

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

TINY TOKENS. The murmur of a waterfall A mile away. The rattle when a robin lights Upon a spray. The lapping of a lowland stream On dipping banks. The sound of grazing from a herd Of gentle cows. The echo from a wooded hill— Of cuckoo's call. The quiver, through the meadow grass At evening fall.— Too subtle are these harmonies For pen and rule; Such music is not understood By any school. But when the brain is overwrought, It hath a spell. Beyond all human skill and power, To make it well. The memory of a kindly word For long gone by. The fragrance of a fading flower Sent lovingly. The gleaming of a sudden shine On sudden tear. The wafted presence of the hand, The tone of cheer, The hush that means, "I cannot speak, "But I have heard!" The note that only bears a verse From God's own Word: Such tiny things we hardly count As ministry. The sivers deeming they had shown Scant sympathy; But when the heart is overwrought, Oh, who can tell The power of such tiny things To make it well! —F. R. Haeragel.

OUR MISSION.

We used on Sunday to have three full sermons in the country in those times, the people being determined to get the worth of their money, perhaps.

The third discourse upon this occasion, was to the young people; and we were, therefore, pleasantly invited to occupy the front pews. The kindly advice and Christian counsel were certainly worthy of being engraved in letters of gold. We trust they were engraven upon many of our hearts, and that some of us have been better men and women for the faithful words then spoken.

But the point around which our story centres was foreshadowed in this:

"The young are always generous. Let there be system in your charities. It is not benevolence to give your pennies to any beggar who asks alms of you; but you should rather select from among your own town-people, persons who are unfortunate and poor, and then be of service to them by your thoughtful kindness. In this way you will establish a Home Mission of your own, and become missionaries in earnest.

"Perhaps, while I speak these words, some among you may be thinking of a neighbor who requires just this kind of home aid and sympathy. If so, I'm going to ask you to raise your hands. Do not be afraid. It will be no discredit to you."

Pendennis promptly gave the signal designated. The young preacher recognized his former escort, and was evidently gratified at the response. Said he, "If this lad has an object in view you may be sure it is a worthy one, for I happen to know that his heart and judgment are to be respected. If you will all agree to act in concert, I will promise to be one of your number, and see what comes of the effort."

The moment church was over we huddled around Pendennis, to learn whom he had in his thoughts when he held up his hand.

"I was thinking of Ruth Kemp," said he.

"Why her father is the awfulest drunkard out," scoffed Peter, "and her mother is a perfect sloven?"

"And Ruth has the hip disease and can never be anybody, any way."

"There are more children than you can shake a stick at!"

"Do let us have an object that will be interesting," lisped Olive Gay. "I hate to go among filthy, rude people!"

"Now look here!" put in Pendennis. "I know these Kemps are a pretty hard set, and that is just what made me think of them. What's the use of going huckleberrying in a pasture where there ain't any huckleberries! If we are going to do good, we must take off our coats, roll up our shirt sleeves and go at it!"

"That is the right sentiment," said the minister, appearing in our midst, and holding out his hand in a choery way to Pendennis. Then he listened, kindly and gravely, to all we had to say for and against the Kemps.

"Suppose you put it to the vote now, said he. "The best time in the world is the present time."

So he put it to vote and the Kemps received the sympathy of the majority; and we went home to think it over and wake up real missionaries.

Directly the Kemp residence became an object of interest to our entire community. It was a novel—nothing more or less—and lot one in tea had ever thought of entering it.

We had to decide who should be the pioneers in our undertaking. Letta Milton and Olive Gay were selected, so it was their lot to go. After a good many misgivings and discussions as to the best course to pursue, the girls set out with only a few flowers in their hands.

Letta said it would not be delicate to let them feel we were making them the object of charity—and she was quite right.

They found old Kemp, as the boys called him, asleep on the flat door-sill, with a four-footed companion grunting and rooting around him in the most amicable manner.

Mrs. Kemp, who had commenced sweeping the room the moment she perceived the visitors approaching, stirred him up with the broom, and poked him out of the way so that the girls could enter.

"Would you be kind enough to let us come in and rest a little, and get a glass of water?" asked Letta, with a bright smile.

The woman knocked the cat off a broken chair and pushed it toward her, saying, with a sigh: "I guess you can't rest much here; nobody can."

Letta did not wonder she said so, for a place with less home-comfort in it she had never seen.

