produce an or kind of thing inconsistent mission. 2. Practica

deliver, and b once. His p tical stateme 3. Faithful tell them the from describi them of the denunciation searching ap

4. Earnest sometimes dying men." really believ root of the come was aw did not repe of the Lord, 5. Success follow alwa Berved-that we must not

> IV.— The most

not see it.

successful is

this great pr

was that su such diversi asking. "W only the peo derstand the al commun publicans, morally deg diers, who came with t The time and comple which Pete were afterv John gave a and the o adapted to tics of eac Avarice was generally, a food and cl tion was the oppressive of the sold in each case ter. Each be a test of fessed reper