

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

UNGRANTED.

Where do they go to—the ungranted prayers, The baffled hope, lost love, and wasted earnings; The sweet, vain dreams, the patient, slighted care;

WORK THAT WILL LAST.

There now! There is something done that will last, I hope," said Mrs. Henderson, as she carefully tightened the covers of some fine jars of fruit.

"You have been doing several things beside that which will last," said Aunt Abbie, quietly.

"I don't see how you can prove that, Auntie mine," was the reply, as Mrs. Henderson seated herself in a low rocker and laid a caressing hand on the old lady's knee.

The bright gray eyes regarded her kindly.

"When Abbie broke that dish right in the most trying time of your hurried morning, I knew you well enough to dread a sharp word that was not allowed to come.

"Well, Aunt Abbie, I've taken your advice. I always was like the man in the parable, who said, 'I will not,' and afterward repented and went. The very day after you left I asked Mr. Kent for some names, and I went in and out of people's houses feeling a good deal like a book-agent.

"There are people whom a word of praise will send down into the valley of humiliation quicker than a volume of reproofs," Mrs. Henderson exclaimed vehemently.

"Well, my dear, there is some truth in your self-reproaches. I was sorry, when your pastor was here last week, to have you so quick and decided in refusing his request.

"Who is to do it, Hattie?" "Well, I don't know—Mrs. Lovell and Mrs. Peterson. They're always making calls."

"Let them ask Miss Arnold." But she laughed as she said it. "It is best to send some one who is acceptable," said Aunt Abbie.

"I like calling well enough, but the time Auntie, the time! I'm well and strong, but I won't answer for the consequences if I try to get anything more into the working hours."

"No indeed! Why, I see hosts of things every day that I am obliged to neglect."

"Now, Aunt Abbie, I just think that's too bad. I will have my children dressed prettily, and of course I must do my own sewing. I can't afford to put it out."

"O, dear, no! said Mrs. Henderson, desperately; but sewing is my recreation. Some women can paint or embroider. I just love to make things to suit me.

son, desperately; but sewing is my recreation. Some women can paint or embroider. I just love to make things to suit me. Isn't Helen's new suit lovely? Now you know it is. And as to the Lord's work; didn't the Lord give me my family I'd like to know? What would become of them if I should take to running the streets? I never expected to hear such advice from you, Aunt Abbie."

"Fair and softly, my dear. I don't believe in extremes. Do you honestly think there would be danger of your neglecting your family if you went out a little more? It seems to me that a more social life would react favorably on your home. The Lord gave you a family to care for, that is true. Did he ever tell you that he had nothing more for you to do? Is there anything in the Bible to justify excessive care? Now Hattie, though I seem to be laying down the law, I believe from my heart that every Christian must decide these matters for herself. I only want to beg you not to decide carelessly, willfully. Give the question prayerful consideration, and no one will rest more satisfied with your judgment than I. The most useful members of Christian society that I have ever known have been very busy women. They did not neglect their homes, but I noticed they usually gave up superfluous things. Don't you remember what Mrs. Whitney says? 'Something always gets crowded out.' Would you rather it were your own work or the Master's?"

Mrs. Henderson was silent for some time over her mending. Then she said decidedly, "I don't see my way clear to do anything of the kind."

Aunt Abbie said no more. But about a month later, when she was once more in her own quiet home, she received a letter from her niece which contained the following frank confession:

"Well, Aunt Abbie, I've taken your advice. I always was like the man in the parable, who said, 'I will not,' and afterward repented and went. The very day after you left I asked Mr. Kent for some names, and I went in and out of people's houses feeling a good deal like a book-agent. But I'm bound to say they were all very nice to me, that is except Mrs. Dudgeon, and I think she meant to be, only—well, she was so peculiar that when I left her house I said to myself, 'I'll go straight home.' But I only had two names left on my list, and one of them, a Mrs. Hartwell, lived so near that I thought I would just go there; and I'm very glad I did, for the poor woman is in great trouble. She has lost two children with diphtheria, and she hasn't any one left, Auntie, for she is a widow."

