

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

"THE LOVE OF CHRIST WHICH PASSETH KNOWLEDGE."

I bore with thee long weary days and nights, Through many pangs of heart, through many tears;

I bore with thee, thy hardness, coldness, slights, For three and thirty years.

Who else had dared for thee what I have dared? I plunged the depth most deep from bliss above; I not my flesh, I not my Spirit spared;

For thee I thirsted in the daily drought, For thee I trembled in the nightly frost; Much sweeter than the honey in my mouth;

I bore thee on my shoulders and rejoiced; Men only marked upon my shoulders borne, The branding cross; and shouted hoarsely, "Wagged their heads in scorn."

Three did nails grave upon my hands; thy name Did thorn for frontlets stamp between mine eyes;

A thief upon my right hand and my left; Six hours alone, athirst, in misery; At length in death one smote my heart and cleft A hiding-place for thee.

Nailed to the racking cross, than bed of down, More dear, whereon to stretch myself and sleep; So did I win a kingdom,—share my crown;

A harvest,—come and reap. —Christina Rossetti.

KINGSLEY'S LAST DAYS.

There is nothing, even in the most pathetic history of fiction, more touching than the narrative of the last days of Charles Kingsley.

His wedded life had been supremely happy. He was wont to sum up its story in three Latin words that have been placed on his tombstone: "Amamur, amamus, amabimus."

It had been his life-long hope and prayer that they might lay down their work on earth and go to heaven together.

He had been warned that his recovery depended upon avoiding any change of temperature. But one day he leaped from his bed, ran into his wife's room, and taking her by the hand, said: "This is heaven. Don't speak."

It is all right—all as it should be," and finally passed away, leaving her to recover and tell us the story of his life, as no one else could have told it so well.—Central Advocate.

A WISE FATHER.

In one of the leading towns of Central Iowa, a wealthy banker's daughter became engaged to be married. As would be expected from the position of her family, this young lady had the benefit of the best social and intellectual advantages at home, besides having been a student at Vassar for some time, and having travelled considerably, from all of which she had attained quite a degree of culture for a lady of only twenty years.

To an ordinary observer it would seem that her training had been all that could be desired; but her father thought otherwise. When he found that she had concluded to take upon herself the duties of wifehood, he knowing how greatly the happiness of families is affected by the housewifery qualities of the woman at the head, declared that the marriage should be delayed until she had made herself thoroughly familiar with the duties of a housekeeper.

To be thorough he knew required more than a mere theoretical knowledge, so with wise forethought he carefully provided the means whereby the practical worth of the instructions received could be fully tested; and for this purpose the mother was requested to retire in the background for a season, while the daughter should assume the responsibilities of housekeeper.

The mother consented, and the young lady undertook the duties of her novel position with a will to do her very best. The family was very large, and being exceedingly hospitable, the house was seldom without the presence of guests from abroad; but inspired by the ambition to acquit herself creditably in the present, as well as by the sweet hope that in the future she should have a home of her own to preside over, her zeal and enthusiasm increased from day to day as experience added to her proficiency.

In order that her work might be systematic, she was allowed a certain sum of money a month with which to supply the table, and as a special inducement to the exercise of economy, all

that could be saved therefrom was to be placed to her private account for individual use. This monthly allowance being by no means large, she was obliged to exercise care in its expenditure, therefore the minutest details were studied, and not a dish made its appearance upon the table without the cost having been fully estimated previous to its ordering.

In this manner she learned many things that might be of great value to her in the future. She was once heard to remark that it was really astonishing to discover the many ways of economizing possible to women; and as an instance of her own experience, she said she frequently found for some expensive dish desired, that something else, equally as wholesome and fully as palatable, could be furnished at one-half the cost.—Exchange.

SYMPATHY WITH SERVANTS.

When servants feel that the mistress recognizes their true value as human beings, they are ready enough to yield only too much respect to her ladyhood. A "real lady" is the most emphatic expression of approbation. It means one who has no need to take thought for her gignity, who is incapable, if only for her own sake, of being otherwise than gentle. The better such a one is known to her servants, the more irresistible will be her influence over them, the more cordially recognized her authority. With all these cautions we may, I believe, safely venture to lay aside, by degrees, that part of a barrier of reserve which is artificial and voluntary, knowing that it is not a help but a hindrance to the born ruler as well as to the kind-hearted.

