OUR HOME CIRCLE.

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving Love him. Yes, and let him know That you love him, ere life's evening Tinge he brow with sunset glow. Why should good words ne'er be said Of a friend-till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you, Sung by any child of song, Praise it. Do not let the singer Wait deserved praises long. Why should one who thrills your heart, Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you By its humble, pleading tone, Join it. Do not let the seeker Bow before his God alor e. Why should not your brother share The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling From a brother's eyes, Share them. And, by sharing, Own your kinship with the skies. Why should any one be glad, When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh is rippling Through the sunshine on his face, Share it. 'I is the wise man's saving-For both grief and joy a place. In which an nonest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy By a friendly helping hand, Say so. Speak out brave and truly, Ere the darkness veil the land. Should a brother workman dear, Falter for a word of chees ?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness, All enriching as you go; Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver, He will make each seed to grow; fo until its happy end, Life shall never lack a friend.

question before the meeting was-

prise a well-to-do, prosperous mer-

should get up a supper, compli-

better than leave the matter in their

hands. The motion was seconded

and the vote about to be taken,

when our young man suddenly

said he, "isn't our church able to

provide a new roof and carpets?"

'That is what we propose to do,'

said the gentleman in the chair.

ly, "but how? By begging, sir;

and not very straightforward beg-

ging, either; by wheedling people

ness with a Seventh Presbyterian

Church if we can't support it, and

the other six churches!" There

" to canvass the congregation and

" I ALWAYS WIN,"

pathy against cards, Mrs. Allen?'

asked a merry girl of a silver-hair-

'Yes I have?' was the slow re-

Then you don't like to see us

'I didn't say that.' said the elder

woman with a smile. 'But finish

Two young gentlemen and two

ultingly he announced it, with ad-

'Come, Mrs. Allen,' said one of

of the merry girls,' you said you

We're just in the mood to listen,

'I think I told you,' said Mrs.

Allen, that I knew somebody who

boasted that he always won at cards.

How very much like you,' she ad-

likeness when I first met you,

'Have you any particular anti-

found his tongue, "Mr. Moderator,"

A MORE EXCELLENT WAY.

I am not going to say a word against church fairs, because I know I should be speaking against a great deal of honest, self-denying work, given with pure intentions and accomplishing good results. But I have two little stories to tell, that seem to me to show "a more excellent way." One is the example of a Virginia church which had for many years been in the habit of erely condemned by him. "I will holding a week's fair in June for be one of four," said the stranger, benevolent purposes.

It was a time much dreaded by see if the sum needed can be raisthe ladies who managed it, but each ed." Three others were found, and year they bravely put their shoul- the four were appointed a commitders to the wheel, and all day and tee of ways and means. half the night, from Monday till They met at our young friend's Saturday, they left their home room, divided the congregation into ships to flounder along without the four districts, and in a straightforgentle pilot, the husbands dutifully ward, business-like way, asked each restraining (let us hope) their in- member what he could give. My clination to swear, and the little second story runs parallel with the ones-ah, that was a trial. The re- first, the sum raised exceeded that lived. sult was and some, about a thous- which the most successful supper and dollars generally, and the fair ever made, and to the credit of was looked upon as a necessity.

One bright June Sunday the pas- they made our young man utterly tor set all his people agape by tell- unhappy by public thanks to him ing them after the sermon that he for having shown t em "a more had resolved to ask them to give excellent way." - Illus. Christian up their fair this year, and try a Weekly. plan of his proposing to effect their object. He knew, he said, that it would not be generally approved, but was sure his people would agree that it deserved a trial, after which, of course, they would use their own discretion. He then asked that each ed woman whose face was not yet household should have a family old. council and decide how much they would be likely to give toward the ply. tair this year. The house-mistress was to say how many cakes, how play?" much ice-cream, etc., she would have contributed, and then carefully count the cost of these articles. | your game, and then, perhaps, I To these valuations the father was may tell you my reasons for dislikto add the sum he had intended to ing cards,' divide among his family to spend at the fair, and the children were to young ladies formed the party. The be asked to bring their pennies former were general favorites in sowithout getting goodies in return, ciety, with characters forming day because it was for Jesus. Also, if by day, for they were quite youththe family was able, all were not, ful yet. The one with black hair he knew, they might throw in an and black eyes played quietly, if equivalent for the week's hard not languidly; the other of blue work. And the sum of these of eyes and hair of golden bronze, ferings was to be put into a white showed interest and excitement in envelope, endorsed with their names, the game. and carried to church the following | Mrs. Allen sat quietly watching Sunday. That Sunday brought a their regretful exclamations, the crowd to church; the white envel- engerness to win, the chagrin of day dinners that were not already | vanced. cold got so, while the congregation waited in eager expectation. When the pastor ascended the pulpit steps | ded words, 'I always win at cards.' he felt obliged to quiet the excitehe hoped each one would utter a si- in a low voice. lent thanksgiving to God for the spirit of true Christian giving, now first shown among them-for the of- would tell us why you dislike cards. fering exceeded fourteen hundred dollars! And each June sees that for I have been badly beaten, and prosperous church rejoicing in hav-I don't like to be beaten. ing found 'a more excellent way.'

