

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsummed spaces
Blown out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,
Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay!

We near me when all else is from me drifting:
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.
I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold;
Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding
grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place:
Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving
cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green ex-
pansions
The river of Thy peace.
There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find, at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.
J. G. Whittier.

JAKE'S DELIVERANCE.

I was holding meetings in the Far West, telling what God had done for me. One night I spoke in the opera-house, and at the close asked the people to come and sign the pledge. A tall man stood up away in the back part of the building, and shouted, "Put my name on that pledge!" I was busy with the signers, for out of a population of 10,000 three hundred people came forward at that meeting and registered their names. I turned and saw the man standing near by.

As I caught his eye he reached out his hand and said, "I am the man who said, 'Put my name on that pledge.' Do you think I can keep it?" "Yes, I think you can keep it, with God's help." I had scarcely released his hand when two of the finest men of the city came up to speak to him. "Now, Jake, you make an effort and we will help you." I wish I had the graphic touch of an Angelo, that I might picture the face of the man as they got hold of his hand. Said he, "Will you—help—me?" "Yes, we will!" "Well—I'll—try!" Ah! he knew what a fight it was to be.

These men did not leave him. Give me the Christian heart that grapples with the sinking man and says, "I will not let him go." They are the true heroes anointed by God himself, who will walk to the edge of the pit and pull up their lost brother if their hands are burned in doing it. These men stayed with Jake all night—think of it!—they never went home. They made a little vinegar punch, and put it on his burning lips, so strong was the appetite that was consuming him, and with which he had to do battle.

I was passing up the public street next day early in the morning. A gentleman stopped me and said, "That man is in my office." I'd like to see him," I said. "After I had mailed some letters I went into the lawyer's ante-room, and there was my poor, drinking friend, with this Christian gentleman holding his head. The man did not notice me, and in a little while I found my eyes were blinded. By-and-by he threw up his head a little, and oh, such a face! Sunken cheeks, lips coated and drawn tight, and large, black eyes looking out of his head. "Mr. Murphy, would you go home with me?" I said I would. "When would you go?" "I will go now." "I want to tell you," he said, "I have one of the best women in the city for my wife, and I have a lovely little boy; but I've not been to home for about a week, and I am ashamed to go." I knew something about what it was for a man to be away from home for about a week, and I said, "I will go."

We started down the steps, and as we reached the street, the carriage of a friend of mine was passing. He asked us to get in. As we drove near the place, Jake punched me and said, "That is my house, over there." We could see a little woman through the window. "That is my wife." We got him out of the carriage. He was a great tall Pennsylvania Dutchman, and he straightened himself up and walked as best he could to the door. Mind you, he was not sober. As I saw him walking along, I thought, "A little while ago I was in that condition myself; I thank God I am saved." I stepped in with him, and his wife was sitting by the window sewing. I have seen a great many sorrowful-looking women, but I think I never saw such a face. Jake undertook to introduce me. "Wife—this is—Mr. Murphy—the temperance—man. I met him—

down town—last night—and I thought I would bring him—up home. I didn't—know but you would—like—to—see him." She never lifted her head. "This is Mr. Murphy—the—temperance man." But she paid no attention to either of us. I believe she thought I had been keeping company with her husband in his cups. Jake walked across the floor, sat down in a chair and with his elbows on his knees, hid his face in his hands. Nobody invited me to sit down, but I helped myself to a chair. I could not help looking at Jake's wife. There she sat with her face white as marble, and the cheek bones sticking out. I am not exaggerating when I say that her hand looked more like a bird's claw than a hand.

By-and-by, to the right of me, in a back room there was a sound of something going on. A little fellow walked out, and patter, patter, went his little feet along the floor. Where do you think he went? Over yonder to the drunken father. He laid his little hands on his father's hands. The man raised his head a little, and put his arms around his boy. Said he, "Do you—love—papa?" "I love oo, papa! I love oo, papa!" the little fellow replied. The poor drunken father kissed his boy; then bowed his head and wept like a child. The mother had paid no attention to me, but when she heard her husband weeping she lifted her head in amazement and said to me, "Mr. Murphy, has my husband signed the pledge?" I said, "Yes, ma'am." In an instant the little face that was so white became radiant with the color of a new life. She, too, bowed her head and wept. The poor drunkard rose to his feet and came and knelt before his wife. He steadied himself, and said, "Wife, I want you to forgive me." "Oh, yes," she said, "I can forgive you; but the child has been so hungry?" "I know it, but with God's help it shall never occur again."