Barriers of reserve and coldness may be broken down or thawed in a thousand ways, which it is not necessary to suggest in detail. Women know well enough the little arts by which acquaintance is made and carried on toward friendship. A little free play of natural impulse is all that is wanted. Out-spoken praise and blame of our servants' work instead of a chill silence upon which all their service falls flat; a little wholesome gossip, or if the word sounds better, let us say chat, about anything in the world that comes in naturally; a little occasional appeal for sympathy on one's own behalf, especially if one remembers to tell the bright as well as the dark side of one's own experiences; a little service done or asked out of the regular routine; all these things are what "Friends" call "very uniting," and they certainly are very easy except to the slaves of avarice. Shyness has much to answer for, but I do not believe that it would alone suffice to hold frostbound the natural stream of sympathy and goodwill, if we could once get rid of the idea that there is some danger either to our authority or to our delicacy in allowing freer interchange of ideas with our servants.—Nineteenth Century.

THE RIGHT IDEA.

Some years ago a shoemaker in Vermont was converted, and made to know the saving grace of Christ. It does not appear that he was remarkably gifted or fluent or especially prominent in religious circles, but he used to sit on his bench and serve God by faithfully performing his daily labour. When making sewed shoes he had a way of drawing his waxed ends out to their full extent, and taking another hold with his right hand, would give the thread an extra pull, making his work firm and strong.

One day a Christian brother called in to see him, and finding him on the bench busily pulling his waxed ends, he saluted him with: "Well, have you got any religion to-day?"

"Just enough to make good shoes, glory to God!" said the shoemaker, as with his extra hitch and jerk he drew the thread firmly into its place.

In these days of sham and shoddy it requires more than an ordinary amount of religion to make good shoes. A great many people have religion enough to make poor shoes, or poor articles of almost any description that can be named, but the men who have religion enough to make good shoes or good clothes, or good honest articles of any kind, are altogether too rare. Decit and imposition seem to be the order of the day, and people have imbibed an idea, which some of them openly avow, that a man cannot do business honestly and succeed.

This of course depends somewhat on the business which he may undertake to do. There are some kinds of business that can have no honesty about them; they are a cheat from beginning to end, and the man who pursues such occupations as these falls into the ordinary current and simply does as others do; such kinds of business Christians should get out of as Lot got out of Sodom.

But there is nevertheless a demand for honest work, if men can be found who are willing to do it. And if men have religion enough to make good shoes, in time other men who want good shoes will find them out and give them work to do; while those who make cheating and shamming the strong points in their way of doing work, will perhaps find in the long run as custom-

ers leave them and warn others against them, that the temporary profit of their rascality is more than offset by the lack of confidence and reputation and business which results from such course. There is great need of a revival of that religion which qualifies men to make good shoes and to do all other work which their hands find to do, with their might honestly and heartily as unto the Lord, and with an eye single to his glory.—The Armory.

GOING TO THE CITY.

An aged correspondent of the Maine Farmer gives the following "short history" of the family of one of his neighbours: He had a family of three boys and three girls—all are now living and have families. One of the sons and one of the daughters went to Boston to seek their fortunes when they became of age, while the others remained and settled as farmers and farmers wives, within a few miles of the paternal roof.

In their younger days the Boston couple would occasionally visit their old birthplace, and, by their fine clothes and a liberal display of jewelry, became almost the envy of us country boys—we inferring that Boston was a good place to get rich speedily. Twenty years have passed away—the boys and girls who settled down in Maine have fine, thrifty farms, well stocked, nice farm buildings, are out of debt, enjoy all the comforts of life, and in fact, are what are known as "well-to-do" farmers. Being in Boston a few months since, I called to see my old neighbors. They resided in hired tenement houses, in the fourth story, on a narrow and confined street, and complained of very dull times, with but little employment and small compensation for labor; and they informed me that if it were not for assistance received from their brothers and sisters in the country they could not make a living during the present dull times.

