OUR HOME CIRCLE.

WE SHALL KNOW.

When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away.
We shall know each as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

If we ever err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness,
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pain that clouds our day,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

When the silvery mists have veiled us
From the faces of our own.
Oft we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly,
We should trust them day by day.
Neither love nor blame unduly,
If the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

When the mists have arisen above us,
As our Father knows his own,
Face to face with those that love us
We shall know as we are known;
Love beyond the orient meadows
Floats the golden fringe of day,
Heart to heart we bide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
When the day of light is dawning,
And the mists have cleared away.

—*Anonymous,*

SING IT YOURSELF.

My future will not copy fair my past, on any leaf but Heaven's." Maggie murmured the words over, half unconsciously, as she sat in the firelight, listening to the sound of the rain on the roof, and the click of Aunt Margaret's knitting needles, on the other side of the fire. "If you want any more you must sing it yourself," said Aunt Margaret, suddenly.

Maggie started. She had not meant to speak aloud. Two pairs of brown eyes met for a moment in the firelight, the one bright and resolute, the other wondering and half-defiant; then Maggie's dropped. "I don't understand you, Aunt Margaret," she said, with flushing cheeks. How can I sing it myself?"

Aunt Margaret laid down her work and drew her chair close to the girl's own before she answered. "Look here, Maggie," she said, gravely, "I've been watching you and thinking about you ever since I came here, and now that I'm going away to-morrow morning I shan't feel comfortable without telling you that I think you are beginning your life wrong. No—now don't be hurt, dear"—Aunt Margaret's firm, soft hand came over to Maggie's trembling one as she went on—"I know your days have been pretty dark lately. It isn't a light thing for a girl like you to have trouble come over her that seems to take all the light and music out of her life; and to be broken in health with it, too, as you are, so that your whole life must be different from what you had planned. And you've been patient, Maggie—very patient for a girl like you, but anybody who loves you can see that you are unhappy inside. And if I were you, Maggie, I wouldn't have it so—I wouldn't stand it!" "O Aunt Margaret!" cried the girl, with a quick sob, "how can I help it? If it is the Lord's will"—"Maggie Dunning!" said Aunt Margaret, solemnly, "do you suppose that it is the will of Christ that you should be unhappy—that your life should be spoiled? If you do, I can tell you straight out that it isn't so. The Lord never wanted a living soul to be unhappy, and what's more, I don't believe anybody ever came nearer to him by being so." "The old saints didn't think so," said Maggie, doubtfully.

"Well, I don't mean any disrespect to the old saints," said Aunt Margaret, "but my own opinion is that they have found out their mistake by this time, and that if they ever sigh at all in heaven, it is to think how much time they wasted on the earth in training themselves to be gloomy for a place where no gloom will ever come as long as eternity lasts. Why, you can see what God wants, all through the Bible, 'The entrance of thy Word giveth light,' not darkness! 'In thy presence is fullness of joy.' Do you suppose that means heaven alone, when we know that we have His presence here, too? Then there is that verse in Isaiah, 'The redeemed of the Lord shall return and come with singing unto Zion, and songs and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.' Don't you see that the singing is all along the way, not just at the end? It's easy enough to see that joy and gladness come from the Lord, and sorrow and sighing from some one else." "But good people are unhappy, sometimes." "Yes, but they needn't be. Don't think I'm hard, my dear; I'm very sorry for you, and I love you dearly, but I have lived long enough and seen enough of sorrow to know that God's earth is full of glad music, that will come to us fast enough, if we don't shut it out. It is perfectly true that our lives may, and ought to be, one grand, sweet song. And if we know that God wants us to make them so, we know that we can do it. He never lets one song come to an end without putting the score of a new one into our hands. Of course we can't sing it perfectly at once; we must learn it note by note, and perhaps it may never come quite easily, until it changes into the new song of heaven. Still, there are always some happy notes that we can sing, even here, and you know, 'the joy of the Lord is your strength.'" There were tears in Maggie's eyes, now, that were not all of sorrow. "What is the joy of the Lord, Auntie?" she said, softly.

