

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THERE IS A NATURAL BODY.

Immortal is my friend, I know: Not summer's turf nor winter's snow, Nor depth of earth could turn to naught, So much of life and love and thought.

And yet that form I did intrude, To kindred earth, the dust to dust, And thither still my thoughts will tend, As if a friend my vanished friend.

Sacred the robe, the faded glove, One worn by one we used to love; Dead warriors in their armor live, And in their relics saints survive.

And there I tenderly laid down, The hand that fondly clasped my own— The eyes that knew and answered mine, With many a meaning, loving sign.

The lips familiar with my name— That freely called me and I came— The breast that harbored all good-will, The loving heart now cold and still.

O sheltering earth, henceforth defend All thou hast garnered of my friend, Against the wintry tempest's beat, Against the summer's scorching heat.

Within thine all embracing breast Is hid one more forsaken nest, While in the sky with folded wings The bird that left it sits and sings.

—Scribner's.

A RAILWAY SERMON.

BY MARY H. VILLARS.

As the train drew up at D—, among those who came aboard were two young men with valises, and with that indescribable something in dress and manner that indicates the "commercial" man. They took seats just in front of mine, and as soon as the train was underway, began a conversation. They were evidently acquaintances and friends.

"Where did you go to church yesterday?" queried the elder of the two. "Didn't go to church," was the laconic reply. "What then?" "Oh, I slept until nearly noon, took a stroll after dinner, and went—well, I went to the theatre at night." There was an evident hesitation as to accounting for the evening hour. His companion gave him a look of surprise. "I didn't know you were in the habit of patronizing Sunday-night theatres."

"No, I am not. I wouldn't like for mother to hear of it, but I guess you'll not give me away," was the half-laughing reply. Then added, "How did you spend the day?" "Resting in the morning, went to Sabbath school in the afternoon and to W. Street Church at night." "Oh, yes, I forgot you had friends in the city. Well, you're a lucky fellow. May be if I had been so fortunate I might have gone to church, too." The church was open for all, and it wouldn't have cost you as much to get out of the church as it did into the theatre. "I had a personal invitation to the theatre, and I didn't have one to go to church; and then, what's the use? We're nothing but 'runners'; church folks are half afraid of us, and I don't care to go where I'm doubtful about my welcome. I have about concluded we're not worth saving." And then seeing by his friend's face that he would be likely to disagree, he added with a deprecatory gesture, "Don't ask anything thing more in that line, please. How's business?" And then they drifted off into the affairs of their business, while I, glancing up from my book, tried to study their faces, and at the same time I wondered how many temptations these young men had to meet each day.

At the second station the younger of the two, the one who had gone to the theatre instead of the church, left the train, and his friend disposed his valises about him for a comfortable ride.

I had become interested in the conversation to which I had been an unintentional as well as an uninvited listener, and I was not sorry when the young man, noticing my white ribbon badge, made some inquiry about the work of the W. C. T. U. After answering his questions, I referred to the conversation I had heard, and said, "Was he not unjust in his accusation against the church-people? I mean in stating that his welcome would have been doubtful."

"Yes, I think so; and yet there is a feeling among Christian people that we are a bad set. To say of a man, 'He is a runner,' is usually sufficient to exclude him from good society, except in his own home-place. There are a good many hard cases, I'll admit, but we are not all bad. I used to feel badly at the slight I received, and at the suspicious way in which people held me off, but I have become accustomed to it now and don't mind it."

"But you are invited to church, are you not?" I inquired. "Yes, sometimes; especially if we happen across a Young Men's Christian Association, but regular church-folks don't go for us much, he answered, apparently unconscious of the slang he had used.

There are churches, however, that make it a point to look after the strangers," I said.

"Yes, occasionally I find one, and I tell you a fellow feels pretty good when he finds somebody who cares what we do. About five years ago I had occasion to spend a Sabbath in Indianapolis, and after dinner I went out for a walk and to look at the outside of some of the churches without much notion of going in. Happening to pass a rather elegant-looking church and seeing the people going in pretty lively— I dropped in and took a back seat, intending to merely look on for a few minutes, but I hadn't more than sat down before a lady came and spoke to me, and gave me a very cordial invitation to stay and take part in the lesson. Before she was through talking the superintendent came up, and as soon as he learned that I was a stranger in the city, gave me to understand that there was a Bible-class especially for the strangers, with a number-one teacher in charge. Of course I stayed, and when the basket was passed I dropped in my mite, wishing it was more. I make it a rule to go to that church every time I am caught in Indianapolis, either Sabbath or prayer-meeting night. And I'm not the only one of the boys who goes there. Those people have a way of making us feel at home and if we have any money to spare they get it. I had been awfully homesick that first Sabbath, and their kind words and interest came pretty near breaking down my dignity in a good cry. Anyway things looked pretty misty to my eyes for a little while."