Hear my other story. A young man went, ten years ago, to one of our Western cities, to take a clerk's place in a large business establishment. He was young, he was poor, he was exceedingly shy; nobody expected him to exert much influence in the big, rich, opinionated city. But he had first-rate sense, was a Christian, and had to a perterian churches in the city. Notice fond of cards, and because of the was given one Sunday morning, a fact that he invariably won, he was few months after his arrival, of a lalways ready to make up a party at congregational meeting to be held home or abroad. the following evening. It was a 'I don't know how the fact first

busy time with him, and he had leaked out, but it was whispered never spoken in public, nor been of among his acquaintances that heany use, so far as he could see, at a played for money.

public meeting of any sort. He This of course, reached his mothdid not think, however, of staying er's ears latest of all, and she would away. On reaching the lecture- not believe it. She watched her room of the church at the appoint- boy with trembling eagerness. He ed hour, he took a back seat, and bought a horse, he had always fine gave a low whistle at finding so few clothes, and his appearance was people there. The meeting came | that of a restless, dissastisfied man.

to order, and he presently learned | 'Every night the troubled moththat the church building needed a | er sat up till he came home; but his new roof and new carpets. The hours grew more and more irregular. His business was at length, "Where is the money to come neglected; his luck turned; he from?" To the young man's sur- grew haggard and moody.

'What could be done? Nothing. chant arose and proposed that they He was wedded to his idol. Not only did he play, but he drank; mented the ladies of the church and not only did he drink, but he pledgsaid he was sure they could not do ed things not his own, in the indulgence of his passion. Finally he forged the name of his employer, fought in a drunken fray, was brought home insensible, and for two weeks raved in delirium.

'No one can know what the tor ture of a mother is when her son disgraces her before all the world and this he had done. But repent-"Yes, sir," said the stranger, hot- ance came. He promised never to touch a card; grew into his original beauty; lifted the hopes of all who loved him; was engaged to a lovely

seems to me that we have no busi- | was he was ruined! . 'The love of gaming and of strong once, and that we scatter among ed for money, again he was brought home drunk, again he committed of their influence. They are held was a dreadful silence, broken by a a crime, and this time his ruin was proposal from the merchant, that complete.

'One night he rushed home like erratic course, the church will the young brother should substitute some better method for getting the a crazy man. His mother tried in steadily keep at the work through opening flowers, and by introducing vain to calm him. She was alone, the year, it will find larger and betmoney, in place of the one so sevand he stung to insanity, raved, and tore his hair, and cursed her.

> A shudder went over the little 'Yes, he cursed her because she

had allowed him in the days of his innocence to touch the cards, because with her own hands she had taught him to play.' 'I could never do that,' said the

young man with blue eyes. 'So he would have said at your age. A more affectionate son never

'That night after he had been partially soothed, and had gone to bis room, a pistol-shot was heard. those supper advocates be it said, Mercifully the mother fainted; morcifully she was spared the sight

that others saw.' ' Did he kill himself, then ?' 'Instantly. When I recovered from a long illness"-

'What was he?" 'My only son.' There was a tremor in her low voice, as she added, When I recovered I had no child. Not yet forty, my hair was as white as you see it now. Do you wonder

that I hate cards?' 'Oh, how then could you sit and

see us play?' 'Because I wished to warn von : because there are some temperaments to which success is more baneful than defeat; because one of you put me strangely in mind of my blue-eyed boy.

Her eye fell upon Frank L-He was as pale as death. Later he went up to her and thanked her.

with God's help, I'll never touch a card again.'

SPURTY PEÓPLE.