"Not a soul had been near her except the minister, and she a perfect stranger! O dear me! To think that I might have hugged my ruffles and tucks, and never gone near her, if it hadn't been for you! I had a long talk, and she asked me if there was a ladies' prayer-meeting. I promised to take her to it. Now you see how one thing leads to another. How I am ever to find time for that? I must tell you about Mrs. Smith. I had met her before and she is just charming. She returned my visit quite soon; so then I thought I would try an experiment. I coaxed Howard to go there in the evening. I do believe we shall be good friends all around, and I am so glad, for I have been downright lonely since Mary Bright moved away, though I wouldn't own it before. Aunt Abbie, what do you think Howard said to me last Sabbath? He asked if I would have any objections to his taking a class in Sabbath-school. I declare I could have cried! To be sure, I've always said a good deal about having Sabbath to ourselves, but I never meant to hinder him from anything he felt to be a duty. I am so penitent about it that I don't know but I shall go into the Sabbath-school myself when baby gets older. You are responsible for the whole of it. If I get to be a regular Mrs. Jellyby you'll please to remember whose fault it is. No I don't mean that Auntie dear; I'll tell you what I really think and that is that Mrs. Charles was right when she said:

"The Master's work may make weary feet, But it leaves the spirit glad."

Ever your affectionate niece.—Presbyterian.

OLD AGE.

Do we ever think what a beautiful thing is old age? What a pathos there is in the trembling voice! what eloquence in the wrinkled face! The "hoary head" is called by the wisest of men "a crown of glory." We cannot wonder that it is so. Think of a life extending over a period of three score years and ten! Think of a heart bearing

the test of toil and trial for three-quarters of a century! Think of one man breathing the storms, year after year, till his head grows white with the flakes that have gathered there! Tearing the burden of care and anxiety until his pulses grow feeble, his limbs lose their tension, and "the pitcher" is ready to be "broken at the fountain." Can we wonder at the command, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man?" But how often it is forgotten. Instead of venerating old age we learn to treat it lightly. Frequently the smile of amusement supplants the answer of gentle respect. The homely advice, the old-fashioned ways, are made the subjects of jokes and puns. Even the titles of filial respect, "father," "mother," are dropped for "the old man," "the old woman," or "the governor." Ah! can we with impunity speak thus of the dear ones who have spent their best years in toil for us? Can we see the form once strong and erect becoming bent and feeble, the waving brown hair daily whitening, the firm, elastic step growing slow and weary and heartlessly call that dear father "the old governor?" Can we note the furrows upon that once clear brow, the glasses shading the once bright eyes, and the wrinkles in hands that have lost their whiteness in toil for us, and lightly speak of that patient, loving mother as "the old woman?" Our warmest friends should be among those who are aged. The weight of years does not necessarily chill the heart or sour the disposition. How many furrowed faces can we think of that are wreathed with smiles! How many wrinkled, toil-worn hands have held our own in a clasp warm and clinging as that of youth! How many an aged heart yearns over us with love as tender and ardent as we ever can receive from our light-hearted young companions!

"WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?"

In a letter to Rev. E. P. Hammond, Miss Havergal said: "Mrs. S. asked me to write and answer myself your question about the hymn, 'I gave my life for thee.' Yes, it is mine, and perhaps it may interest you to hear how nearly it went into the fire, instead of soaring all over the world."

"I was, I think, the very first thing I ever wrote which could be called a hymn, written when I was quite a young girl (1859). I did not half realize what I was writing about. I was following very far off, always doubting and fearing. I think I had come to Jesus with a trembling, hem-touching faith, but it was a coming in the press, and behind, never seeing His face or feeling His love. He loved me, though I was clear that I could not do without Him, and wanted to serve and follow Him."

I don't know how I came to write it. I scribbled it in pencil on the back of a circular, in a few minutes, and then read it over and thought, "Well, this is not poetry, anyhow! I won't trouble to copy this out." So I reached out my hand to put it in the fire! A sudden impulse made me draw it back; I put it, crumpled and singed, into my pocket. Soon after I went out to see a dear old woman in an almshouse. She began talking to me, as she always did about her dear Saviour, and I thought I would see if she, a simple old woman, would care for these verses, which I felt sure nobody else would ever care to read. So I read them to her, and she was so delighted with them that, when I went back, I copied them out and kept them out in all directions. I have seen tears when they have been sung at mission services and have heard of them being really blessed to many."

I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransom'd be, And quickened from the dead. I gave my life for thee: What hast thou given for me?

My Father's house of light, My glory cried through, I left for earthly night, For wanderings sad and lone; I left it all for thee: Hast thou left ought for me?