There is no doubt but some persons from the country may prosper in the city. But they are not the class that was their time in eight-seeming, their health in tight lacing, and their money in fine clothes and flash jewelry, or on luxurious and expensive amusements.

The boy who is willing to perform as hard work and stick to it as many hours as he did on the farm, and who will dress as plainly as he did in the country, and who, in the midst of a thousand temptations, can save his money as carefully as at home may, under favorable circumstances, prosper in the city, and become influential and wealthy. But if he goes to the city for easy work, short time, fine clothes, and gay living he will quite likely find himself at last where hundreds are to-day, without a home, a friend or a penny, and only anxious to get a place to work for bread to keep him from starving. "Blessed is the man who stays where he is."—The Wayside.

SPURGEON AND THE MISER.

At a meeting of the London Butchers in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Mr. Spurgeon related an incident in his early experience:

When he was a young man of sixteen, he was minister of a chapel. Rather young to begin; yet he had a fine large house full, of between 500 and 600, besides those who used to be outside the doors and windows. His salary was £45 a year; not "all found," but you found yourself. He had to find himself a good suit of black, go about like a gentleman with nothing in his pocket; yet he never wanted, for he was God's servant. The other day he was down in that village where he once preached, and was told that a great miser, who used to live there, had recently died, and that he came down from upstairs to die, in order that no one should earn sixpence by removing his body. He directed he should be buried in his own garden to save expense, and was said to have never been known to give anything away in his life.

Mr. Spurgeon interrupted his informant, and told him that this man had given away something, for on one occasion he gave him money. He wanted a new hat to look decent in on Sundays. In the country, if one did not wear a respectable hat, his reputation was at stake; but he never wore a tall hat now, for his reputation was established, and he could wear any hat he liked! Well, upon this occasion he wanted to buy a respectable hat, and where the money was to come from he did not know.

One day this reputed miser squeezed into his hands three half-crowns, and accordingly the hat was bought. On the following Sunday, this singular person said to him, "I am afraid of being covetous; but the Lord told me to give you half a sovereign, and I stopped half-a-crown out of it. Pray take the other half-crown. I cannot sleep at night, without you have it." Mr. Spurgeon took the half-crown to ease the man's conscience. God who knew that he wanted the hat, had made that old gentleman "fork out" that ten shillings; showing how unlikely are the instrumentalities by which God can supply the needs of his servants, just as he caused the ravens to minister to Elijah.—Christian Herald.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

IS IT YOU.

There is a child—a boy or girl, I'm sorry it is true— Who doesn't mind when spoken to: Is it you? It can't be you!

I know a child—a boy or girl, I'm loth to say I do— Who struck a little playmate child; I hope that wasn't you.

I know a child—a boy or girl, I hope that such are few— Who told a lie—yes, told a lie! It cannot be 'twas you!

There is a boy—I know a boy. I cannot love him though— Who robs the little birdie's nest: That bad boy can't be you!

A girl there is—a girl I know, And I could love her, too, But that she is proud and vain: That surely isn't you.

CLEAN HANDS, PURE LIPS.

"Why didn't you strike back, you goose?"

I paused in my sewing and looked out, unobserved, upon a group of little folks playing near my window. One child was running away rapidly, the others stood beside little Amy Horton, who gazed ruefully at her own fat hand, and tried hard not to cry. Such a little girl was Amy! The only child of a young widow but lately moved into our village.

Of Mrs. Horton we, the people of R—, knew, as yet, nothing, save that, since by manners we usually judge, she was a lady in every respect—gentle, quiet, and refined. I had not yet given myself the pleasure of calling upon the new neighbor. Little Amy, however, child-fashion, had grown familiar with the children of the neighborhood, and they had made a pet very quickly of the five-year-old stranger.

What could be the trouble now, I wondered, seeing Amy's flushed face, and catching the scowl on the brow of the questioner, who asked, "Why did you not strike back again?"

I listened for the answer with interest. "Cause—cause—my mamma would—wouldn't kiss my hands—if I—struck anybody!" sobbed the injured little one, rubbing the red hand with the other plump white one, evidently quite hurt both in flesh and feelings.