In religion, as in the affairs of human life, it is the steady and susopes were collected, and the minis- losing. Her eyes were fixed upon all day pull. "How far are you ing and study which she had devotter stated that to all who cared to the young man with flushed cheeks going?, inquired a brisk rider as ed to dress, what a different inmoney could be counted. The Sun- passion of his soul, as the game ad- was the calm reply of the great ev-At last the triumph was his. Ex- can reach there to-day?" continued more importance to adorn the perthe new comer, who was a little 'I knew somebody else who al-"No doubt, if we take it steadily," ment by saying very gravely that ways won at cards, said the lady was the reply. Content with this an hour of such riding he repeated his question as to the probabilities of reaching London that night. Mr. Wesley renewed the assurance that they would arrive at their destinaded, turning to Frank, 'I saw the tion if they went slow enough. But another hour of steady riding exman was one of the handsomest and he dashed on, leaving his companmost promising persons in the city | ion far in the rear. Wesley convictions. He placed his member- ity, life was a very pleasant thing an inn, soon after mid-day, he met quires careful study. Many an hometheclothesshe had worked hard didn't he?'

ship in one of the smaller Presby- to him. But he was passionately his fellow traveller just leaving, awkward, pinched, narrow manhood to wash, deceiving her all the time, or womanhood is directly traceable his conscience seeined touched with his horse a good deal used up or womanhood is directly traceable his conscience seeined touched we by the rapid riding, while that of to a repressed childhood. It is a patted the delicate-looking boy on Wesley was fresh and vigorous for paying investment, in the completthe remainder of the route. But the est significance of the term, to take ber the talk we have had, and we want on thinking also to see the talk we have had, young man dashed on again while children to the most refined and went on, thinking, alas! of so many the calmer and more philosophic perfect type of pleasures and beau- mothers "who don't know" traveller waited leisurely " to bait tiful surroundings. The ocean, the And why don't they know? Part his horse," and then followed at the mountains, beautiful architecture, ly from the mother-love that blinds old pace. The haste of the early landscape gardening, should be ren-them, possibly; partly from their part of the day had so exhausted dered familiar to them to the great- absorption in other things besides the young man's beast that the last est possible extent. There is a the immortal souls given to their part of the journey dragged heav- subtle influence in these things that care; partly because they have fail. ily. The animal moved slower and enters into life, and enters in a peeed to keep the sympathy of their slower at each step; his limbs grew culiar manner to the impressibility child, and partly because they do

heavy and clumsy; and, as might and tender sensibilities of the cature not watch as well as pray. Mothers be supposed, just before reaching of a child. And there is the same "don't know" what their boys, and the capital, near sunset, he was beautiful power in galleries of art, perhaps their girls are reading overtaken by his slow companion, particularly in pictures rather than what conversations they are having who entered the city first and in in statuary, as the element of color day by day, whether they are on good condition. Steady riding is more readily recognized by a child the streets at night, what promisproved the sure way of reaching than that of form. The recognition cuous attentions they are receiving the goal. In religion the same rule of the beautiful in sculpture requires or giving; and it is their business to operates. Spurty people, who seem greater maturity, and a sensitive know. to be doing so much, in their flur- child is very liable to be depressed ries, in reality accomplish less than and frightened at the cold, white ed, humanly speaking, no other so those who move slowly but steadily. figures of sculptured marble. This beneficent plan for the training of Dashes and spurts use up our energies rapidly. The half-hour canter perament, and can be readily detect- clothed in the form of a little child exhausted the resources that would ed by the mother, or by any one in into some mothers' arms, and sad maintain a steady pace for half a intimate sympathy with the unfold- dest among sad things is the case day. Spurty people are seldom in ing of the delicate little life. But when the mother for some unexworking condition: it is your beautiful pictures, oil painting in plained reason "don't know" the steady persons who are always in rich colors, are among the finest nature of the gift she holds, or the harness and ready for a movement educative influences. There are no responsibilities and possibilities of on the enemy's works. There are immediate results. The influence spurty churches as well as individ- may lie latent for years, but it is uals. They do up their labors no less sure or permanent. Placed quickly—the labors of a year often in an atmosphere of beautiful things being compressed into a few weeks. a child grows beautiful in feature to come and gratify their affection girl and by her tempted to play The result is that such churches and in spirit. It is the true way to for oysters, in order that we may only a social game: to drink only get exhausted by the effort and are develop goodness, harmony, moral worship God decently. Sir, it a social glass; and the consequence obliged "to haul up" for repairs. beauty. Much of the ethical in-The putting forth of extra exertion struction administered to children in one part of the year, leads them is actually harmful and confusing drink rushed back upon him like a to become dormant in another. By in its tendency. In these early I move that the building be sold at | torrent of iniquity. Again he play- | these irregular movements, such | years goodness is best taught indipeople of necessity lose a large part | rectly; taught by the preservation to be unreliable and their example

> cated .- N. E. Meth. OUR DAILY RREAD. Only to-day ! dark looms the coming morrow Behind, sad yesterdays are lying dead; Each moment keeps slow step with care and

is not imitated. If, instead of this

ter results than by the irregular

and exceptional method here indi-

Give us, we ask, to-day our daily bread-Only to-day We have no strength to walk unless thou lead us Sin hides each side the straight and narrow

Our hangry souls must faint unless thou feed Help us, we plead, to live aright to-day-Only to-day-

We would not pierce the misty clouds around But day by day thy loving care hath found us; Lead us to-day, O Lord, we ask no more-Only to-day

We could not bear the weight a life-time carries;
Our.strength grows weakness if we do not try; To-morrow comes with face that never tarries; Help us today, O Lord, is all our cry-II " Only to-day !

