Our Home Circle.

" IF WE KNEW."

If we knew when walking thoughtless Through the busy, crowded way,
That some pearl of wondrous whiteness
Close beside our pathway lay,
We would pause where now we hasten, We would often look around, Lest our careless feet should trample Some rare jewel to the ground.

If we knew what forms were fainting For the shade that we should fling If we knew what lips were parching For the water we should bring, We would haste with eager footsteps We would work with willing hands, Bearing cups of cooling water, Planting rows of shading palms.

If we knew when friends around us Closely press to say good-bye, Which among the lips that kissed us First would neath the daisies lie, We would clasp our arms around them Looking on them through our tears; Tender words of love eternal We would whisper in their ears

If we knew what lives were darkened By some thoughtless word of ours, Which had ever lain among them Like the frost among the flowers; Oh, with what sincere repentings, With what anguish of regret, While our eyes were overflowing, We would cry-forgive! torget

If we knew? alas! and do we Ever care or seek to know In our neighbors' gardens grow God forgive us! lest hereafter Our hearts break to hear Him say, Careless child, I never knew you; From my presence flee away.

THE DOUBLE PRAYER.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

It was past midnight. Tossing in the restlessness of pain and fever, Florence lay on her wakeful couch, burning with thirst, yet unable to swallow a drop of water to assuage it with- do with it?" They wished a good out adding to her pain. "Call my morning, and proceeded over Westtather," she cried in her agony to her minster bridge. They met a poor mother, her only watcher, who had sought in vain to afford any relief. Softly the mother went to an adjoining room where Florence's father, exhausted by previous watching, lay in a deep sleep. Hesitating, she went back without disturbing him, to hear again the beseeching request, "Call my father. I am so thirsty, and I cannot drink."

This was something beyond the mother's experience, that water, taken when craved so earnestly, should distress, instead of afford relief. She felt that some power beyond her own must bring help, if it came. For twenty-four hours Florence had neither slept nor drank. Once, when she had tried holding water in her mouth to assuage the thirst, she had swallowed a little, which caused intense distress, and she turned from it as from an enemy. Again the mother went to the next room, and again returned without disturbing the sleeper. She lay down softly by the restless child, and earnestly yet silently prayed that if possible God would relieve her. In a moment came the words:

"Mother, I feel better; I would like a-drink.'

Too much for the mother's faith, she replied:

A drink! You know how even awallow distresses you."

"Please give me a drink, mother."

was the reply.

The glass of cold water was held to Plorence's lips, and eagerly and without fear she drank freely of its contents, and lay back on the pillow with a look of perfect quiet in her face. Hardly daring to move, her mother repeated in a low voice two verses she had learned when a child younger than Florence, and which hundreds of times since she had repeated to herself when wakeful at might, to find them bring rest, if not

> "When courting slumber The hours I number. And sad cares cumber My weary mind; This thought shall cheer me, That thou art near me, Whose ear to hear me Is still inclined

My soul thou keepest Who never sleepest; 'Mid gloom the deepest There's light above. Thine eyes behold me, Thine arms enfold me, Thy word has told me That God is love.'

She looked at Florence as she finished the lines, and the restless eyes were slosed. She was asleep. Not daring to move, she lay perfectly quiet, with her eyes fixed on a clock which stood on a bracket near by.—Twenty minutes of sweet sleep, and Florence opened her eyes with a smile, and said, "I would like something to eat."

No one but a mother who has watched with intense solicitude over a sick child can tell the music in those words.

Quickly she prepared a delicate morsel, and was surprised to find it could be eaten with no more pain folbwing than had been caused by the draught of water. The crisis was passed, and Florence was out of danger.

"I was at 'my wit's end,'" said the mother to her the next morning, "while watching with you last night. And if ever I prayed in my life, I did when I came in the second time and lay down

"I was praying, too, mamma," was the unexpected and most welcome

"And, mother," she added, "why did you never say those sweet verses to

me before ? " "I do not know," was all the reply her mother could give; "but you may take them now, and if they prove of as much comfort to you as they have long been to me, I shall be very glad, and neither you nor I," she added, "must ever forget the night when we both prayed."-B., in American Mes-

GENEROSITY.

