

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

We sit in carven pews, O risen Lord, And eat from golden platters the new bread; From wounded feet to thorn-scarred head...

TWO WAYS OF BEGINNING.

BY REV. MARK TRAFTON, D. D.

It was in the summer of 1872, and I was on my annual excursion up the old Penobscot, in company with my old fellow tourist, Rev. J. Scott, each with a birch canoe and a competent guide.

After leaving Naticou, and reaching the Rockabema rapids, we had to tramp five or six miles, while the guides poled the light-colored birches over the rough water.

After the common salutation of strangers meeting in the woods, we asked, "Can you give us a drink of water?"

"Of course; have some milk?" "Oh, yes, that's better," was our response.

And, inviting us into the cabin, he brought a pan of something which few of our milkmen deal in.

"How long have you lived here?" was my next inquiry.

"Over thirty years," he replied.

"Well, I said, 'this is an out-of-the-way place, and it seems to me you must be rather lonely here.'"

"Oh," said he, while an automatic smile flitted over his rough features, "we get along. Charles and I don't quarrel."

"Ab, thought I, there was disagreement—some sharp words and a parting forever. Poor fellow! Not an honorary member of a disappointed club."

"Where were you from?" I asked as indifferently as I could assume.

"From Bangor. I was born in Bangor, me and brother Charles."

"Bangor?" said I. "Why that is my birthplace, too!"

"Why, I remember you when you were apprentice to Davis & Weed to learn shoemaking. Well, that's curious, that we should meet here in the woods. What do you do now—shoe business?"

"No," I said, "I am a Methodist preacher; have been for forty years."

"God bless me!" said he, while the tears filled both his eyes and mine. "Why, how well I remember you! A preacher! Yes, you were a steady boy—people said so; you went to school, you minded your parents, you didn't lie, nor swear, nor drink rum; you went to church. Why, how often I have seen you on training days blowing a clarinet in the band of Captain Mayhew's artillery."

Well, I did everything bad. I ran away from school, I lied and swore, and drank liquor, and became a drunkard, and now here I am, and there you are."

Poor fellow! I drew from him afterwards that his object in coming to this remote spot was to fly from the tempter, the rumseller. But alas! who can, in this manner escape from these heartless ghouls? A hotel was opened at Naticou, ten miles below, and W— had no power to break the fatal spell.

I stopped at his cabin again the next year and found him alone. Charles had left him, and a merchant of Bangor had purchased the township and demanded of W— \$100, or to leave his poor home. I promised to see the gentleman and intercede for my old schoolmate, which I did, with what result I have never learned. My young readers, do not forget that there is a right and a wrong way in beginning life.—Zion's Herald.

SUCCESS.

Every man must bide his time. He must wait. More particularly in lands like my native land, where the pulse of life beats with such feverish and impatient throbs, is the lesson needful. Our national character wants the dignity of repose. We seem to live in the midst of a battle, there is such a din, such a hurrying to and fro. In the streets of a crowded city it is difficult to walk slowly. You feel the rushing of the crowd and rush with it onward. In the press of our life it is difficult to be calm. In this stress of wind and tide, all professions seem to drag their anchors, and are swept out into the main. The voices of the present say "Come." But the voices of the past say "Wait!"

With calm and solemn footsteps the rising tide bears against the rushing torrent upstream, and pushes back the hurrying waters. With no less calm and solemn footsteps, no less certainty, does a great mind bear up against public opinion, and push back its hurrying stream. Therefore should every man wait—bide his time. Not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, nor in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady, endeavors, always willing and fulfilling and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. And if it never comes, what matters it? What matters it in the world whether I or you, or another man did such a deed, or wrote such a book, so be it the deed and book be well done? It is the part of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition to care much about fame, about what the world says of us; to be always looking into faces of others for approval; to be always anxious for the effect of what we do and say; to be always shouting to hear the echo of our own voices.—Longfellow.

NERVOUSNESS.

The first prescription is an ample supply of pure, fresh and cool air. The nerves will always be weak if the greater part of the day and night be passed in close, ill-ventilated, and over-heated apartments. The nerves more than the rest of the body, to be properly nourished, require a full supply of oxygen. They will not endure vitiated air whether the impurities come from sewers, gas-lights, subterranean furnaces, or the individual's own person, without making an energetic protest. A gas-burner consuming four cubic feet an hour produces more carbonic acid in a given time than evolved from the respiration of eight human beings. Bear this in mind, you who suffer from nervousness, that when you have shut yourself up in your rooms and lighted an argand burner (which consumes about twelve cubic feet of gas per hour) you

are to all intents and purposes immured with twenty-three other persons, all taking oxygen from the atmosphere. Is it a wonder that after several hours' exposure to the depraved air your nerves should rebel, as far as their weak state permits, and that your head should ache, your hands tremble, and that your daughter playing on the piano almost drives you wild?