I suffered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell, Of bitter agony, To rescue thee from hell: I've borne it all for thee: What hast thou borne for me?

And I have brought to thee, Down from my home above, Salvation full and free, My pardon and my love; I bring rich gifts to thee: What hast thou brought to me?

O, let thy life be given, Thy years that yet remain, World fetters all be risen, Give me thy joy and pain: Give thou thyself to me, And I will welcome thee.

GRANDFATHER'S FAITH.

Your systems of philosophy I do not understand; Your new-sprung theories, for me Are far too fine and grand; Yet somehow, friends, I feel to-day Secure within the good old way.

What comfort do they bring to you To ease a troubled heart? I've found a balm that's good and true To heal life's pain and smart! Nay, call me childish, if you will, But leave to me the old faith still.

It's been my stay for many years, And now in life's decline, More bright each day the way appears. Thank God, it still is mine; I've tried to "keep the faith," you see; And keeping it, the faith's kept me.

God found me when a wayward youth, Toward an end I'd folly bent; He taught me then to seek the truth, And counsel me to repent. Ah! you may think it passing strange, But still, grandfather seeks no change.

You've learned and "worldly wise," 'tis true, Beyond my simple ken; Yes, friends, I'd not exchange with you For all the schemes of men; The faith that holds me firm to-day Illumines all my onward way.

—Kate M. Frayne.

DRESS OF THE CLERGY.

Dean Stanley describes, evidently with infinite amusement, the purely secular and common origin of the present official dress of the clergy, whether in the Anglican or in the Roman Church, and he enforces, with the liveliest illustration, the conclusion that "the dress of the clergy had no distinct intention, symbolical, sacerdotal, sacrificial, or mystical," but originated simply in "the fashions common to the whole community of the Roman Empire during the three first centuries." He begins by dressing up a lay figure at the time of the Christian era, and shows how his various garments have survived in clerical costume. His shirt, *camisia* or chemise, survives in two forms, the alb, so-called from its being white, and the dalmatic, so-called from Dalmatia, from whence this shape of it was derived—just as certain greatcoats, to quote the Dean's illustration, are now called *ulsters*. This shirt, after the invasion of the Northern barbarians, used to be drawn over the fur coat, in the twelfth century, arose the barbarous name of *superpellicium* or *surplice*, the "over fur." The present Rector of St. George's-in-the-East, the Rev. Harry Jones told an amusing story of the Dean, which illustrates this point. He came to preach at St. George's one very cold day, wrapped in a fur coat, and Mr. Jones advised him to keep it on during the service. "Yes," said the Dean, "I think I had better do so, and then my surplice will be a true superpellicium." Another form of the same dress survives in the Bishop's rochet, which is the little frock or coat worn by the medieval bishops out of doors when they went out hunting. Similarly the pall of an archbishop is the relic of the Roman toga or pallium. It is not so certain as the Dean supposes, that cassock is derived from Caracalla, a long overcoat, which Antonius Bysianus brought from France, and whence he derived his name, for it has also been traced to *kas*—skin, or hide. But there can be no doubt that chasuble comes from *casula*, "a slang name used by the Italian laborers for the *capote*," which they called "their little house," as "tile" is—or was a short time ago—used for "hat" and as coat is the same word as "cote" or "cottage"; nor that "cope" is another form of overcoat—a sort of waterproof; or that the mitre was an ordinary head-dress worn by women, and still, according to the Dean, to be seen in the museums of Russia, as the cap or turban worn on festive occasions in ancient days by princes and nobles, and, even to this day, by the peasant women. The division into two points is, he says, only the mark of the crease, which is the consequence of its having been, like an opera hat, folded and carried under the arm."

The stole, lastly, was a simple handkerchief for common uses. On State occasions such handkerchiefs were used as ribbons, streamers, or scarfs, and were hence adopted by the deacons, who had little else to distinguish them. The Dean mentions a curious modern illustration of the way in which the use of such a slight symbol may arise. When Sir James Brook first returned from Borneo, where the only sign of royalty was to hold a kerchief in the hand, he retained the practice in England. The process by which these simple garments passed into official use is easily traced. First, the only Christian clergy and laity alike, when they came to their public assemblies, took care that their clothes, though the same as they usually wore, should be especially neat and clean. Next, it was natural that the colors and forms chosen should be of a grave and sober tint. Lastly came the process, which may be easily followed

in English society during the last two centuries, of common fashions becoming fixed in certain classes at particular moments, and of what was once common to all becoming peculiar to a few.—The Quarterly Review.