Caly, the eminent artist, one day said to Lord Shelburne, "My lord, perhaps you have heard of John Wesley, the founder of the Methodists." "O yes," &c., "that race of fanatics." "Well, my lord, Mr. Wesley had been urged to have his likeness taken, but always refused. One day he called on me on business, and I began the old subject. Well, said I, knowing you value money for the means of doing good, if you will grant my request, I will engage to give you ten guineas for the first ten minutes that you sit, and for every minute that exceeds that time vou shall receive a guinea." "What," said Wesley, "do I understand you aright, that you will give me ten guineas for having my like ness taken? Well, I agree to it." He then stripped off his coat, and lay on the sofa, and in eight minutes I had the most perfect bust I had ever taken. He then washed his face, and I counted to him ten guineas into his hand. "Well," said he turning to his companions, "I never till now earned money so speedily; but what shall we woman crying bitterly, with three children crying round her. On inquiring the cause of her distress, Wesley learned that the creditors of her husband were dragging him to prison, after having sold their effects, which were inadequate to pay the debts by eighteen shillings. One guinea made her happy. He then went to Giltspur prison. The first ward he entered he was struck with the appearance of a poor wretch greedily eating potato skins. He was confined for the debt of half a guinea. Wesley gave him a guinea, and had the pleasure of seeing him liberated, with half a guinea in his pocket. "You may imagine, my lord," said Caly, "that the remaining eight guineas did not go far in aiding such distress as this." Lord Shelburne was so convinced of the mistaken opinion he had formed of Wesley that he immediately ordered a dozen of his busts to embellish the grounds of his beautiful residence.

THE TWO SAILORS.

A mother on the green hills of Vermont was holding by the right hand a boy mad with the love of the sea. And as he stood at the garden gate one morning, she said:

"Edward, they tell me-for I never saw the ocean—that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hard, that you will never drink liquor."

"And," said he, for he told the story, 'I gave the promise, and went the world San Franciso, and the Cape of Good Hope, and the North and South Poles. I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form at the gate did not rise up before my eyes; and to-day I am innocent of the taste of liquor.'

Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that is not half; "for," still continued he, " yesterday there came into my counting-room a man of forty years.

"'Do you know me?" " 'No.

"'Well,' said he 'I was brought into your presence on shipboard; you were a passenger; they kicked me aside; you took me to your berth, and kept me there until I had slept off my intoxication. You then asked me if I had a mother. I said I never heard a word from her lips- You told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day Lam master

harbor, and I have come to ask you to come and see me." How far the little candle throws its beams, the mother's words on the green hills of Vermont! God be thanked for the mighty power exerted by the utter-ance of a single word.— Wendell Phillips.

of one of the finest ships in New York

Facts seem to show that the whole peninsula ot Michigan is connected by underground channels with its surrounding akes. Very deep lakes abound in all parts of the State without any perceptible outlet : strange fishes have been imported to stock some of these lakes, and have shortly been found in others, and others have sprung a leak and are disappearing, as if the bottom had dropped out. Doubtless these inland lakes are connected by channels with each other as well as with larger bodies of water near, and facts seem to prove that the upper large lakes are con-nected with Lake Oatario by deep unTHE "CITY OF LONDON'S" TALL ICEBERG.

Among the almost countless and colossal icebergs recently reported by incoming steamers that encountered by of a conscientious faith, the rescue from the "City of London" on the 16th ult., "about one thousand five hundred feet of William of Orange on the morning long and three hundred feet high," of the 12th September, 1572, by the commands special note. Its altitude action of a little dog. The Spanish above the sea is greater than that of any army under command of Alva, invading berg we have seen reported in the North | the Netherlands, and the army of pa-Atlantic during the phenominal ice drift | triots under the command of the prince of the last four months, with the excep- were encamped near the city of Mons. tion of one met also by the "City of The plan was formed for the surprise London" early in May. The latter of the patriots and the capture or asshowever was only seven bundred feet asssination of William, and for this purlong, or half the length of that seen on pose a band of six hundred disguised the 16th inst. As the specific gravity men were placed under the command of of ice is so much less than that of At- Julian Romero. The historian of the lantic seawater it is ascertained that Rise of the Dutch Republic narrates the portion of a berg under water is over that near the hour of 2 o'clock in the eight times that exposed to the air. morning, "the boldest, led by Julian This proportion is based on the suppo- in person, made at once for the prince's sition that the iceberg is symmetrical, tent. His guards and himself were in but in any case we may assume that sev- profound sleep, but a small spaniel, who en eighths is submerged, and probably this particular berg could not have a more faithful sentinel. The creature floated in water under two thousand sprang forward, barking furiously at the five hundred feet or four hundred fathoms in depth.