Mrs. Kemp brought a rusty tin-dipper, without a word of apology, and the girls tried to sip a little water from it.

Ruth was lying on a flock-bed in the corner, a picture of squalid poverty. Her eyes turned eagerly to the beautiful flowers, and Olive placed them upon her pillow. The child clutched at them with the natural demand for sympathy which finds outbreak in the cry—"mother."

The woman's wan face looked almost attractive as she went to the bed and bent over the blossoms.

"Ruth is amazin' fond of such things; I used to be, but—deary me!"

This was said with a weary shake of the head, as if those days were very far away; but, somehow, there came a softer look into her face after that, and she tried to be kind, in her poor way, to the young ladies, who, in turn spoke pleasant words to her.

"We could bring you flowers almost every day," said Letta, going to Ruth and helping her to arrange the blossoms in water. "I dare say there are other things, too, that a sick person would like that we have an abundance of. Books, for instance, and—what else?"

"Milk?" asked Ruth, hesitatingly.

"Oh, yes, we could send you some every day, if you would like."

Ruth broke out into a queer, nervous laugh that made the girls long to cry. It did not sound as if she was used to laughing.

"We don't keep a cow now," the woman said, with a long dismal sigh. She haint much of an appetite, Ruth haint; poor critter!"

"Mrs. Kemp," said Letta, trying to wink the tears off her long, silken lashes, "you must let us idle girls help you to bear some of your burdens. How do you manage to take care of such a large family?"

"It aint taken care of. I suppose some folks think I could do better, but I can't. When I was a girl, I was bright and active enough, and I'm sure I never thought I should come to this. But girls don't know what's before 'em."

"Well, I think I know what's before me," said Letta; "I am going to be of some service to you and Ruth. We've got a little sewing society started among the young folks, and if you would let us take your children and sew for them, it would be doing us a service."

"I am sure it would be doing me one," said the poor woman, brightening. "It's the first real cheerful word I've heard in many a year. When a poor critter gets stuck in the mud, like me, a little lift goes a great ways."

"You would not mind us girls running in and out to amuse Ruth, would you, Mrs. Kemp?"

"I would be glad and thankful, miss; I would, indeed!"

The next morning Peter went up with a can of new milk, a loaf of white bread, and somebody added a nice new bowl and spoon. When he came back, his eyes looked as red as a beet.

"You have been crying," said Olive.

"It's none of your business if I have," blurted out Peter.

Little by little, we made our way into the hearts and homes of the Kemps, until we made it all over. Then we brought Mrs. Kemp to church in a new dress, and the children to Sabbath-school. We

had the hardest tug with poor old Kemp himself; but when we got the dealers to refuse him liquor, we soon brought him to terms. Such a laugh as we had the day the boys put the pig in the pen, and we coaxed Mr. Kemp to wear a collar. It was hard to say which was the most uncomfortable.

Finally the minister went in to pray with the family and comfort Ruth. We asked him to go at the first, but he said "No, not yet." He thought money, and food, and raiment, and kindness were better at the first than exhortations. When he did go, I think the Kemps listened to him as to a friend who had clothed and fed them.

We never lost sight of the poor in our village after that delightful experience, and have kept up our Home Mission ever since, and I do earnestly hope there are many young who will become just such missionaries.—Youth's Companion.

STRANGE THINGS IN DEATH.

There are some remarkable things in connection with the death of Rev. C. C. Showers, a local preacher of Bloomington, Indiana, who was suddenly crushed beneath the cars at Greencastle, on the 16th ult. He came up on the noon train of that day from his home, en route for Indianapolis, and thence to different points in Ohio, in the interest of the large furniture factory of "Showers Brothers," the brothers being his own three sons. He came to Greencastle, and having three hours to wait, called on some of his old friends, appearing in better health than usual. He was a hale, active, robust man of sixty-five years. On returning to the depot he had to cross the track. He thought his train was coming beyond the platform, and was walking with his hand to his face as a shield from the snow-storm. It proved to be the down-train for New Albany, and owing to the escaping steam from a near engine, he did not hear the train, and stepped on the track immediately in front of the stowing engine. When about to strike him, he saw his danger, and turned with his back to the train, but in his bewilderment had not time to leap before the iron guard struck him. He was carried thirty-eight feet, caught under the wheels and crushed to death. He lived a few minutes but never spoke.