"I think it is just the joy He gives you," said Aunt Margaret. "All pure and innocent gladness comes from Him—the Lord's joy—and it is our duty to search it out and gather it in, and let it spring up in our lives, a blessing to ourselves and all about us. It may be hard at first, until you have formed the habit of happiness, but keep on, Maggie. Drive the sad thoughts away with happy ones, even if they are not so dignified. Learn poetry and repeat it to yourself when you feel gloomy; take fancy work that is difficult enough to keep your mind busy as well as your fingers; be interested in the pleasures and troubles of all with whom you come in contact; and, above all, never miss an opportunity of doing any one a kindness. There is nothing like that for warming the heart, you know. I know you'll come out all right in the end, dear, only I want you to begin now when the song of your life seems ending, and sing it yourself. Remember the child's poem,

Sing, lads though you sing through your tears,
And keep min' o' the words that I say,
A strong, stout heart, and a sturdy steep,
Win o'er the longest way.

There, I didn't mean to preach a sermon. "But Maggie's whole face was glowing with a new light of thought and resolve. "Dear Aunt Margaret, I do thank you," she whispered, as a hand was heard at the door, and the sound of laughing voices announced that the children were coming in from the garden.

"I've really tried to be patient, but I never thought of trying to be happy, too. I know you are right, though, and I mean to do just as you tell me about it. I'll begin just now by helping Jack with his arithmetic lesson; I am sure that ought to fill up mind, for I always was stupid at it."

So Maggie learned her first note in the life song that was to grow into a glorious anthem of praise and blessing to the God of all comfort. And when Aunt Margaret kissed her namesake good-by the next morning, she thought that she already saw, in the soft brown eyes, the dawning fulfillment of the Father's promise, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—*Advance.*

TRUE PRAYER.

The late Dr. James Hamilton had a capital illustration of how general prayers and "oblique sermons" fail to satisfy the soul in the emergencies of life. A Scotchman who had but one prayer was asked by his wife to pray at the bedside of their dying child. The good man struck out on the old track, and soon came to the usual petition for the Jews. As he went on with the time-honored quotation, "Lord, turn again the captivity of Zion," etc., his wife broke in, saying: "Eh! man, you're aye drawn out for thae Jews; but it's our bairn that's a deein'." Then, clasping her hands, she cried: "Lord, help us! O give us back our darling if it be thy holy will; and if he is to be taken, O take him to thyself." That woman knew how to pray, which was more than her husband did. An "oblique sermon" is not prayer. Telling the Lord a hundred things he knows better than we do is not prayer. If persons who lead others in prayer had as vivid a conception of what they want, and as earnest a desire to get it as this poor woman, would there be as many complaints about long prayers as we hear?—*Nashville Ado.*

ONE TENTH FOR GOD.

"One-tenth!" Not even the solemnity of the conclusion could arrest the unbounden astonishment in his voice. "Why, Callie, dear, have you thought what you are saying? That would be sixty dollars? How could we possibly spare it from our income and live? We must live you know."

"I know, it, Warren, and the Lord knows it, too; and yet I believe if we should start out with that determination, and adhere to it closely, He would own and bless the offering."

"I don't know, dear; I don't think I have your faith; it seems to me that I ought to provide for my own household first; isn't there something about a man being worse than a heathen who neglects to do that?'

"Oh, Warren! I don't feel in any danger of starvation; and I do want to try this way; it lies very near my heart. I believe it is the right way to do. That one verse has lingered in my mind ever since we were married—ever since we planned this little home and thought of all the delight it would be. I think we can do it; your estimate of clothing, I believe, was larger than necessary; I know how to be very economical in my dress."

"What's the verse?"

"Oh the verse—it was Jacob's vow: 'And of all that Thou shall give me, I will surely give the unto Thee.'"

"Jacob! well, if I remember the circumstances, he was not a very reputable party to imitate; I never approved of his proceedings about that time, nor for years afterward."