The Gulf stream off the Newfoundland Banks where this tall iceberg was observed is too superficial to float it, the warm current not being more than one hundred fathoms deep, so that about three-quarters of its submerged volume is under the impact of the flow of glacial water from the polar basin moving under and in a direction contrary to that of the Gulf stream. Thus propelled by an invisible submarine force the berg in question had ploughed its southerly way against wind and surface current to the forty-third parallel; and as the "City of London" reported it to be "in compact form, which will take some advance much further south in the track of vessels moving between our Eastern ports and Europe and possibly in the regular ship track from New York to Rio Janerio, since the polar underflow of the Newfoundland meridian. It will be well, therefore, for vessels crossing the West Atlantic basin, even on comparatively low latitudes, to be on their guard against this and similar mammoth bergs. Two instances, at least, are recorded of their drifting as far south as the fortieth and thirty-ninth parallels (one in May 1841, and the other in June, 1842), and It has been said that relicts of these swimming glaciers have passed much further south. Too much caution cannot be used just now by outgoing steamers in running the ice gauntlet.—N. Y. Herald.

OLD MEN'S ENERGY.

Their energy, says the London Spectator, is at least as great as that of the young. Not to go further back than the memory of this generation, we have seen Radetsky at eighty-three conquer Piedmont, and Palmerston at eighty. one director of England, and Earl Russel at fifty-nine expel Palmerston, and Lyndhurst at eighty-eight discomfit opponents by his oratory (on the paper duty), and King William of Prussia at seventy-three invade and conquer France, and Pio Nono at seventy-eight call a council of Christendom to change the Catholic Church from a co-operative aristocracy into a monarchy, and Thiers over, to Calcutta; the Mediterranean, at seventy-four stand forward the one man with energy sufficient to control the parties and revive the energy of a defeated France. Lord Beaconsfield began to disturb the world at seventy, and at seventy his opponent, by feats of popular oratory without parallel in English history, seeks to call public opinion to arms against the disturber. At seventy Mr. Gladstone pronounces the speeches which might have been made by a whole cabinet, and the first objection raised against each of them is, that it is too vehement, too energetic, marks a disposition to depart too widely from the accustomed groove.

> A TOUCHING INCIDENT .- A poor little newsboy while attempting to jump from a city car, the other afternoon, fell under the ear and was fearfully mangled. As soon as the child could speak, he called piteously for his mother, and a messenger was sent at once to bring her to him.

When the bereaved woman arrived she hung over the dying boy in an agony of grief. "Mother," whispered he with a painful effort, "I sold four newspapers and—the money is in my pocket." With the hand of death upon his brow, the last thought of the suffering child was for the poor, hard-working mother, whose burdens he was striving to lighten when he never have a bit of time to myself.

SENSITIVE PROPLE.—Sensitive people seem to enjoy sensitiveness. They are algive them pain. They are much like a cat would be with a tail forty feet long dragging round on the floor ready to be tramped upon. We are crowded pretty thick upon life's great thoroughfare, and can't help elbowing each other as we pass along. Ninety-nine times out of every bundred no harm is intended, but these sensitive people, wi o have the longest and sharpest elbows of anybody else, are always attrib uting a motive to every accidental jog they get. The fact is, personal importance is at the bottom of this whole thing. The world is not thinking about you-had no desire to hart you—but you imagine that the whole world should be run in your interest. - Western Advocate.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

Our attention has been called to an event of much interest to the cause of freedom of opinion, and to the exercise of a conscientious faith, the rescue from always passed the night on his bed, was sound of hostile footsteps, and scratching his master's face with his paws. There was but just time for the prince to mount a horse which was ready saddled and to effect his escape through the darkness before his enemies sprang into the the tent. His servants were cut down, his master of the horse and | cry of alarm. A great monster, weartwo of his secretaries, who gained their saddles a moment later, all lost their lives and but for the little dogs watchfullness, William of Orange, upon whose shoulders the whole weight of his country's fortunes depended, would have been led within a week to an ignominious death. To his dying day, the prince ever afterward kept a spaniel of the same race in the bed chamber." months to disappear," it will no doubt This event occurred but a short time after the Paris wedding, and a short time after the St. Bartholomew tragedy. The historian and moral philosopher can more appropriately discuss the influence which the watchfulness of the which has it in tow tends far to the west little spaniel had upon the destinies of the world.