But here is the remarkable part of this terrible affair. On Saturday night, at his home, he had a strange and impressive dream which awoke him. He told his wife, and at early morn went to one of his sons, and related it to him. He also told it in the class of which he was a member. He dreamed that he suddenly died, and a guide escorted him among high mountains until they came to a deep ravine and large cave, into which a great throng of wretched people were entering. As each one entered and was ordered to advance, he fell on his knees and begged for mercy; but a deep and solemn voice would say it is "too late," "too late," "too late," repeating it thrice to each. His guide told him this was the entrance to hell, and that they who entered were worldly Church members, and that the fault was largely owing to the preachers who preached more to please than to save souls. The guide told him that was not his doom, and that he would soon take him to his heavenly home.

He was so impressed with this strange bright vision that he spent all day Sabbath in reconsecrating himself to God. On Monday he was to start on his trip, and did so. One of his sons was to go that same day to Louisville, on important and urgent business, to be absent a day or two. The father entreated him not to leave, saying, "William, don't go to-day." "Why not, father?" said the son. He said; "Do not leave home until you hear from me." At this the son promised to remain, and did so. About 5 o'clock that evening he received the despatch telling of his father's death. This is truly strange and by many would have been regarded as superstition before the accident, but surely not afterward.

The morning he left home he told his wife he knew not where or how soon he should fall, but for her to be assured that he was ready. On the train he spent most of the time reading a beautiful Bible, which he carried in his valise, and talked long with an old friend, reading and expounding the third chapter of first John, to prove that one could live a holy life without sin. His favorite theme was sanctification, and had been for seven years. He preached it, talked it, and professed the experience wherever he went. Many thought he made his "hobby" too prominent, but surely it was a splendid hobby for such a death.

This seems a strange providence. We ask, Could not God have im-

pressed or aroused his mind so as to change just one step, and thus spare his dear servant such a horrible death? Surely he could, and doubtless had done so many times before. If he had, no one would have claimed it as a special providence. There are scores of instances in the life of almost every one where we can see we were as near death, but by some little accident delivered and spared.

This occurs so often that we fail to recount them as special providences and favors from our loving Father. Then who can say it was "horrible" to the deceased. The most glorious scenery may have been before him, and the richest melodies of heavenly music may have suddenly fallen upon his enraptured soul. Besides, we can see that some great and deep lessons have been forced upon the minds of thoughtful people in two cities, besides upon his sons and daughters, that they may be still more consecrated to their father's God. Here are also important suggestions for both ministers and Church members. He may have slain more sin in his death than in his life. How sweet to be ready every day and every hour! He that is ready to die, is best prepared to live. It is safe to love and trust God. "He doeth all things well."—Rev. J. W. Webb, D. D. in Western Adv.

HISTORY OF A LIFE.

Day dawned within a curtained room Filled to faintness with perfume, A lady lay at point of doom.

Day closed; a child had seen the light; But, for the lady, fair and bright, She rested in undreaming night.

Spring rose; the lady's grave was green; And near it oftentimes was seen A gentle boy with thoughtful mien.

Years fled; he wore a manly face, And struggled in the world's rough race, And won at last a lofty place.

And then he died! Behold before ye His nanity's poor sum and story: Life—Death—and all that is of glory.

Barry Cornwall.

MENDELSSOHN'S MOTHER.

Abraham Mendelssohn's wife was a Jewess, Leah Solomon, trained in most orthodox principles, which, however, she held in silent abeyance in conjunction with her husband. The children were reared as Protestant Christians, but at first without the knowledge of the old grandmother, who had cursed and cut off her son Bartholdy on her learning of his abjuration of Judaism.