NO TIME TO READ.

The woman who "has no time to read" generally has no inclination to do so. The true book-lover will make time. I once knew one of these women who never take a book into their hands because they are too busy. She spent days in ruffling, tucking and embroidering, and had no spare moments in which to inform herself of the most ordinary topics of the day. I doubt if she knew how some of the most common 'It was growing upon me, the passion for play.' 'I felt it; but her pronunciation of them. In speaking of her lace curtains, she invariably called them "curtings;" and once we asked her if she intended to remain in the city through the summer and she replied, "Certainly not; we shall go to the mountings in August." She had a very fine tained effort that wins. Some peo- taste in the matter of dress, and was ple, like fancy horses, are good on called "very stylish;" but if she a spurt, but utterly fag out in the had spent part of the time in readwait he would announce the result, and shining blue eyes, reading the as soon after the benediction as the carnestness, the excitement, the his long journeys. "To London," her children, as well as upon the society in which she moved. But angelist. "And do you think we the mistaken woman thought it of son than to improve the mind. nettled at the itinerant's slow pace. | Cultivate a habit of reading if you have it not. We all need a little mental food daily. We need it as assurance, he expressed a desire to we need air, sunshine, sleep and food. bear the good man company. Place | How refreshing to be able to lose | was given and the two, for a seas- ourselves even for a short time in son, jogged on together. But the the pages before us. Let a volume pace was too steady to suit the lay beside your work-basket, and if clothes or books. How long have yeasty young gentleman; and after you have five minutes to spare, im- you smoked?" prove them by a peep at its contents.

CHILDHOOD DAYS. There is no investment of life that pays better than to make a child happy, and there are many things 'I have no he-itation in saying hausted the patience of the young coming under the head of crimes that twenty years ago, this young man, and putting spurs to his horse that are really less wrong than a say?" spirit of exaction and unkindness shown to children, in whose lives it a downcast look, "she don't know I of it, 'cause you see there ain't no where he lived. Sought by every- tinued his measured course unmoved sinks deeper than we may know. | smoke." feet degree the courage of his con- one on account of his wit and vivac- by this little episode. On reaching Child-life is a phenomenon that re-

is merely a matter of individual tem- a soul for Himself as to have putit of a harmonious spirit in the family, by all sweet words and songs, by leading the child to take pleasure in the natural beauty of sunsets, of so far as practicable, the finest scenes of art as given in pictures, and other ways. These surroundings produce the real cultivation. Manners are not a matter of veneering, and adjustment of later life, but the gradu d growth into grace and harmony. A beautiful childhood is the background of all after life, and determines its issues for ever. It is all important to surround childhood with beauty. In its atmosphere are generous impulse, loveliness of motive, and nobleness of

deed. Somewhere George William Curtis says; "Any object, an Alp, Niagara, a storm at sea, are seeds too vast for sudden flowering. They lie in experience, moulding life. Some day the height of noble aims, the broad throw of a generous manhood, betrays that in some happy hour of youth, you have seen the Alps or Niagara." one who is in sympathy with the sweet companionship of a little child can fail to recognize how life grows pure and beautiful in this' communion; common objects take on a new meaning; one is drawn upward to all nobleness of thought, all purity of aim, by this sweet sense

of the childish, untried life. " Ah, little hands, that weak or strong Have still to serve, or role, so long, Have still so much to give or ask."

are words that drift through one's mind till one longs to realize in one's own life all that the little one should become."

OUR YOUNG POLKS.

MOTHER DON'T KNOW.

Walking along one of the streets of Boston, last evening, we met two plainly dressed boys carrying the basket of clothes which their mother had washed. One might be thirteen and one nine. Both were smoking. As we said "Good evening, boys," they both put down their basket and took out their cigars from their mouths.

"We have a boy about your age," addressing the eider, "and so we are fond of boys."