HELPING THE DEVIL.

There was a young minister once preaching very earnestly in a certain chapel, and he had to walk some four or five miles to his home along a country road, after service. A young man, who had been deeply impressed under the sermon, requested the privilege of walking with the minister, with an earnest hope that he "might get an opportunity of telling his feelings to him and obtaining some word of guidance or comfort. Instead of that the young minister, all the way along, told the most singular tales to those who were with him, causing loud roars of laughter. He stopped at a certain house, and this young man with him, and the whole evening was spent in frivolity and foolish talking. Some years after, when the minister had grown old, he was sent for to the bed-side of a dying man. He hastened thither with a heart desirous to do good. He was requested to sit down at the bed-side, and the dying man, looking at him and regarding him most closely, said to him; "Do you remember preaching in such and such a village, and on such and such an occasion?" "I do," said the minister. "I was one of your hearers," said the man, "and I was deeply impressed by the sermon." "Thank God for that," said the minister. "Stop!" said the man, "don't thank God until you have heard the whole story; you will have reason to alter your tone before I have done." The minister changed countenance, but he little guessed what would be the full extent of that man's testimony. Said he; "Sir do you remember after you had finished that earnest sermon, that I, with some others, walked home with you? I was sincerely desirous of being led in the right path that night, but I heard you speak in such a strain of levity, and with so much coarseness too, that I went outside the house, while you were sitting down to your evening meal; I stamped my foot upon the ground: I said that you were a liar; that Christianity was a falsehood; that if you could pretend to be so earnest about it in the pulpit, and then come down and talk like that, the whole thing must be a sham; and I have been an infidel," said he, "a confirmed infidel, from that day to this. But I am not an infidel at this moment; I know better. I am dying and about to be damned, and at the bar of God I will lay my damnation to your charge. My blood is upon your head." And with a dreadful shriek, and one demoniacal glance at the trembling minister, he shut his eyes and died.

A QUAKER MARRIAGE.

The year which saw Mr. Bright's election for Manchester witnessed also his second marriage. On the 10th of June, 1847, he was united to Miss Margaret Elizabeth Leatham, daughter of Mr. William Leatham, of Heath House, Wakefield, the well known West Riding banker. The marriage ceremony was performed in the meeting-house of the Friends, George street, Wakefield. We shall make no apology for giving a brief description of the rite of marriage, as observed by the Friends, from a local historian who records Mr. Bright's marriage. For those who are unfamiliar with the ceremony, the description will possess a general interest. The rite was severely simple. In accordance with the usages of the Friends, the marriage party sat for some time in silence, at the expiration of which Mr. Bright rose and took the right hand of Miss Leatham, pronouncing in low but distinct tones the formula of the Friends, as follows: "Friends, I take my friend, Margaret Elizabeth Leatham, to be my wife, promising, by divine assistance, to be unto her a loving and faithful husband till it shall please the Lord by death to separate us." Miss Leatham, still holding hands, repeated similar words regarding Mr. Bright promising to be "unto him a loving and faithful wife." A brief space of silence next ensued, which was broken by one of the congregation offering up prayer, the whole assembly standing. Again there was a short period of silence, and then one of the company read the certificate of declaration, which was signed by the bride and bridegroom and their relations and friends, and afterward by a large number of the congregation. The whole ceremony occupied about an hour.—Life and Speeches of John Bright.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

JUDGE NOT.

"Johnny, where is your missionary money?" asked Miss Mary Heath, one Sunday morning, as her little nephew was getting ready for Sunday-school.

"Up stairs on my bureau, I guess, Auntie; I'll go and get it now, so you can see how much I've got," and away he ran up stairs two steps at a time; but he did not come skipping back, and, at last, his aunt grew tired of waiting and went up to see what kept him.

"I can't find my money anywhere," said Johnny disconsolately. "That new girl stole it. I know she did, she don't look a bit honest," and before his aunt could stop him Johnny darted from the room.

She followed as hastily as she could, but when she reached the kitchen she found the shy quiet girl that had lately been taken for a nursery maid, listening with a frightened, tearful face to Johnny's angry charges.

"You might as well give it up right off, or we will put you in prison. What did you do with it?" "Johnny," said his aunt, gently laying her hand on his shoulder, "is this the way my little pupil acts?" Johnny jerked away from her rudely.