The study of Abraham and Leah Mendelssohn's faces is a most interesting lesson in heredity, the Jewish type of the mother being unmistakable in Felix, but in Fanny and Rebecca being qualified by the more cosmopolitan features of the father. Moses, the grandfather, had the infirmity of being slightly uneven in his shoulders; his enemies pronounced him humpbacked, but this term is an exaggeration. In Fanny this appeared very slightly, and had to be carefully hidden by her dress. Vivacity and intelligence were marked in all the children, but they were not generally spoken of as so beautiful as their mother, who, though Jewish in type, had small and regular features, and great delicacy of figure. She was musical, but not in the eminent degree of her two elder children; yet she was Fanny's earliest teacher, and conducted her through the most difficult studies of Bach, so that while a mere child she was able to play from memory not only vast quantities of Beethoven's and Mozart's music, but twenty-four of Bach's fugues. Of her just at her birth her mother writes; "The child has a Bach fugue hand"—a fact which her later development only confirmed. She was a lady of romantic temperament, quite unlike her methodical and austere husband. Her youth was spent in a pleasant half-country place in the outskirts of Berlin, and here she nursed her fancies in novel reading, reveries, and music. Her one weakness appears to have been excessive nervous excitability, leading at times to peevishness and to unreasonable demands, but as a rule she held herself well in hand, and was a spring of delight to her household and friends. She was an excellent scholar for those times; she was familiarly acquainted with French, Italian, and English; and for the purpose of enjoying Homer in the original, she learned Greek, but was so afraid of the title of pedant that she concealed this accomplishment. Her remarkable proficiency in languages was inherited by her daughter Rebecca, who was herself a good Greek scholar and a lover of Homer. Leah Mendelssohn also drew beautifully—an accomplishment which Felix received from her, either by inheritance or otherwise, and which was through his life a source of constant pleasure to his friends.—W. L. GAGE, in Harper's Magazine for March.

GRANTED WISHES.

Two little girls let loose from school Queried what each would be. One said: "I'd be a queen and rule;" And one, "The world I'd see."

The years went on. Again they met And queried what had been; "A poet man's wife am I, and yet," Said one, "I am a queen."

"My realm a happy household is, My king a husband true; I rule by loving services; How has it been with you?"

One answered: "Still the great world lies Beyond me as it laid; O'er love's and duty's boundaries My feet have never strayed."

"Faint murmurs of the wide world come Unheeded to my ear; My widowed mother's sick-bed room Sufficeeth for my sphere."

They clasped each other's hands; with tears Of solemn joy they cried, "God gave the wish of our young years, And we are satisfied."

J. G. Whittier.

THE NATIVE MINISTER.

The first to welcome us on our landing, at (Bau) was the Methodist native minister, Joeli Mbulu, a fine old Tongan chief. His features are beautiful, his color clear olive, and he has gray hair and a long, silky, grey beard. He is my ideal of what Abraham must have been, and would be worth a fortune to an artist as a patriarchal study. These men (Tongans) proved invaluable helpers. Better pioneers could not have been desired. Men of strong, energetic character and determination, keenly intelligent, physically superior to the average Fijian, and therefore commanding their respect, they had always taken the lead wherever they went; and as in their heathen days they had been foremost in reckless evil, they now threw their whole influence into the scale of good. Foremost among these was Joeli Mbulu, a man whose faith is an intense reality. I have rarely met any man so perfectly simple, or so unmistakably in earnest. He proved himself so thoroughly worthy of confidence that in due time he was ordained a native minister, and sent to take charge of the remote cluster of isles of which Ono is the principal. (April 9, 1877.) Late as it was on our return we went to see dear old Joeli Mbulu, the noble old Tongan minister of whom I have often spoken to you. Alas! his work is well nigh finished. He is greatly changed this week—wasted to a shadow; but his face is perhaps more beautiful than ever, from its sweetness of expression, and the bright look which at times lighted it up just like some grand old apostle nearing his rest.

He has been a Christian teacher in Fiji from 1838, amid noise and tumult of war, and in the thick of all the devilry of cannibalism. He has been Thakombau's special teacher, and many a difficult day he has had with him and all his handsome, strong-willed sons and daughters. They are all very much attached to him, and some of them are generally with him now, fanning or just watching beside him. Lady Gordon had sent a parcel of jujubes and acid drops for dear old Joeli, which we took to him. His noble face lighted up as we entered, and he greeted us as was his wont, with holy and loving words. He was perfectly calm, and the grand, steadfast mind clear as ever. But it is evident that he is nearing his rest. (May 7.) Last night there was great wailing and lamentation in Bau, for soon after midnight Joeli passed away, and died nobly as he had lived. He was quite conscious to the very last, and the expression of the grand old face was simply beautiful—so radiant, as of one without a shadow of doubt concerning the home he was so near.

No man ever earned the better right to say, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith," and ever was more truly humble. If ever the crown of righteousness is awarded by a righteous Judge to his true and faithful servants assuredly Joeli will not fail to stand in that blessed company.