I must tell you that the wife's father lived in a city of Pennsylvania, and the mayor of the town had telegraphed to her father that she was starving. Says she, "Father has been here, and he says if I won't go home now, I never can go." And then she said, "Do you want me to go?" "Oh, no," he said, "stay with me." I said to her, "Have you ever asked God for Christ's sake to give you your husband sober?" "I do not think I have, Mr. Murphy; I do not know how to pray." I said, "Let us kneel down together and ask God to help us." In that little room in the Far West I knelt with my brother and sister, and in my humble way asked God for Christ's sake to help the poor drunkard. And oh, how he prayed for himself; I heard the crack of the chains that bound him. I saw the walls of the prisonhouse, where he had lain so long, crumble to pieces by the infinite mystery of God's saving grace. I saw him stand erect, disenthralled, with a free hand, a clean mouth, and a new heart. He has been a true, noble, consistent Christian gentleman, and a member of the Church of Christ, from that time to the present. And to-night he receives the grateful devotion of forty thousand men whom he has helped as a living testimony to the saving efficiency of the Gospel of the Son of God.—Francis Murphy in London Christian.

SENSIBLE ADVICE.

Bob Burdette, in the Burlington Hawkeye, gives this bit of advice; You want to know, do you, my son, why it is that with all your man-agement, you can't live on your salary, and are always in debt at the end of the year? Well, I'll tell you, Telemachus, why it is, and it won't cost you a dollar for the information. It's because you're trying to have a \$1,200 time on a \$600 salary, and it can't be done. Older men than you have tried it and failed right along. A \$600 boarding house and a \$300 livery stable just exactly cuts the last coupon of your salary, and then how the man who makes your clothes expects to get anything out of you is more than you can tell him. Yours is a very simple case, my dear, and you can apply the remedies yourself, and perform the necessary operation without the presence of a consulting surgeon. "Will it hurt?" My poor boy, you can bet your last bottom dollar that it will hurt. It will make you squirm a thousand times a day, until you get out of debt, and then you'll feel as though you were in Paradise. Begin treatment at once; the longer you wait the worse your case will be, and the more you'll dread it.

Our chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do what we can. This is the service of a friend.

INFLUENCE.

Drop follows drop, and swells
With rain the sweeping river;
Word follows word, and tells
A truth that lives, forever.
Flake follows flake, like sprites
Whose wings the winds discover;
Thought follows thought, and light
The realm of mind forever.
Beam follows beam to cheer
The clouds a bolt would shiver;
Throb follows throb, and fear
Gives place to joy forever.
The drop, the flake, the beam,
Teach us a lesson ever:
The word, the thought, the dream,
Impress the soul forever.

WILD ANIMALS AND THEIR TA LERS.

Almost every dangerous creature in the best recent collections has been both wild and tame. The lions, the tigers, the panthers, are as large and terrible-looking as ever, and it would be just as dreadful a thing if they should get loose among the spectators. It is worth while, therefore, to see them all playfully submissive to a little man or woman with a mere whip in hand.

The more a wild beast can be taught the more he is worth; but there is no telling how stupid some lions and other savages are. The very best of them, even after all kinds of good schooling, retain a lurking disposition to make a meal of their keeper, or of anybody else, if a good opportunity is given for it. "Taming" is a process which has to be constantly renewed, for the tamest tiger is a tiger still, and there has been no change in his born conviction that all other living creatures are "game" for him. The best lion and tiger "kings" of to-day say that every time they enter a cage containing these fierce creatures they carry their lives in their hands.