"Do you always wait for an invitation to attend church?" "I don't, but most of the boys do. They feel that people distrust them and that makes them indifferent and some times cross, and so they go off into bad company very often. Now there's M—, who left the train at second station out. He's a steady young man at home, and I doubt if his mother would believe it if she were told he spent last evening at a variety theatre, but he has drifted into bad habits just because as he said, church folks appear to be afraid of him on account of his business. I don't suppose he ever takes a glass of liquor of any kind when in his own town, but I am afraid he is getting to like it."

"But it isn't manly for young men to turn to the drink and to Sabbath-breaking just because they think they are neglected," I said. "No, it isn't a brave thing to do, but some way it seems to be an easy thing to drift into, and I tell you we fellows are a pretty lonesome set when Sunday comes, and an invitation to go out and have a good time is a pretty strong temptation to some of us."

"How about the invitation to drink?" "Plenty of that sort, and it takes considerable grit to refuse it every time, and if a young man thinks nobody cares it soon gets to be a habit. I wish good people weren't so shy of us: we're not worse than the average men in other business, I think, but they take some of the wild fellows as samples of our morals and class all together."

"But do you not think the fact that a good many like your friend M— indulge in practices away from home that they would not think of indulging in when at home has led us to form such opinions, and to misjudge the rest?" "Yes, I reckon so. But it's not fair to give us the cold shoulder—even if we are all bad—we need saving all the more. We do get an awful letting alone, I can tell you. But, as if suddenly remembering that he was talking to a stranger, 'I beg pardon for troubling you with our affairs; only I wish the boys had a little more encouragement,' and he turned to the daily that he had purchased of the news agent during our talk."

The words of the young man had set me questioning, and I am still asking if, as Christians, we do not often lose an opportunity for doing good by holding ourselves aloof from such because they are "only strangers."

The day when every stranger is entertained as if he were an angel in disguise has passed away, and we are inclined to drift to the other extreme and to distrust every one who is not fully known, and whose integrity of character vouches for. There is no doubt that many a young man has taken his first step in vice because he was invited to join some doubtful crowd and was not invited into better company.

Many of these young men start out from Christian homes and carry with them the memory of Sabbath observances and Christian duty, and if these come by and bye to be only memories, the question is—How far are Christian men and women responsible for this? If we

were called to answer to the mothers of these young men, could we say that we had done all that we would have wanted another to do for our own boys?

My young friend of the railway train probably expressed the sentiment of a good many strangers in a strange city, when he said—"We're a pretty lonesome set on Sundays," and it seems to me the duty of the church to send out messengers who shall bear an invitation to such to come to God's house on the Sabbath day. It is not enough that the feast is prepared and a general invitation given. We must go out, and by loving force compel them to come in.—Central Adv.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD READERS.

The Inter-Ocean, Chicago, has the following suggestive paragraphs on how to make good readers:

It is easy to discover why so few of all the myriads of children who spend four to twelve years in the public schools come out of them good readers. It is also easy to conceive why so many pupils who come from families in which they are not encouraged to read at home, are not interested in other studies and leave school as soon as they are able to follow their own inclinations. Having only the opportunities granted them in the school room for learning this art, and these opportunities being so limited because of the insufficient allotment of the time for this branch in the beginning of their course, it takes years for them to learn to read understandingly, without an amount of labor that is absolutely wearisome. Whatever lessons they undertake, the key of it is reading, but since it is almost painful to them to read, the very sight of every book they have to handle is distasteful. Teach them to read readily, and you smooth the path to knowledge, and render that a pleasure which would be otherwise a disheartening task.

Among the means to this end it will be necessary so long as a single teacher is set to instruct from forty to fifty scholars at a time to induce pupils to read a great deal more than they have time to repeat in the school-room. School boards and parents should be urged to supply interesting juvenile magazines, and youths' papers, that will tempt the lower grade pupils to read much more than their teachers of parents can listen to. Much reading is as essential to learning to read as much practice on musical instruments is essential to becoming master of them. President John M. Gregory, of the Illinois State University, says that his children learned to read rapidly, intelligently, and naturally, with very little home instruction, before they first entered a school-room. A part of the story was read to them, and when their curiosity was excited, they were left to study out the sequel with only an occasional word of help from the older members of the family. In this way they were initiated into reading as a pastime, and when they entered school they found the seal of every book broken before they took it up. As they grew older they became interested in larger magazines and newspapers, and the art of reading was acquired as naturally as learning to walk and talk. Not every home can be furnished with excellent periodicals and books as is Doctor Gregory's, but that man must be poor indeed who cannot afford his little ones a child's paper or magazine, and supply himself and family with that most economical, and, as the world goes, most essential of all modern text-books, a newspaper which, if he and the school-principal but do their duty, can be made the means of inducing older children to practice reading as an entertainment in hours that would otherwise be wasted.