"Oh, but Warren, you remember how the Lord blessed and prospered him. I believe that one thing that Jacob did was right; and it is that I want to imitate, not the other part of his conduct. Warren, I'll tell you, I don't want to influence you unduly in this thing. I should like it very much, and I believe it is the right way, and that we could accomplish it; of course we could, you know, it it is the right thing for us to do; but I won't urge it any further. I'll just ask you to kneel down now, while we set up our family altar, and make it a special subject of prayer; ask the Lord Jesus if He would like to have us give that sixty dollars back to Him."

It seemed to the young husband a very startling way to put it; he could have argued somewhat longer, on logical grounds, but to ask the Lord Jesus what He thought about it was making the thing a tremendously earnest one; sort of obliging a man to abide by the reply which should be received. Nevertheless, he felt unwilling to say that he was not ready to pray over it; so they bowed down before the Lord for the first time in their new home. It was an earnest prayer that followed. A listener would have felt sure that the young man who prayed was very sincere and would certainly abide by the decision which should be reached, and the tone of the prayer changed gradually from that of enquiry to something very like assurance, so that Callie was not surprised to hear him say as soon as they arose:

"We will try it, Callie, and see whether we can pull through."

"But she promptly shook her head at this."

"Don't put it in that way, Warren, as if we were willing to try the Lord for a little while and see whether He would do as He said; I know you don't mean that, but perhaps it sounds like it to Him; let us take Jacob for our model, for this time at least. 'I will surely give the tenth unto Thee.' Let us say it with the 'surely' very prominent."

"But, Carrie, dear, that is very serious business—an absolute promise, you know; it is of the nature of an oath, and I am afraid—we are poor." To this his wife made no sort of answer, only stood with hands clasping his arms, looking up into his face with very grave eyes. A moment of silence, then he laughed.

"I see precisely how that sounds, Callie—as though I was willing to make a trial of the Lord's service, but unwilling to swing off entirely, without a rope to cling. Come, now, I swing off: let's repeat it, Callie, trusting in the strength of Him to make it good." And seizing her hands he clasped them in his own, and raised them in the attitude of prayer, while both voices repeated the words: "And of all that Thou shall give me, I will give the tenth unto Thee."—*From the Pocket Measure by Pansy.*

THE EDGE OF THE CATARACT.

Many years since a steamboat was accustomed to make daily trips between Buffalo and Niagara Falls. The nearest point at which she could approach the mighty cataract was Chipewa Creek, about ten miles distant on the Canada side. One day there was a pleasure excursion, and several hundred men, women and children went down from Buffalo.

After spending the day in all sorts of amusements, in looking upon the falls, admiring the rainbow, passing under table rock behind the falling water, they gathered themselves on board the boat towards night, to return to their homes. By some miscalculation of the engineer, sufficient steam had not been generated, and when, after passing out of the Creek, the boat met the strong, rapid current of the river, instead of going forward, she was slowly borne backwards toward the dreadful cataract.

The people on board, as may well be imagined, became instantly alarmed. The color fled from their cheeks; they stood in speechless horror; the roar of the cataract sounded distinct in their ears, as slowly, slowly they were still borne back toward it.

At length the engineer bethought him of the oil with which he lubricated the machinery. He threw it into the furnace—the flames burst up intensely—steam was generated more rapidly—the wheel moved round with increased velocity—there was a pause as the Titan forces were contending for the mastery. A moment more and there was an upward movement.

Now slowly the boat made headway against the current. In a short time the point of danger was passed, and a long heavy sigh of relief broke from the bosom of every one on board.

A venerable, grey-haired man was there among them. He lifted his hat and said, in a voice trembling with emotion:

"The Lord hath delivered us. Great is the name of the Lord. Let us pray."

And down upon the deck kneeled the multitude, while the heartfelt offering of thanksgiving went up to God, who had wrought for them so great a salvation. But it did not end here. The feeling that had been awakened by the near approach of death did not, with all pass away when the danger was over, as is very often the case. Even there on the brink of that awful precipice, many found their Saviour. A revival followed in the church to which many of them belonged (it was a Sunday-school excursion) and many found peace in believing. One, a man of great wealth, dedicated much to God in the building of a church, as a memorial of his gratitude for being snatched from destruction, both in this life and the life to come.