"Gentle" remarked one of these venturesome folk the other day. "Those tigers of mine? Why do you see that whip? I know, as well as I know anything, that if I drop that whip when I am in that cage, they'll be on me. Their idea of obedience is connected with the whip, first; then with my voice; then with my face. Severity? Cruelty? no use at all. I never use cruelty in training them. Only patience. When I take on a new cage of beasts I work to get them used to me; feeding them; cleaning the cage; talking to them; all that sort of thing; before I go in among them. Then I do that. It's a ticklish piece of business, going in the first time; and I pick my chance for it when they're specially peaceable. I go right in just as if it were a matter of course, but I keep my eyes about me. It's all humbug that a man's eye has any power over a wild beast. Your eyes are to watch their motions—that's all. They'll find out quickly enough if you're getting careless. They're sure enough to be watching you all the time. Are they intelligent? Well, there's as much difference among 'em as there is among men. I can train a really intelligent lion, right from the wild, in about four weeks, so he will do all that the lion kings make them do. A lioness always takes a couple of weeks longer, and so does a leopard or a tiger. You can't get a hyena well in hand inside of two months. They're the meanest of brutes. They never understand anything but a club. The easiest to train, because they know the most are pumas. I can teach a puma all it needs to know in four weeks. Affection? Teach those fellows to love you? That's all nonsense. They'll fawn and fawn on you, you'll think you've done it, may be. Then you go into the cage, if you want to, without your whip, or when they're in a bad temper, and find out for yourself what they'll do.

"There's great odds among them, though, and that young puma with her head up to be kissed is what you might call gentle. Only they're all treacherous. Every lion king gets sick of it after a while. I could name more than a dozen of the best who have given it up right in the prime of life."

The "keeper" question is one of prime importance in collecting and managing wild animals. Trainers of the right kind are scarce, and although high pay can hardly be afforded, it will not do to put rare and costly animals in the care of stupid or ignorant men. Such qualities as courage, patience, good temper, and natural aptitude for the occupation are also needful, and they are not always to be had for the asking. Unless the right men are secured, however, the failure of the menagerie is only a question of time. As for the "specimens" themselves, it is much easier to obtain them than it once was, owing to the better facilities for transporting them from the several "wild-beast countries." Catching them in their native wildernesses has been a regular trade for ages.

The market price of a menagerie animal of any kind varies from time to time, like that of other merchandise, according to the demand and supply. A writer stated recently that zebras are sold at a little over \$2,000 a pair, gnus at about \$800 a pair, while rhinoceroses cost about \$6,000 per pair, and tigers about \$1,500 each. A short time ago, however, and perhaps now, a very good "uneducated" tiger could be bought in London for from \$500 to \$800. The same beast the moment he takes kindly to learning and promises to be sparing of his keepers, doubles and trebles in value. There is no telling how much he would be worth should he show further signs of intellect or good morals, but he is like a human being in this respect—the more he knows, the more it will pay to give for him. The same rule applies to the entire list, from elephants to monkeys, so that no precise idea can be given of the probable cost of a menagerie.—St. Nicholas.

WOMEN'S PRAYER MEETINGS.

I would like to urge upon my friends everywhere, the establishment of women's prayer-meetings. I know that many ladies shrink from going to them, because they dread being asked to take part in them audibly. It is my impression that every one should be allowed the largest liberty in this regard. The person who leads should not call upon any one by name to pray or to speak, unless she is sure that her doing so will occasion no embarrassment. She can easily find out this by a question beforehand. If opportunity is afforded and hearts are kindled by the influence of the Holy Spirit, there will be no trouble about this. Lips that have always been locked in silence, will be unloosed; gentle voices which have only been lifted in lullabies at home, will lead the choral praise. A word of advice to those who do undertake a meeting. Begin it in somebody's parlor or sitting room. The church is apt to be too cold, in more than one sense. The schoolroom frightens by its formally ranged benches and desks. Do not have a stiff arrangement of chairs, in regular rows, as if for a funeral. Talk; do not make addresses. Do not cry if you can help it, when you speak or pray. One who desires to do others good, should have her emotional nature under control. It is distressing to hear a woman gasp, and choke and gurgle, when she is trying to utter petitions in the ear of the Lord. Speak loud enough to be heard all around the room. Do not rely upon the presence of a gifted sister, or upon well conducted and thoroughly-planned machinery. Depend wholly upon the Lord. Implore the Holy Spirit, and believe that He is there. Take the promises, one by one, and claim them for yours, to be redeemed now and always. A present help is the Christ of your love and trust.—Advocate and Guardian.