A school superintendent was asked how he managed to advance his pupils in all their studies so much more rapidly than his predecessor had done. His reply is worthy of special note: "I make it a point to bring them along as rapidly as possible in reading. In the primary grades I give more time to this exercise than is customary in other schools; and I persuade or entice the pupils of the higher grades to read books, newspapers, magazines, anything wholesome that will give them practice and at the same time instruct them. Every day we spend from fifteen to twenty minutes asking and answering questions about what we have read. To excite curiosity, we post the most important caption lines from the columns of the newspapers. The next morning nearly every one of the older scholars is prepared to give particulars on the subjects of the previous days bulletins. If I can get our scholars to read, it is easy to induce them to study. By as much as they become more ex-

pert in reading so much is the labor of pursuing their other studies reduced, and their enjoyments heightened."

CATHOLIC.

The above word is often improperly used; and not infrequently is heard, even in the pulpit, the term Catholic Church. This mistake is not merely a matter of taste, but the term, as used popularly, is crowded with error. Catholic is the etymological offspring of two Greek words: *Kata*, through, throughout, and *holos*, the whole, all. Combining the words, with some euphonic changes, and adding the termination *ikos*, we have *Katholikos*. From this is but a slight transition to our *Catholic*, meaning through the whole, throughout all, general, universal.

In some editions of the sacred Scriptures *Catholic* is applied to the epistles of James, Peter, John I. and II. and Jude. They are called *catholic epistles* because they were not addressed to particular individuals or churches, but to Christians in general. A Spanish Bible, published by the American Bible Society, is before me in which is found *Epistle Catholic of the Apostle James*; and so of the others.

Among the early Christians, Catholic was used to distinguish the Christian Church from the Jewish, which was national, while Christianity is to embrace all mankind. In later times the term distinguished the orthodox from those within the Church who accepted heretical doctrines, and practices. The Church of Rome, with her wonted arrogance, lays exclusive claim to the title Catholic, thereby designating as heretics and schismatics all who are not within her folds. One of her dogmas is, *Nemo salvatur extra ecclesiam*, no one is saved outside of the church. By the Church she means that body which, with unwarranted assumption, she styles the *Catholic Church*. When a Protestant speaks of the Church of Rome as the *Catholic Church* his language is incorrect and concedes the claims of popery. By thus improperly using the title the arrogance of Rome is fostered, and the popular mind is confused. Persons have been known to refuse to repeat the Apostles' Creed because of the clause, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church." And our Discipline makers have recognized confusion in the use of the term, in their foot-note, explaining *Catholic Church* to mean "The one universal Church of Christ."

If Romanist, Papist, Church of Rome or Papal Church be substituted for Catholic and Catholic Church the language will be more correct, and no concession will be made to the pretensions of the Roman hierarchy.—Rev. V. C. Baudolph.

HYMN.

FROM THE SERMON OF GREGORY.

No! no! It is not dying, To Jesus' self to go, The gloom of earth forsaking, In one's pure home awaking, Should give no pang of woe.

No! no! It is not dying, In heaven at last to dwell; In the eternal glory "Come, child, whenever straying, Of crown and harp and story, Our earthly fears to quell.

No! no! It is not dying, To hear the gracious tone Of the Almighty, saying: "Come, child, whenever straying, Behold me on the throne!"

No! no! It is not dying, To leave this world of strife, And seek the blessed river, Where Christ shall lead forever, His sheep 'neath trees of life.

No! no! It is not dying, With lordly glory crown'd, To join in the thanksgiving To Him, the everliving, With which the heavens resound.

Oh, no! It is not dying, Thou Saviour of thine own! There, from the fount Eternal, Gush life and joy supernal: Here there are drops alone.

—German Reformed Messenger.

LOOK TO HUM.

I once made a trip from Thafter farm to Titusville by rail. I have never been moved to repeat the experiment. It was an oil train, and was run for the accommodation of the company rather than that of the travelling public. Tickets, however, were sold at full rates, and thus provision made for all who desired to travel that way. The cars were loaded with barrels of crude oil, and our highest accommodation for the trip were the car roofs.