"I aint your pupil. I aint going to Sunday-school again. It's a little too mean after I've tried so hard to earn more than any of the other boys, to have to go without any money at all just because we have a thief in the house."

"That is a very wrong feeling to have in trying to earn money for God's work. I think the money given in that spirit can hardly do the giver much good," said his aunt in a severe tone, but Johnny would listen to nothing. Before Miss Mary had fairly finished speaking, the slamming of the door told her that he had gone, and after saying a few consoling words to the poor girl she too hurried off to Sunday-school.

Monday morning found the money still missing, and Johnny refused to look for it. "I looked everywhere I could think of yesterday morning; Lena will get tired of being snubbed pretty soon, and maybe she'll give it back," said Johnny, but Johnny would not listen to anything further, and pretended not to notice how sick and worried Lena looked, but he could not help seeing it, and it troubled him, and this Monday the first day of his summer vacation, was not as pleasant as he had expected.

"Oh, bother that old money! I wish I had never heard of missionaries and heathen," he said crossly, trying to throw the blame of his unhappiness on to something besides his own ill-temper and injustice, and then he stood at the hall window looking moodily out and wishing that something would turn up; presently something did turn up.

"Johnny, Johnny," called one of his school-mates across the street, and he threw up the window to see what his friend wanted.

"Come along, won't you? All the boys are going to the mill-pond to fish."

"Oh, mayn't I go with the boys down to the fishing-pond, please? I'll be so careful," cried Johnny, bursting eagerly into the sitting-room.

"Yes, dear, I guess so," said his mother; "but you had better wear your old coat. Aunt Mary will get it for you. I am afraid you will rouse the baby if you go up stairs. Lena has been trying all the morning to quiet it, and I want her to lie down as soon as it goes to sleep; she don't look well. Cook says she cried nearly all night. Something is troubling her, I fear."

Johnny looked conscience-stricken, but did not say anything. Miss Mary came with Johnny's coat; her face was very grave, "Johnny," she asked, "when did you wear this coat last?"

"Last Saturday, I guess. What's the matter? Is it very muddy?" "No, it is not muddy, but listen," and she shook the coat—a faint jingling was heard.

"My money is not there," said Johnny. "I looked there the first thing."

"Did you look clear through? here is a hole in one of the pockets, and—yes—here is the money," and Aunt Mary felt a thick, knobby lump in one corner of the coat.

Johnny gave one look at it, and darted out of the room up into the nursery, where Lena with a sad face, was trying to coax the baby to sleep.

THE SUN

The teacher is ing of the every life the plastic be lasting loss pers time in that relation of serious con to not really and restu if ever, dren hav tion at b ents neg seen in t church. or prayer paper is to occupy for Sabl plained t but the These, w religious school h half of i for G-d doubts t This i many ti ture get is not u ed. A n not sup Lesson ers of b query i es, wit taken b connect dilute to the d even th their trised b system use of g gospel Now teacher history Christ Saviour 4 Th anity, a clear ought is to be young onstant are not quant of Ch require 2 Bar es be class-work. discou virgine tred blossomed some Let te etem ed.—

But costly a e t the er a at its out v a few dolla any and self, three prop learn to co ing t about sam mad at h eng it re one beto gain F cou a g hau that kee env On fre ed and sol the ed it ou do, s to sh in w ca ha fr li w 11 C L la th 11

Let us be true to one another, and to the God who has called us to this life. Let us be true to one another, and to the God who has called us to this life.

Let us be true to one another, and to the God who has called us to this life. Let us be true to one another, and to the God who has called us to this life.

Let us be true to one another, and to the God who has called us to this life. Let us be true to one another, and to the God who has called us to this life.

Let us be true to one another, and to the God who has called us to this life. Let us be true to one another, and to the God who has called us to this life.

Let us be true to one another, and to the God who has called us to this life. Let us be true to one another, and to the God who has called us to this life.

Let us be true to one another, and to the God who has called us to this life. Let us be true to one another, and to the God who has called us to this life.

Let us be true to one another, and to the God who has called us to this life. Let us be true to one another, and to the God who has called us to this life.

Let us be true to one another, and to the God who has called us to this life. Let us be true to one another, and to the God who has called us to this life.

Let us be true to one another, and to the God who has called us to this life. Let us be true to one another, and to the God who has called us to this life.