An over-heated apartment always enervates its occupants. It is no uncommon thing to find rooms heated in winter by an underground furnace up to ninety degrees. Fights and murders are more numerous in hot than in cold weather, and the artificially heated air that rushes into our rooms, deprives as it is of its natural moisture by the baking it has undergone, is even more productive of vicious passions. It is no surprising circumstance, therefore to find the woman who sweaters all day in such a temperature and adds to it at night by superfluous bed clothing, cross and disagreeable from little every-day troubles that would scarcely ruffle her temper if she kept her room at sixty-five degrees and open windows every now and then.—Our Continent.

NO BREACH.

Death has made no breach In love and sympathy, in hope and trust; No outward sign or sound our ears can reach, But there's an inward spiritual speech That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dumb.

It bids us do the work which they laid down, Take up the song where they left off the strain; So journeying 'til we reach the heavenly town, Where are laid up our treasures and our crown, And our lost loved ones shall be found again!

They are not "lost." They are within the door That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing; With angels bright and loved ones gone before, In the Redeemer's presence evermore, And God himself their Lord, and Judge, and King.

A RICH WIDOW.

In one of the original thirteen States lives a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who is an aged widow in feeble health.

Her worldly possessions consist of a few acres of land, from which she receives an income of about \$35. She owns a small house in which she lives, and manages to rent out one room of it, in order to increase her income a few dollars. Surrounding the house is a small garden which she cultivates mostly with her own hands, and in which she keeps a few chickens. She has charge of the communion set, belonging to the church, and provides the elements for the Lord's Supper, for which she receives proper remuneration.

Her income is exceedingly small but she is truly a millionaire, and makes princely gifts to the church.

On one occasion her pastor and his family were invited to take tea with her, before sitting down to the table, he was asked if he could drink his tea without milk, as she had forgotten to provide it for her company, at the same time remarking that usually she saved her pennies that she might have them to give away. The pastor of course, replied in the affirmative and added, "I do not believe that the Lord requires you to make this sacrifice." "Nor do I," she answered; "but I like to do it better than I like the milk in my tea and coffee." Is she not a possessor of great riches?

Before attending the public service or social means of grace she retires to pray for a blessing upon the minister, and upon the means of grace. She invites and kindly entreats others to attend the class-meeting; is interested in the success of all the departments of church work. In short she walks among the people a dweller in the border land, loved and respected by all.

The local church to which she belongs is, in financial ability, one of the average of appointments. But the reputation of the church is justly one of the best. Its ministers are treated with the greatest Christian courtesy. They always receive, not only a moral support, but their estimated salaries are fully met and frequently overpaid.

But the great question is, who can rightly estimate her influence upon her church? How much of its prosperity may be due to the vast riches of her moral nature? The King's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water; he turneth it whithersoever he will. Who can measure the worth

of her gifts, prayers, example and influence? Should not her name be chronicled with those who from their ample fortunes generally contribute in large sums for the financial support of the Church?

In stimulating others to greater beneficence, reference is generally made to those who, having been generous gifts have been specially favored by Providence until they have amassed fortunes.

These cases, however, are so exceptional that they can hardly be said to be within reach of all. But here is more than a millionaire whose wealth is within reach of every one. And with such riches what vast sums would the limited but willing offerings aggregate in the treasure house of the Lord?

What untold spiritual wealth would enrich the hearts of God's children. Her name may be unknown beyond the narrow circle in which she moves, but her record is on high, and the voice of Jesus will be heard amid the thunders of a final judgement calling her to a place of special honor at his right hand, and if any ask why she who was so humble and lowly on earth is so exalted in heaven, the words which Christ's lips uttered when he walked among men will be a sufficient answer, "She hath done what she could."—Exchange.

"DEAR MOTHER!"

In one of the county jails in Western Pennsylvania a poor old man died lately for fifty-one years.

In 1831, William Standard, an English farm-hand near the village of Uniontown, became violently insane and committed a murder. He was tried and sentenced to imprisonment for life, and was chained to the floor of the jail for eighteen years, according to the inhuman methods of that day.

Finding that he was harmless; the jailer at last took off his chains, and he has remained in that prison ever since, and was known as "Cratty Billy," the bugaboo of several generations of children.