"Wouldn't kiss your hands!" exclaimed her listeners, wondering. "What do you mean, Amy? What a queer idea!"

I was as much interested as either of the children, and peeping through the vines clustering about the window, quite safe from childish observation, I listened for Amy's explanation.

"Mamma always kisses my hands when they haven't been naughty, and it is naughty to strike. That little girl's mamma won't kiss her hands to-night, will she?" Amy's blue eyes looked up into the faces around her, and full of wonderment at her words, the sympathetic children kissed and patted her to her heart's content.

Then I went out and talked to the little one, with a new respect for the pure mother whom, more than ever, I desired to know.

"Will you take me to your house, dear?" I asked, with a smile, and stooping to kiss the small, grieved face.

"O, Mrs. ——" cried the children in a chorus, "What do you think? That Sally Jones struck Amy real hard on her arm and hand just because Amy didn't want to walk with her! Wasn't it the meanest thing?"

I agreed, rather indignantly, that it was the meanest thing, and then we walked along the road to where Amy's mother lived. At my suggestion the children remained outside while I made my long-intended call upon Mrs. Horton. After a while I repeated Amy's remark, and asking pardon for curiosity, begged to know more about the sweet idea. Mrs. Horton laughed; but I saw the glister of the tears in her eyes as she replied:

"Maybe I am foolish, Mrs. —, but ever since my little one was given me I have loved to kiss the little baby's hands, as well as baby lips.—I used to lay the soft pink palms upon my mouth and kiss them until my baby laughed. As she grew older I still kept up the custom, and when night came and undressing her I failed to kiss the little hands, Amy knew it was because they were not quite clean from naughtiness. If they had been lifted in anger during the day, if they had struck at nurse or a little playmate, mamma could not kiss them, because they were not clean. And to miss the kiss was very hard for my baby, I assure you. It was the same with the little lips. If a naughty word had escaped them—I mean a willfully naughty word—or if my little girl had not spoken quite the truth during the day I could not kiss the lips, although I always kissed her on the cheeks and forehead, and never allowed her to go uncleaned to bed.

"But she cared more for kisses on the hands and lips than for anything else in the world, I believe; my loving little Amy! And gradually the naughty ways were done away with, and each night my baby would say,—'Tea hannies to-night, mamma; tea hannies for 'oo to tizz!'"

"And even now—though she is five years old—I keep up a custom which she has known from her birth, because I think it helps her to try to be good. You will laugh, maybe Mrs. —, but I do want my little girl to grow up pure and sweet; and if the love of mamma's kisses can keep, by God's help, the little hands, lips and heart clean, I think I shall continue the custom until Amy is old enough to understand fully things that are too hard for her as yet."

My own eyes were tearful when Mrs. Horton's voice ceased, and I envied little Amy her beautiful young mother's companionship. Did I think it a foolish idea? Ah, no indeed!—But the truest, sweetest custom in the world—keeping her small hands good for mamma's good-night kiss; and that is why Sally Jones was not "paid off in her own coin," as the saying is. This was why the sweet lips made no angry reply. Mamma's kiss was too precious a thing to be given up for one moment of evil-speaking. Dear little Amy!—Wide Awake.

POLITENESS AT HOME.

A boy who is polite to his father and mother is likely to be polite to everyone else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, or the impression which we make in society, coveting the good opinions of those who are in a sense a part of ourselves, and will continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and to every girl, cultivate the habit of courtesy and propriety at home—in the sitting-room and kitchen, as well as in the parlor—and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner. When one has a pleasant smile and a graceful demeanor, it is a satisfaction to know that these are not put on, but that they belong to the character, and are manifest at all times and under all circumstances.

WILL HE SUCCEED?

In time cases out of ten a man's life will not be a success if he does not bear burdens in childhood. If the fondness or vanity of father or mother has kept him from hard work; if another always helped him out at the end of the row; if instead of taking his turn at pitching off, he stayed away all the time—in short, if what was light fell on him, and what was heavy, to some one else; if he has been permitted to shirk, until shirking has become a habit, unless a miracle has been wrought, his life will be a failure, and the blame will not be half so much his as that of his weak and foolish parents.