Their faces brightened. "We should feel badly to have him smoke as you are doing, because we think it would weaken his mind and his body, and you know the mothers depend upon their boys for very much in this world. How much does your eigar cost you?" Three cents, and I smoke three a

"And that would make over thirty dollars a year, which would buy "Since I was eight, five years;

and Tommy, who is nine, has smoked for a year." "Does your father smoke?" for if he has the habit there is little use

for precept, usually. "He is dead," "And what does your mother

"My mother," said the boy, with

The Almighty could have arrangthe case.—Congregationalist.

THE HEART OF A CHILD

The other day a curious old weman, having a bundle in her hand and walking with a painful effort, sat down on a step to rest. She was curious because her garments were neat and clean, though threadbare, and curious because a smile crosse her wrinkled face as children passed her. It might have been this smile that attracted a group of three little ones, the eldest about nine. They all stood in a row in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. The smile brightened, lingered, and then suddenly faded away, and a corner of the old calico aproa went up to wipe away a tear. Then the eldest child stepped forward and asked:

"Are you sorry because you haven't got any children?" "I-I had children once, but they are all dead!" whispered the

woman, a sob in her throat. " I'm awfully sorry,' said the little girl, as her own chin quivered. "I'd given you one of my little brothers here, but you see I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you child-bless you forever !" sobbed the old woman, and for a full minute her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll de," seriously continued the child. "You may kiss us all at once; and if little Ben isn't afraid, you may kiss him four times, for he's just as sweet as candy.'

Pedestrians who saw the three well-dressed children put their arms around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her were greatly puzzled. They did not know the hearts of children, and they did not hear the woman's words as she rose

"O! children, I'm only a poor old woman, believing I'd nothing to live for; but you've given me a lighter heart than I've had for ten years." - Golden Days.

BLUE SKY SOME WHERE."

Children are eloquent teachers. Many a lesson, which has done our hearts good, have we learned from their lisping lips. It was but the other day another took root in memory. We were going to a pic-nic, and, of course, the little ones had been in ecstasies for several days. But the appointed morning broke forth with no glad sunshine, no song of birds, no peals of mirth.

There was every prospect of rain -even Hope hid her face and wept. "Shan't we go, mother?" exclaimed a child of five, with passionate emphasis.

"If it clears off. "But when will it clear off?"

"O, look out for the blue sky!" And so he did, poor little fellow, but never a bit of blue sky gladdened his eyes. "Well, I do not care, mother,

said he, when the tedious day had numbered all its hours, "If I haven't seen it, I knew there is a blue sky somewhere."

The next morning there was blue sky, such as only greets us after a

"There, mother, didn't I tell you so?" cried a joyous voice, "there is blue sky!" Then the little head bowed for a moment in silent thought.

"Mother," exclaimed the child, when he again looked up, "there must have been blue sky all day yesterday, though I never saw a bit place where it could have gone to. A smoker for five years, carrying | God only covered it up with clouds, SUNDAY

THE COMM

1. The Fift

mandments

the other six

relation to hu

our parents

parents are, i tives to us ; authority ove sponsibility r teach us his c force them. brought out the revelation in the wildern they are instru commandment children,-De This respons volves the obli or, reverence dren : and it foundation This is made Testament inj ded on the fit 6: 1-3; Col. This obligat of the parent the two human most closely re whom we ar during infand whom we rec and affection, the equipment

is because of t calamity to be that is the c father or moth any part of pas children are have fathers ar ly or carelessly force obediene commands or C The fourth a are worded diff In all the oth from wrong-do dicated by the inot!" But w the Sabbath, ar ents. Very pi than the idea o dren to parents It is in after li ties for honorin

development,

which, ultimat

set up in the v

and base, indeed those who negle live in an age it to be powerful minds of children young men—and too—talk about thers, and the they treat thei wishes, are amou of the times. The promise commandment o the Israelites or

land of promi adopts it, and u own injunction, ing it as a prom 6:3. God ha his sense of the ental relation promise of bless manifested in te the due observat "Honor thy fa promise which e ment times, is co der the new disp ically repeated ment.

2. The Sixth .because man is God. We not take another's l violence, but no Not only so, bu crime is contain of the malicious the uncontrolle leads to the com Matt. 5 : 21, 22 :

3. The Sevent this commandme discretion of the classes, of either for a judicious te portunity to give counsel to thos " the slippery pa it is a subject in altogether than

4. The Eighth planation, but u pecially in rela The principle nee laid down that d in the value of w thefts lead to gre

5. The Ninth .to giving false ev justice, but sa strictly true abou common intercou ciple it forbids at sarily anything calculated to inj

6. The Tenth .ly to desire, so upon getting, who acquired or not, another. Ahab' vineyard is the m tion of it. It is relation to our f School Mag.

PRES Use none but bell-metal kettle jellies. If the lat just befor using then set it over the of vinegar and a