LAW, NOT JUSTICE.

William Shaw, a respectable tradesman of Edinburgh, was blessed with a daughter who had formed a foolish attachment for a young man of bad character. Naturally enough, the father objected to the whole business. The foolish young woman, growing desperate, stabbed herself. When in the throes of death, in the presence of witnesses, her father appeared, and before expiring she uttered the words, "Cruel father, thou art the cause of my death!" The father, at this accusation, was said to exhibit great agitation. On the evidence, then, of the daughter's dying speech, and the decided alarm which he displayed, the unfortunate father was condemned to the gallows. Apparently no evidence could be more conclusive; but still, be it remembered, it was only "apparently." It was simply after all going on the question of precedent. It was only a presumption of fact grounded on a general belief that the confession of a dying person may always be taken for granted to be true. But circumstances proved otherwise. A year or so afterward, as a new tenant of Shaw's former apartments, was rummaging by chance in the room in which Catherine Shaw had died, he accidentally discovered a paper which had fallen into a cavity on one side of the chimney. It was folded as a letter, and on being opened the following confession was brought to light:

"Barbarous Father.—Your cruelty having put it out of my power ever to join my fate to that of the only man I could love, and tyrannically insisting upon my marrying one whom I always hated, has made me form a resolution to put an end to an existence which is become a

burden to me. I doubt not I shall find mercy in another world, for sure no benevolent Being can require that I should live any longer in torment to myself in this. My death I lay to your charge. When you read this, consider yourself an inhuman wretch that plunged the murderous knife into the bosom of the unhappy

"CATHERINE SHAW."

For another case might be quoted the famous trial and conviction of Bradford, the innkeeper. Here the evidence which produced conviction consisted of the fact that he was seen standing with a bloody knife in his hand over the body of the murdered man. Bradford was executed; but by a deathbed confession of guilt it subsequently became known that the real murderer was the servant of his victim, who had been tempted to the crime by the knowledge that his unfortunate master was carrying a considerable sum of money about his person. Here again, was another case of the fallibility of arguing on precedent. Other undoubted murderers have been convicted because they had been caught red-handed in the presence of their victims. Therefore Bradford was undoubtedly guilty because he was discovered under the same circumstances, and it was quite unnatural to suppose anything to the contrary. As to the well-known case of the Courier of Lyons, the Geddeley case and the recent case of Habron, who fortunately escaped the gallows, there is no need to enter into any particular details, as those already quoted are sufficient for any ordinary purposes of exposition. It may be taken for granted, then, that the lawyer is not always the best, and never at any time the only judge of the value of evidence.—Tinsley's Magazine.

A NEEDLESS SHADOW.

I said unto myself, If I were dead
What would befall those children? What would be
Their fate, who now are looking up to me
For help and furtherance? Their lives, I said,
Would be a volume wherein I have read
But the first chapters, and no longer see
To read the rest of their dear history,
So full of beauty and so full of dread.

Be comforted! the world is very old,
And generations pass, as they have passed,
A troop of shadows moving with the sun:
Thousands of times has the old tale been told:
The world belongs to those who come the last,
They will find hope and strength as we
have done.
—H. W. Longfellow.

WELCOME THE STRANGER.

Two law students on a certain Sabbath strayed into a church, where they were strangers, walked its whole length to the pulpit, and not a door of a single pew was opened or a single seat offered to them. With quiet dignity they turned and marched out again, went about a mile to the school, and then returning with chairs made their appearance in the church again, coolly seating themselves in the broad aisle. They had no trouble after that time in finding open doors in that church, and, as had been remarked by a leading lawyer of that town, "That was the best sermon ever preached in that church!" We remember once in Philadelphia going to morning service with a young man who was not in the habit of going to church, and although there was plenty of vacant seats, not one was offered to the two young strangers. One of them, after helping himself to a seat directly under the pulpit, remained a few moments and then walked out saying, "I've not attended church before for years, and I'm certainly good for another two years' absence." Are we not, as church members, too often guilty of this inattention to strangers? Many of them come with weary and lonely hearts to the sanctuary to find rest for body and spirit and a welcome smile. A kindly invitation to its hospitality is a mighty agency to win and attract a soul.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

BY THE SHORE.