> THE PHILOSOPHY OF WEDDED LIFE,-You love me no longer," said a bride of a few months to her better half in gown and slippers. "Why do you say that Puss?" he asked quietly. "You do not caress me nor call me pet names: you no longer seek so anxiously for my company,' was the tearful answer. "My dear," continued the aggravating wretch, "did you ever notice a man running after a car? How he does run-over stones, through mud, regardless of everything till he reaches the car, and seizes hold and swings on. Then he quietly seats himself and reads his paper." "And what does that mean?" "An illustration, my dear. The car is important to the man after he gets act of being sacrificed, when lo and bein as when he is chasing it, but the mani- hold! Tommy was aroused by a vigorrestation is no longer called for. I would ous shake and a 'Halloo, Tom! what bave shot any one who put himself in are you doing here? Dinner is ready, my way when in pursuit of you. as I would now shoot any one who would come between us, but as a proof of my love you insist upon my running after the car. Be a philosopher, my dear.

Our Young Folks.

SUCH A LITTLE ONE AS I.

MRS. I. V. KENT.

" Suffer little children to come unto me." st voice. -Such a little one as I.

Will not Jesus pass me by ? voice.—No; for in His word we read He His little ones will lead.

1st.—I am often naughty, too; Then I know not what to do. 2nd.—Jesus tells us if we pray He will take our sins away.

1st.-But His throne is up so high, Far above the starry sky.

2nd.—Yet He's never far away
From His children when they pray.

Let us, then, His word believe. Nor His gentle Spirit grieve.
Jesus, Master, from above,
Fill our little hearts with love. -Lessons for Little Folks.

TOMMY'S WISH.

'Tommy, bring me some chips, quick!' called his sister. 'It is nearly time for the men to come to dinner, and this hard wood won't burn. Hurry, Tommy, that's a good boy ;" and Susie, her face in a glow, went back into the hot kitchen to coax that worrying fire again, 'I wish I were a chicken,' said Tommy, as he lazily got up from the wood pile where he had been sunning himself through the lovely morning, and reluctantly began to pick up some chips. 'I have to go for the cows, or fetch water or wood, or do something or other all the time, and it is not long since I got over the measles, either. I think it ways on the look out for something to over the measles, either. I think it work, and nothing can be materially alter hard, I do. Susie might have got them herself. Girls don't have much to do; they are unfeeling to brothers, anyhow. Yes, I do wish I were a chicken, he repeated as a handsome rooster strutted past him, and a motherly old hen came with her brood, calling chick ! chick! to the little feathery-looking balls. 'Chickens never have measles, mumps and whooping-cough, like boys, and their mothers and sisters don't worry them to death about tearing their clothes, is only one place where a man may be nor make them take horrid stuff when noby thoughtless—his death-bed. Noththey happen to eat too much pie or ing should be left to be done there.—Russomething else that is good, and get a kin.

little pain under their jackets. Don't I wish I were a chicken! No, won't I take those old chips in at all; and Tommy threw down what he had gathered up, went into the barn and threw himself on the straw. Then he found a strange thing hap-

pening. He grew smaller and smaller His mouth turned into a beak, and feathers came over him. 'Poor chick must have some pepper balls,' said a sympathizing voice and his mouth was opened wide, and a ball as hot as pepper could make it forced in, and the bill closed tightly until the whole was swallowed. Little chick felt weak and sick for many days, but its mother expected it to run round all day just as its well brothers and sisters did. One day it saw an old hen resting in her coop with her brood beneath her sheltering wings, and thought it would be nice to rest awhile; but old Mrs. Speckle did'nt want any intruders. It was strictly a family party, and the stranger was pecked at until it was glad enough to ran to its own mother. Chick's mother thought she would find herself a new sleeping-place. The night was warm and the coop too close; so she settled herself and family in a corner of the chicken yard, near a pile of boards. They had all sung their their sleepy song, and gone to sleep in chicken fas. hion, when mother hen uttered a shrill ing a gray coat, had invaded the chicken vard, and bitten one of the chick's feet, which he had put out to cool this hot night. The farmer's son hal heard a commotion and gone to the rescue, and the frightened mother had allowed him

to catch the trembling chicks and carry them to the coop, while she followed with her feathers up, clucking as loud ly as she could. Our chick grew and was nearly full-grown, having escaped the danger of being captured by the chicken-hawk, the wily fox, and the stealthy weasel, all dreaded enemies of the chicken race. He had been nearly frightened to death by little dogs chasing him out of the garden when he was making havoc among the tender plants, or picking up the new sown seed. Even old Taddy, the cat, had cast wishful eves on the pretty chick, and thought what a nice dinner he would make for her playful kittens. He was a handsome young rooster, with yellow leggings and a bright red comb, and as he strutted around the place no doubt felt his importance, and said in chicken language 'he was glad he wasn't a boy.