He was eighty-one at the time of his death. During his whole life, and in all his ravings of madness, he never was known once to allude to his childhood, or to his early days. When, however, he lay dying on his pallet in the cell, the old man checked his foolish babblings, and lay still and silent for a few moments. Then he looked up with a grave, tender smile, and said, "Dear mother!"

He never spoke again. The thought of his mother, who had loved him, and whom he had loved, had lain hidden in that crazed, foolish brain for eighty long years, through all his imbecility and ferocity and madness; and woke at the last. All the misery and cruelty he had suffered slipped away from him, and like a little child he came back to the "dear mother" whom he had lost nearly a century ago, and who had loved him best of all the world.

If the happy mothers who, perhaps, are reading this paper to their children gathered about their knees, could only understand how long after they are dust their words and actions will influence the lives of their sons and daughters, how different these words and actions would be!

There would be an end then, we think, of irritable wrangling, of harsh judgment and of petty deceits with the little ones; and every woman would hold up her hands to God, asking Him to so lead her that she may be the "dear mother" to whom her children will turn smiling in their dying hour.—Youth's Companion.

THE MINISTRY OF CHILDREN.

The late General Beckwith, so long the steadfast friend and benefactor of that most interesting people, the Waldensians of Piedmont, visited England while making plans for rebuilding some of the Waldensian churches, whose dilapidated condition made them unsuitable places for worship.

Conversing on this subject in the house of a friend, his heart full of love to the dear people whose cause he was eloquently pleading, he hardly noticed one of the children of the household, a little boy, six or seven years of age, who was present during the interview.

As the tones of the general became more animated, the little fellow paused in his play to listen. After a few moments he disappeared from the room, but almost immediately returned, and look

timidly approaching the general, he said to him, at the same time extending his hand: "Sir, do you think this could help you to build your church?"

The good general looked down into the eager little face and into the outstretched hand. In the beautiful eyes looking straight into his own, he saw such a loving interest in the story he had told as strangely moved him. In the open palm was a penny—only a penny, but it was all the little fellow's fortune.

Clasping the child in his arms, taking into his own hand the offering he had brought, General Beckwith said: "Yes, my little friend, I will build my church with what you have given me, and your penny, with your name engraved upon it, set in a corner-stone, shall tell every one that you were the founder of it."

THE DEACON'S ADVICE.

"Think more of the harvest and less of the labor." Said good Farmer Smith to his neighbor one day. Who paused on the hill side, both stony and sterile. To chat with the deacon, hard-fisted and gray.

The prospect seemed cheerless where even weeds wilted, And oft would the husbandman growl and lament, Yet still he worked on, with heart unconfiding, Vexation his portion, instead of content.

Soft dews and warm rains on the hill-side descended; A capital crop blessed the young farmer's eye. "O fool that I am," in the autumn he murmured, "My summer-time doubts I now deeply despise!"

"I might have spared all the fretting and worry; The deacon was right, and my duty was clear— 'Think more of the harvest and less of the labor.' I'll sing both in spring and in autumn next year."

"Think more of the harvest and less of the labor." Should be the grand motto of all as they toil; For God will bless those who act nobly and wisely, And flowers will spring from unpromising soil. —Youth's Companion.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HIDDEN AND SAFE.

One morning a teacher went to the school-room and found many vacant seats. Two little children lay at their homes cold in death, and others were very sick. A fatal disease had entered the village, and the few children present that morning at school, gathered round the teacher and said, "O, what shall we do? Do you think we shall be sick and die too?"

She gently touched the bell as a signal for silence, and observed: "Children, you are all afraid of this terrible disease and mourn the death of your dear little friends, and you fear you may be taken also. I know of only one way to escape, and that is to hide."

The children were bewildered, and the teacher went on: "I will read to you about the hiding place;" and read Psalm xci, 1-10: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. All were hushed and composed by the sweet words of the Psalmist, and morning lessons went on as usual.

At noon a dear little girl glided up to the desk, and said, "Teacher, are you not afraid of diphtheria?" "No, my child," she answered.

"Well, wouldn't you if you thought you would be sick and die?" "No, my dear, I trust not."

Looking at the teacher a moment with wondering eyes, her face lighted up as she said, "Oh, I know, you are hidden under God's wings. What a nice place to hide?"

Yes, this is the only true hiding place for old, or young, for rich, for poor—all. Do any of you know of a safer or a better?—Old and Young.

TEMPTATION.

One evening, just after Harry had gone up stairs to his bedroom, his mother was called down stairs on business. There was no time to hear his prayers first, so she told him to stay quietly in the room and amuse himself with his books, while she was gone. After a few minutes Harry got too sleepy to enjoy these, and he thought he would go into the next room, which was his mother's and look

for a while out of the window at the people who were passing.