It is thus that the gate of heaven seems often hard by the gate of hell. God takes the heedless sinner and shakes him over the mouth of the pit; he trembles all over; he sees sin; he sees righteousness; he sees wrath; he sees grace; he sees judgment, he sees love. He looks up and calls the name of the Lord. The Lord saves, and the delivered soul praises him forever. A new song is put into his mouth. He rejoices in the Lord.—*Christian Treasury.*

AN ASTONISHED CONDUCTOR.

"Get aboard old limpy," said a pert conductor to an aged, plainly dressed lame man, standing on the platform, waiting for the signal to depart; "get aboard, old limpy, or you'll be left."

At the signal the old gentleman quietly stepped aboard and took a seat by himself. When the conductor, in taking up the tickets, came to him and demanded his fare, he replied:

"I do not pay fare on this road."

"Then I will put you off at the next station."

The conductor passed on; and a passenger, who had seen the transaction, said to him:

"Do you know that old gentleman?"

"No, I do not."

"Well, it is Mr. ———, the president of this road."

The conductor changed color and bit his lips, but went on and finished taking up his tickets. As soon as he had done he returned to "old limpy" and said:

"Sir, I resign my station as conductor."

"Sit down here, young man. I do not wish to harm you. But we run this road for profit, and to accommodate the public; and we make it an invariable rule to treat every person with perfect civility, whatever garb he wears, or whatever infirmity he suffers. This rule is imperious upon every one of our employees. I shall not remove you for what you have done but it must not be repeated."

That conductor afterward never saw among his passengers another "old limpy."—*Sel.*

GOOD ENOUGH WEATHER.

If a long season of inclement weather is not sufficient excuse for my failing to plant more than four Sunday-schools during the past month, then I can offer no other," writes a Southern missionary. "No complaints, however, about the weather," he adds, "for I shall not soon forget a little rebuke I received a short time ago while stopping to warm and take shelter from a storm in a freedman's humble home."

"What a dreadful day this is!" escaped my lips as I greeted old Aunt Judy on entering her cabin-door.

"Bress de Lord, honey," said she; "don't eberything come from de Lord? Den, if ye is a Christon de wedder is good 'nuff for ye; and if ye ain't no Christon de wedder is mote'n too good for ye."

"The harder it rained the louder did Aunt Judy sing, 'Tank de Lord for eberything.'

"After awhile the storm ceased and, with thanks for her kindness I put a few dimes into the hand of the pious old woman to help her get a pair of winter shoes: 'Good by, Aunt Judy; your short sermon is well worth a collection.' Soon the cabin-door was out of sight, but my pathway seemed to grow brighter, and 'de wedder has been good 'nuff' ever since."—*My Paper.*

FEEBLE SAINTS.

It was an amusing distortion of a good hymn, but there was not a little sound philosophy in it, when the old negro preacher said—

"Judge not the Lord by feeble *saints.*"

And yet this is precisely what the great majority of unconverted men are doing all the time. They will not go to the Bible and give heed to what God himself says. They have no ear for His voice of mercy that offers them salvation for the taking. They do not pay any attention to the solemn warnings that the Scriptures utter. They Judge the Lord by "feeble saints." They attempt to feed their starving souls on the imperfections of Christians—poor food enough they find it! Because God's people are not all that they ought to be, therefore these cavillers will keep aloof from the religion which they profess. Because God's believing followers are not perfect—they do not claim to be—therefore, say these unbelievers, there is no power in religion. Christians cannot claim exemption from criticism. They do not expect it. They know that the eyes of the world are upon them. But they say to the unbelievers—"If you would know the truth, go to the Word; go to Him who is the truth; 'judge not the Lord by feeble saints.'"—*Ill. Ch. Weekly.*

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

Golden head so slowly bending,
Little feet, so white and bare;
Dewy eyes, half shut, half opened—
Lisping out her evening prayer.
Well she knows when she is saying,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
'Tis to God that she is praying,
Praying Him her soul to keep.
Half asleep, and murmuring faintly,
"If I should die before I wake—"
Tiny fingers clasped so saintly—
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."
Oh the rapture, sweet unbroken,
Of the soul who wrote that prayer?
Children's myriad voices floating
Up to heaven, record it there.
If, of all that has been written,
I could choose what might be mine,
It should be that child's petition,
Rising to the throne divine.