I stood by the shore as the anchor went down,
And the merchant-ship swung to her chain,
And saw the dark sails row up to the town,
Returned from the far-away main.
I cried, "What a glorious thing it must be
To come home in a ship from the deep,
With heart stirring tales of the wonderful sea,
And the coast that all latitudes sweep!"
But a sailor replied, "mid the laughter and din,
And the hand-shaking going about,
'Before you can be in a ship coming in,
You must be in a ship going out!"
Tenth's Companion.

ROSE LEAVES.

Some one has said: "Kindness is stowed away in the heart like rose leaves in a drawer to sweeten every object around." A little girl of about nine years old was walking along a muddy street in Chicago; her father held her hand, and seemed very tender in his care of her. The quality and style of their gar-

ments hinted strongly of wealth, while the strong good face of his child, told of something better than wealth—even of depth of hearts. Just as they reached a crossing, where the mud was thick and the wind blew strong, and wheels of all descriptions passed each other in tiresome confusion, they noticed a poorly-clad old man, on whose trembling arm rested a large basket, heavily laden, standing on the corner, as if fearful of crossing over. She looked anxiously at the whirling carts, and deprecatingly at the passers-by. No one seemed to heed her as she walked dressed through hurried along.

"Come Edith," said the father, "this is a dangerous crossing; papa will carry you across."
He put out his arms as he spoke lovingly. But the child only whispered:
"Papa, I have rubbers; I'm not afraid of the mud. Papa, see the poor old woman—she seems afraid of something, see how she trembles. Couldn't you help her, papa, while I run ahead?"
For answer, the gentleman approached the old woman, saying in a low voice:

"This is a tiresome crossing, madam, let me lead you across; give me the basket, please."
Could you have seen the radiant, thankful look on that weary old face, as the woman found herself safe on the other side, I think you would have echoed her fervent cry: "God bless that man, and the blessed child too!"—Sunday-School Times.

JESUS GOING TO CHURCH.

A great many of our children in Christian lands never go to church. A large proportion of such children have parents who belong to the church, and who, if not every Sunday, yet frequently attend church themselves, but they rarely if ever take their children along with them. The children go to the Sunday-school and the result is that they scarcely ever hear the Gospel preached, and they know but very little of the principles of the Christian religion. This is all wrong. If children can only go to one service on the Sunday they ought, as the eminent Dr. Vincent, the great Sunday-school man says, to go to the preaching service. If we look into the early life of Jesus we can have no doubt that when he was a boy he went to the public service of the sanctuary. They had no Sunday-schools then as we do now, so he went at all he went to the public service. His mother Mary, and Joseph were good people, and they loved the house of God, and there can be no doubt that they took the boy Jesus along with them. Sunday he did not stay at home while they went to church. He did not spend Sunday as so many boys do now, in sleeping, and playing and reading story books or papers.

We know that when he was twelve years old he went with his parents to Jerusalem to attend public worship in the great temple, and he enjoyed it so well that when the company with which he came set out for their home in Galilee, he did not go with them, but lingered for several days in the temple, conversing with the wise and good men who loved to worship God. Parents ought faithfully to take their children with them to the house of God on Sunday, for the public service even if they do not go to the Sunday-school. And all good boys and girls ought to follow the example of Jesus and attend the service in the house of God and listen to the preaching of the Gospel.—W. E. Mallahan.

DONT GIVE UP.

A gentleman travelling in the northern part of Ireland heard the voices of children and stopped to listen. Finding the sound came from a small building used as a school-house, he drew near; as the door was open, he went in and listened to the words the boys were spelling. One little boy stood apart, looking very sad. "Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman. "O, he is good for nothing," replied the teacher. "There is nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in the school." The gentleman was surprised at his answer. He saw the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid were nearly crushed. After a few words to them placing his hand on the head of the little fellow who stood apart, he said: "One of these days you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up; try my boy—try." The boy's soul was aroused. His sleeping mind awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became anxious to excel, and he did become a fine scholar. It was Dr. Adam Clarke. The secret of his success is worth knowing: "Don't give up; but try my boy—try."

THE SU...

POWER OVER M...

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