On the other hand, if the boy has been brought up to do his part, never allowed to shirk his responsibility, or to dodge work, whether or not it made his head ache, or soiled his hands, until bearing burdens has become a matter of pride, the heavy end of the wood his choice, parents as they bid him goodbye may dismiss their fear. The elements of success are his, and at some time, and in some way, the world will recognize his capacity.

SKIPPING THE HARD POINTS.

Boys, I want to ask you, how you think a conqueror would make out who went through a country he was trying to subdue and whenever he found a fort hard to take left it alone. Don't you think the enemy would buzz wild there, and when he was well in the heart of the country, don't you fancy they would swarm out and harass him terribly?

Just so, I want you to remember, will it be with you if you skip over the hard place in your lessons, and leave them unlearned. You have left an enemy in the rear that will not fail to harass you, and mortify you times without number.

"There was just a little of my Latin I hadn't read," said a vexed student to me, "and it was just there the professor had to call upon me at examination. There were just two or three examples I had passed over, and one of those I was asked to do on the black board."

The student who is not thorough is never well at his ease. He can never forget the skipped problems, and the consciousness of his deficiencies makes him nervous and anxious.

Never laugh at the slow plodding student; the time will surely come when the laugh will be turned. It takes time to be thorough, but it more than pays. Resolve when you take up a new study, that you will go through it like a successful conqueror, taking every strong point. If the accurate scholar's difficulties closed with his school life, it might not be as great a matter for his future career. But he has claimed for himself a habit that will be like an iron ball at his heel all the rest of his life. Whatever he does will be lacking somewhere. He has learned to shirk what is hard and the habit will grow with years.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON III.—J

CAIN AND ABEL. TIME—About 3000 years after our last lesson. PLACE—Somewhere in the garden.

CAIN AND ABEL.—Two children of Adam means possession; and believed this was the deliverer. ABEI name expressive of her fallen condition. Phetic of the shortness

EARLY POPULATION prevalent notions of Abel, both of which wrong. One is, that both young men, some years of age when it took place, but it was were young. Cain and only persons in the that there were beside and perhaps a few, theirs. But the fact had passed would alone what might have seen notion that but a few We have seen a cake Disquisitions, which the time of the death there might have been coded from eight ch Abel, born before A. 000 men not count. There is an old trad Abel had respected that the twin of Cain Abel, and the twin of Cain.

INTROD We now come to quences of Adam's at the great world-long good and evil. Sin a evil fruit, and faith is strengthened by the EXPLAN In process of time, of the days. It is a refers to the end of year,—to the sabbath gathering. More li notes the sabbath, days. And, since by God in Paradise, it holy by such appoi would distinguish Introduction. Fruits, gra ing" here is often te ing" (Lev. 11) o expressing gratitude, sin, and the need of whose men are, exc trouble, the less d sinfulness, and need also not said that he Abel.

Abel. Firrings of fat thereof. That is fatter) of the first. What strikes us fir fact of the existence early period, so soon implies further can will to man than was tinctly acquainted sacrifice—the idea an animal could be to God—could hard early and unbloody intimation of some The Lord had respect offering. That is, regarded, had com "He accepted with his gifts." As the informs us that God tion of Abel's offeri suppose that this w token of fire from upon the altar.

Into Cain, he was there this diffe (Heb. 11: 4) te Abel offered up un lent sacrifice than a translation with renders it, "a me a more full or com by declaring the off been made by fat necessary implicati was not made by doubtedly it is, this is said to have be and excellent than fill. He scowled, men do in displac If thou dost not well (or, "if thou is there not an elevance (i. e.,) chee but, if thou dost (is) his desire. E ther, as the elder, right, so that the should hold his family, if he did desire of sin is tow rule over it.

And Cain talker Heb. "And Cain brother," after w the Hebrew copies if something had men probably his hatred, convert by his broth occurred of execu pose. And sle whether the wo Abel" imply a quarrel which led any rate, Cain's ing preferred to b I know not. T tradition is fou which states that the Lord's knowle he therefore busi query. "Where is the bold question keeper?" Am Only Cain-like m