It was in the midst of the dog-days, and in the middle of the afternoon. There were some seventy-five or a hundred of us passengers, men and boys, sprawling upon the roofs of those horrid cars, and on the train went thundering up the ravine, squirming through those short and rapid curves like a wounded snake. A perfect hurricane of mingled smoke and ashes and cin-

ders swept over us as we clutched at our hats and one another, and longed for Titusville.

In the midst of the dire confusion I caught the scent of linen on fire. Somebody's clothes must be burning. I raised my head and looked around as best I could with both eyes shut. My partners in distress were bending every energy each one for himself, to the solution of the difficult problem—not to be jerked and rattled off this car roof. I lifted up my voice and cried with all my might, "Somebody's clothes are on fire!" No one heeded it. I cried again, louder if possible, and more frantic than before. "I tell you, somebody's clothes are on fire!"

At this point a burly fellow, lying at full length, and gripping the edges of the car roof with both hands, while the sweat rolled profusely from every pore of his genial face, shouted back, "Mebbe you'd better look to hum!" I did look to hum to find the handkerchief in the side pocket of my linen duster all on fire and just bursting into flames.

I respect that stranger's memory. His name I never knew; but the image of his honest face, broiling in the intolerable heat, and begrimed with sweat and smoke-stack cinders, remains with me, and will remain forever. He taught me a lesson never to be forgotten. I trust I shall never fail to exercise a proper care for the welfare of others. But whenever the spirit within me is moved to utter the word of warning or rebuke, the image of that face rises before me, and I seem to hear the voice, "Mebbe you'd better look to hum!" It's a good thing to do. Try it, my brother. It may not be very pleasant. Generally not. But it is at least safe.—Rev. J. T. Brownell in Zion's Herald.

THE UNEXPRESSED.

Strive not to say the whole! the poet in his art Must intimate the whole, and say the smallest part.

The young moon's silver arc her perfect circle tells, The limitless within art's bounded outline dwells.

Of every noble work the silent part is best, Of all expression, that which cannot be expressed.

Each act contains the life, each work of art the world, And all the planet laws are in each dewdrop pearl.

THE COMBATIVE CLAM.

In diving for clams (as in octopus diving) it is usual to provide one's self with a sharp pointed stake or an iron rod. At Artutaki, when the tide is out, clams are picked up everywhere on the reef. At Mauke, men dive for them on the ocean side of the narrow fringing reef when the sea is smooth. On reaching the bottom the diver stabs the gaping clam, which—for the mollusk is very tenacious of life—at once firmly grasps the weapon. The diver now tugs with both hands until the clam is dislodged. A couple of expert natives with a canoe will get as many as a hundred a day when a feast is in preparation. At Manihiki and Rakaanga the largest clams are about two spans in length, the animal itself being sufficiently large to satisfy the hunger of three persons. Clam diving is a woman's work in those atolls. Yet it is surprising how few accidents occur. The reason for this may be they dive in comparatively shallow water.

Not long since a native was feeling about at the bottom of the lagoon of one of the Paumotu atolls for the dark edged pearl oyster, when he unfortunately inserted the fingers of his left hand between the valves of the clam. The diver was instantly made prisoner by the mollusk. His agony was intense. Was it possible to get free? As the clam was in a hollow just adapted to its size, he could not sever the byssus. At length, in sheer terror of drowning, he cut off the four fingers with the knife pearl divers carry with them, and rose to the surface a sadder, if not a wiser man.

A similar accident took place at Penrhyns; but the diver, instead of maiming himself for life, forced his knife between the valves and released himself. Should the clam be attached to a smooth bit of coral, the speediest mode of rescue is to sever the bubble of silky filaments by which it moors itself. On a neighboring island, ere this could be done, the forefinger of the right hand of a clam diver was lopped off. Children in their play are apt to put their fingers between the open valves, and so get caught. Their screams soon bring their parents to the rescue, which is effected by stabbing the clam through the cavity for the byssus. The supply of clams in the Pacific is inexhaustible. If a party of divers should remove all the large ones from any particular locality for a grand feast and should return next year to the same spot, no difference would be

perceived, so rapid is the growth of the clam in these warm waters. Pearls of a peculiarly brilliant hue are occasionally found in the clam.