'John,' said the farmer's hospitable

wife, 'the minister is coming to dinner; catch me a chicken—that nice, pretty, yellow-legged rooster will do he is plump and tender as a bird; and poor chick was caught and just in the and nobody knew where you were. Wake up, old fellow!' And Tommy found he had had his wish granted. In imagination he had been a chicken and as he rubbed his eyes with his fists and remembered the hard times he had had in his chicken life, he concluded that after all, it was not so dreadful to be a boy, even if he did have to run errands. drive the cows, pick up chips, and have the measles, for he remembered now that even having the measles has its bright side, for he had been tenderly cared for by his kind mother, aunties and sisters. It is to be hoped he asked Susie's pardon for his naughty behavior that day .- Christian at Home.

IF YOU PLEASE -" When the Duke of Wellington was sick the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant's handing it to him in a saucer, and asking him if he would have it, the Dake replied, 'Yes, if you please.' These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy is expressed by them! He who had commanded the greatest armies in Europe, and had long used the tone of authority, did not despise or overlook the small courtisies of life. Ah, how many boys do! What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to their mothers! This is ill-bred and unchristian, and shows a coarse nature and hard heart. In all your home talk remember, 'If you please. Among your playmates don't forget, 'If you please.' To all who wait upon or serve you believe that 'If you please,' will make you better served than all the cross ordering words in the whole dictionary. Don't forget three little words, " If you

THE THOUGHTLESSNESS OF YOUTH. In general I have no patience with people ed in his fate, let him forget his toil and jest with fate, if be will; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of future fortune hangs on your decisions? A youth thoughtless! When all the happiness of his home depends on the chance or the passions of an hour. A youth thoughtless! When his every act is a foundation stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life and death! Be thoughtless in any after years rather than now; though, indeed, there

SUNDAY SCH LESSON III.

THE COVENANT

Тіме-В. С. 234 just after the floo years after our last PLACE-Somewhe of Ararat, which ext to the southwest. now called Ararat. region known as A

DATE OF THE L or 1655-6 years after according to the The Septuagint pla fore Christ, and 5512. It is a curio that there are no w inscriptions of any the common date 2348; and no human earlier than B. C. of the creation.

EXTENT OF TH the flood was uni given rise to much can be no doubt th far as man was con it extended to all The literal truth of us to believe that " except eight pers waters of the flood. the Book of Genes to suppose that the globe was actually is probable that of the previous age ed the population have utterly extern not God in this was seed from their des flood, by appearing really saved the wo

TRADITIONS O narrative of the d. dition, pervading man family, excep cannot possibly be necessity be the re rible event.

THE ARK AND "chest" or "boa gopher (i. e., cypre ber which, both fo bility, was employ for building their admission of light words " unto a cu above" refer to the the ark itself, they aperture or sky breadth of a cubit roof. It was to 50 in breadth, and 21 inches for the 525 feet in lengt breadth, and 52 fe This is very cons largest British ma remembered that only intended to f was not in the pro ship. It had nei der; it was, in fac mous floating bou The method of 8 that were taken in unclean," implies that no wild anim ark; so that the the great number animal life existin

EXP And God spake. barked from the a Lamech. The Adam, in the line was born B. Q. The name of Noa means rest, comf it by prophetic Shem, Ham, Japh

Establish my co these agreements cended again an toward man; not than a simple pro to the weakness covenants, that half of his desce it may be called t bearance, under end of time. It r the world should by a flood; and beautiful sign of a natural phenom al laws, of whose

token. From all that every beast. Ti tends to the anin ark with Noah, a beast of the earts

By referring t that there was viz , against " all earth : ' so here fold promise.

I do set my bou The literal rend my bow in the cl pression shows have existed prior was subsequent t came a symbol, o world should nev If there were ran fore the flood, the bows, because the the refraction o the drops of water But the Bible d created the rainb flood, but that he special use.

The rainbow sky is not wholly is shining throug by demonstratin There could no beautiful or fitting be no more a floo and destroy the la mild radiance on denses into a show