The king and all his family mourn sorely, for Joeli has ever been their true and faithful friend and minister; and many times has he pleaded with the old chief in the long years ere he could be brought to abandon the vile custom of heathenism. The place of burial was a beautiful site near an old church on the neighboring isle of Viva. The funeral procession was a very touching one. One large canoe carried the dead and chief mourners. The old king . . . and nearly all the people of Bau, and from many villages, came in canoes and boats, making a very great procession. Part of our beautiful funeral service was repeated in the rich Fijian tongue (which to my ears always resembles the Italian); and then Joeli was laid beside his old friend and teacher, the Rev. John Hunt, with whom he had shared many an anxious day, and who died here in 1848, at the early age of thirty-six.—Miss Gordon Cumming.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE LORD JUSTICE LUSH.

One Sunday, on the occasion of the assizes being held in Manchester, Sir Robert quietly walked into Dr. Alexander MacLaren's chapel, and seated himself in the nearest pew. After a few minutes, in came the real owner, who somewhat unceremoniously requested the stranger to find accommodation elsewhere. The service over, Dr. MacLaren sent the judge to meet him in the vestry, and while chatting together the gentleman who had expelled the judge from the pew entered. Ignorant of what had passed, Dr. MacLaren introduced him to Sir Robert. "I have already seen that gentleman," replied Sir Robert, quietly, "and I have no desire to see him again."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A KISS OR A QUARREL. "That makes ten times I have caught it," Emma said, in a satisfied tone.

"No, it doesn't; it makes nine times, just exactly as many as I have."

"This was what Ada said; and she kept her hoop poised in the air while she waited to settle the question."

"Why, Ada Brooks! you are mistaken. I have caught that hoop ten times."

"And I know you are mistaken; you have caught it just nine times. Hasn't she, Fannie?"

"I didn't count," said Fannie. "Well, I did; and it is quite likely I know how many times I have caught a hoop."

"And I should think it was quite likely I should know how many times my own hoop was caught."

Both girls began to have red cheeks and very bright eyes. Dick, down in the grass at their feet, laughed.

"Now you are getting angry," he said, gayly, as though he thought it was fun. "If you were boys, you would pitch into each other and fight it out. How do girls manage these things?"

"I don't want to play any more," said Ada, dropping the hoop.

"Oh!" said Dick, "I know what girls do: they sulk. I think it is just as nice to fight, and a great deal more interesting. Now you will go off in a huff, and not speak to each other for hours."

"What is the use?" said Fannie. "What is the difference between nine and ten, any way?"

"The difference between nine and ten, Miss Fannie Mills, is a quarrel between two girls." This from Dick.

Then Emma, after a minute of silence, "No, it isn't either; it is a kiss." And she put her arms around Ada's neck, and gave her a hearty one. "Come, Ada, never mind; perhaps I was mistaken."

"Maybe I was," said Ada, cordially. "Let's begin all over again."

"There, Dick!" said Fannie, in triumph, "that's the way girls manage those things."

"Some girls," said Dick. Then he went to whistling.

A FIGHT WITH A WHALE.

Mr. Joseph W. dead, of this city, is now aboard the bark Hercules on a whaling voyage. His ship was off St. Helena on the 28th of October, 1881, from which place he sends an interesting letter to one of his relatives in Poughkeepsie. From it we make the following extracts: "On the 6th of June last we raised whales and got them all in favorable position, when we lowered our boats, and in a short time our second mate struck one. In a few minutes after, the whale caught the boat about in the quarter, and completely chewed it up. Mr. Luce, the chief mate, when he saw our signal from the ship, sent a boat and had the crew picked up, took the line and still had the whale fast. The third mate also came up and went on the whale three times. The fourth time the whale caught and smashed his boat into firewood. The steerer was killed, but the rest of the crew were saved. In the meantime the boats did not dare to go near the wounded whale, but fired at it from a distance with guns. About this time we received help from a ship called the Milton, which sent two boats to the rescue, for we were in a very weak condition. Before you could hardly think it possible, however, the Milton's boats were both mashed, and their crews swimming in the water. They were soon rescued by our boats. The boats hung about the whale until dark, when we cut the line and let the huge monster go. The next morning, however, we saw him again, and took another hold of him, and about 5 o'clock in the afternoon we succeeded in dispatching him. It was the largest whale taken in this section for many years, and made us 150 barrels of oil. Its length was 60 feet, and jaws 19 feet.—Poughkeepsie Eagle.