NOT RECIPROCATED.—A popular clergyman, as many others have been, was greatly bored by a lady who admired him without reserve. "Oh, my dear Mr. —," said she to him one Sunday afternoon, "there is n't any harm in one loving one's pastor, is there?" "Certainly not, madam," replied the worthy cleric; "not the least in the world, provided the feeling is not reciprocated."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TOO CERTAIN.

"Father, I am tired reading the Bible. I have read it so often that I know every thing in it." "Everything, my son. Do you think you could not find one chapter that would not contain something you have never yet noticed?" "Yes, father, I think so. I am sure I know all that is in the historical parts of the Bible."

"Well, let me try you. What were a large number of men fed with a few loaves of bread, and a supply left when they had done eating?" "Why, father, surely I remember Christ's feeding several thousand persons, at two different times, with a few loaves and fishes."

"Very well; these are two instances. Now tell me a third." "There is no other in the Bible."

"You are perfectly sure of that, are you? Suppose you reduce a little before you answer again."

"Yes, father, I have thought, and I am certain there is no other miracle of the kind mentioned in the Bible."

"Well, my son, open your Bible at the fourth chapter of the Fourth Book of Kings."

"The Fourth Book of Kings? Father, there is no such book."

"Hand me the Bible. What does this title say?"

"It is 'The Second Book of the Kings, commonly called The Fourth Book of the Kings.'"

"Well, there is one thing learned by the boy that knew the Bible so well! Now turn to the fourth chapter, and read from the forty-second verse."

"Here it is, sir: 'And there came a man from Bashtahash, and brought the man of God—' " "Who was that man of God?"

"I must look. It was the prophet Elisha."

"Now proceed."

"And brought the man of God bread of the first-fruits, twenty loaves of barley, and full ears of corn in the husk thereof. And he said, Give unto the people that they may eat. And his servant said, What! should I do this before a hundred men? He said again, Give the people, that they may eat; for thus saith the Lord, They shall eat, and shall leave thereof. So he set it forth them, and they did eat, and left thereof, according to the word of the Lord."

"That will do for this time, my son. I have never wished to multiply the reading of the Scriptures tedious by requiring you to read them continually, without giving you other books to read. But I wanted to convince you how mistaken young people are apt to be in their ideas of their own knowledge. There are thousands of children—yes, and of men and women, too—who would read with great interest many passages of the Bible if they found them in a fresh and beautiful volume which they believed to contain nothing but what was published for the first time. Remember this, and let me advise you to read the four books of Kings, and to make a list of all the passages you will find there, which, like the one you have just read, are as new to you as if you had never heard of them."

ASHAMED TO TELL THIS.

"I would be ashamed to tell my father," was the little boy's reply to his comrades who were trying to tempt him to do wrong.

"But you need not tell him; no one will know anything about it."

"I would know all about it myself, and I'd feel mean if I couldn't tell mother."

"It's a pity you wasn't a girl. The idea of a boy running and telling his mother every little thing."

"You may laugh if you want, but I said the noble boy," but I've made up my mind never, so long as I live, to do anything I would be ashamed to tell my mother."

Noble resolve, and which would make any life true and useful. Let it be the rule of every boy and girl, to do nothing of which they would be ashamed to tell their mother."

SUNDAY AU THE MAN W. Smith's The nature deserts and which bear to the qual the manna of goodments food, stimulat only three o year round: quantities, like 15,000,0 must have existence of since each English qua forty year, a long time, a in a day or to deteriora any other quantity fall Sabbath: no cease at once na is repre Book of Jos ture we the miraculous, product of 2. Most d stances of the appearance, food prevail inhospitable and hard; even to furn vast an ho them would tion to the able that should be m wanderings have been it faith that And yet he wild, rees sure to clam ing them o soon as the hunger. 3. It is mind of th gone back l of Egypt. be, it was good would were to be a derness? tiny is sacr! The Israelit gone back, miseries of the sake of temptation the spiritua again to a spiritual Eg fastly resist hold on to t While inu stances was Lord who h the Red Sea them pure surely pro But they ha at it in that us. We fo verances, an bitterly com dealt with, a and trustfull 4. Though ion sent fr had to gathe is always G does for us human effor everything e al governme sun to shine seed to ge the ground e we fail to de vent. It is ment. We own salvati Saviour, and have to seal faith, to use Holy Spirit gift, either natural or a fort on our Then, the day. God c last for the ow's meal a or he could out food. I should be s which they Him. On Christ teach this day our of the Divin ples for day be constant once upon constantly the supply of life. "T day by day. The in double port the lessons, are an It is wide first instita was instint 3; Ex. 20: observance and the giv as a fit their minds importance it, and thus falter come belongs to Mag.