—*Central C. A.*

A LITTLE CHILD'S HYMN.

Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me,
When I wake or go to bed
Lay thy hands about my head;
Let me feel thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.
Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night;
Make me gentle, kind and true,
Do what mother bids me do;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.
Once wert thou in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house;
Now thou art above the sky:
Canst thou hear a baby cry?
Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since thou art so far away;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me.

PULLING CALLIE'S TOOTH.

"That tooth must come out," said mamma. Because, you see, it was loose, and there was a new tooth pushing right along behind it.

"It'll hu-urt!" said Callie, with a doleful quiver.

"Not much I guess," answered mamma, cheerfully. "Open your mouth dear," and she managed to tie a strong linen thread around the tooth before Callie shut her mouth tight.

"I ca-an't have it pulled!" said she.

"Very well," said mamma, vexed a little, "you must keep the string around it until you can."

Then Callie's trials began. Papa was going over to the village, and he said Callie might go with him. But how could she with that awful string hanging out of her mouth.

"Maybe I can pull it now," said Callie. "Count ten, mamma."

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, counted mamma with long pauses.

"Oh, I can't," cried Callie.

And she didn't; and papa went to the village without her.

It was almost Fourth of July, and there was to be a picnic in the grove, and Nellie Slater said her mother was going to make currant pies. Callie liked currant pies above everything else to eat.

"But you can't go to the picnic with that string," said mamma.

So one day, Callie went out on the door-step and sat down to think it over. Joe was splitting wood in the yard. Joe was papa's chore-coy.

"I'll tell you how to pull it," said he.

"How? asked Callie.

"Hitch it to the door-knob and then open the door," said Joe. "If you're 'fraid 'twill hurt, you needn't open it but a little.

"Well, I will," said Callie; and she tied one end of her "tooth-string" to the door-knob. But it wasn't a mite of use, for when she opened the door she walked right in after it.

Joe's eyes began to laugh.

"I guess I must get a drink of water," said he. He went in, and pretty soon he wanted to come out again.

"Go e-asy! o-h!" screamed Callie.

But Joe didn't go a bit easy. He banged the door so quick that Callie couldn't keep up with it. And there hung her tooth on the door-knob.

"What made you!" she demanded, and she sat down to cry about it. But when she found it didn't bleed the least mite, nor hurt any, she began to laugh instead.

"Anyway, now I can go to the picnic and have some currant pie," she said, and that's one comfort.

DOING GOD'S ERRANDS.

Hester was a little girl who was trying to love and serve Jesus. And she showed her love for Jesus by seeking to please Him in all she did. She loved to do errands for her mother, and to have her mother say she was a faithful servant when she did them well.

One day she had been talking with her mother about God. As they got through, she looked up with a bright thought beaming in her eyes and said;

"Why, mother, then God is sending us on errands all the time? Oh! it is so nice to think that I am God's little errand-girl."

"Yes, dear," said her mother. "God has given us all errands to do for Him, and plenty of time to do them in, and a book full of directions to show us how to do them. Every day we can ask Him to help us. And when he calls us home to Himself, we shall have great joy in telling Him what we have been trying to do for Him.

"I like that," said Hester. "It is very pleasant to be allowed to do errands for God."

"One of my errands," said her mother, "is to take care of you."

"And one of mine, dear mother, is to honor and obey you. I think God gives us very pleasant errands to do."

"You know that nothing makes us more happy than to do anything for a person that we really love. This is what Jesus meant when he said, 'My yoke is easy and my burden is light.'

This is what the apostle John meant when he said that "His commandments are not grievous." His people serve Him from love, and that makes everything they do for Him light and pleasant to them.