On his way he saw one of his mother's bureau drawers open. In one corner of this, lay a package of candy and some other things done up in brown paper. "Oh," thought Harry, "those must be some of Uncle Walter's presents for my birthday. I thought I saw mamma carrying bundles upstairs yesterday, as soon as he came. I guess there will be no harm in my taking just a peep at them as I pass by."

The bundle of candy was open at the end. A red and white stick showed very plainly. Was it birch or peppermint? It could do no harm to look at it, he thought. It looked like birch, but he was not quite sure, so he took it out and just touched it on his tongue. A little crumb came off in his mouth. Of course, he had to eat it. How good it was! Ridley's candy was always so nice.

He was just going to break off a good sized piece, when he remembered part of his prayer, "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

The minister said in Sunday-school when he was talking about the catechism, yesterday, that that meant the evil one, the devil," said Harry, half aloud. "I guess he put it into my head to take this candy. I won't stay here another minute." And turning his back on the bureau, he ran out of the room as fast as his little feet could carry him.

When mother came up, she heard the whole story; and as Harry said his prayer to "Our Father," she prayed in her heart with him, asking God to keep her little boy from the very beginnings of evil.

Here we will bid good-night to our little Harry for the present. I hope all other Harrys will try to think every night as they kneel down to pray, what this prayer means, and say it with their hearts as well as their lips.

WORDS TO GIRLS.

How much do you help mother? Do you do all you can to lighten her burden? When you see her weary, do you offer to help her? I have seen some who did not do this, and I have wanted to tell them how much their mothers needed their help. Some mothers don't want their daughters to work. This is not right. Girls need to learn to work. They should do their own work at least—make their own beds, and sweep and take care of their own rooms. It is a disgrace for a young woman in health to let this work be done by her mother or some one else.

Girls should help their mothers wash and cook as soon as they are old enough to do these. The girl that grows up and don't know how to wash, iron and cook, is not educated, and therefore is unfit to be a housekeeper. Learning to sing, and play the piano and organ is not the best part of an education. These may come in their place, but the pantry, with its well filled shelves, is as pleasant a sight as the music-room, and the sound of dishes as entertaining as the notes of an instrument of music. The music-room could better be removed than the kitchen and pantry.

Then, girls, don't forget that mother needs your help.—Sel.

ADVICE TO A BOY.

Get away from the crowd a little while every day, my dear boy. Stand one side and let the world run by while you get acquainted with yourself, and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself, find out all you can about yourself, ascertain from original source if you are really the manner of man people say you are, find out if you are always honest; if you always tell the square, perfect truth in business dealings; if your life is as good and upright at eleven o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as sound a temperance man on a fishing excursion as you are at a Sunday-school picnic; if you are as good a boy when you go to Chicago as you are at home; if, in short, you really are the sort of a young man your father hopes you are, your mother says you are, and your sweetheart believes you are. Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy, and I believe me, every time you come out from these private interviews you will be a stronger, better, purer man. Don't forget this Telemachus, and it will do you good.—Burlington Harlequin.

PAUL AND ACTS

1.—We have principal "prophet" Anselm. Barred with... Of S... probably meant... xvi. 21; he... these by whom... brought to... Of Me... He... of the... a Christian... But an... toral... the wife... (Luke... that the... those of... had consider... court of... of the... ready in... tinguished... last, because... cause the... these leaders... These five... or conference... id with a... when they... tion from... Barnabas... whereunto... is probable... previously... and that to... pose of the... discussing... were set at... mination of... The special... what follow... journey on... entered... their... despatched... 2.—The tw... (ver. 5), but... we learn that... (ver. 25); no... cus (Col. iv... nabas was b... to be ident... gospel bear... lamis, the p... of the island... Paphos, the... governor, at... It is... ary journey... tom to pres... synagogues... from them... times of... and then to... his compan... fail to be... confession... synagogues... ly by Jews... which men... and direct... tracing... the base... communicat... Gentiles... open to con... were the... assembling... and Paul... speak in... to fulfill... Gentiles... was by mak... argues... men... 3.—Whe... that the... an inquir... other man... fully enlight... ter light, b... into the ha... and false... tion, obt... him... by the fal... or unwilling... He sent for... free and... Word of... mind. E... to resist... were bro... with each... the app... face to... Proconsul... without... tian con... this resp... that by... The first... Paul was... lar to the... rested on... must not... possessed... aches at... will and... imp... they we... could n... sickness... throug...

A New... which put... on acts... de... but... and... the part... without... who are... treatment... the em... Pat... N... colors.