

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

CHRIST'S LOVE.

There's a song of praise in my heart to-day, And a gladness no words can tell, As I think of the love that is holding me, The love that can change or fall.

THE NEW MINISTER'S WAY.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON. "There comes the new minister, tearing down the hill like mad," said Austin Miller, to his little sister Augusta.

at church, Sunday, Mrs. Miller. You are one of the flock, remember. The Lord is the shepherd.

"Well, go your own way brother," said Mr. Stone. When a church gets to the pass ours has—when only a pitiable few come out to meeting on Sunday, and the Sunday-school and the prayer-meeting are given up, it is time that something should be done.

"Personal effort," replied the minister. "I began by going from house to house, among my people, making myself one of them, interesting myself in what interested them, and drawing a needed lesson whenever I could.

"That seems to be the case with a greater part of this flock," said the pastor. "They have got off the way of it. I suppose now, if one of those sheep with its lambs should stray away, you would make every effort to find it, and bring it back."

ENTHUSIASM. The most of the good that has ever been wrought in this world has been by men who have been counted as enthusiasts.

olden days men were first moved to undertake the Crusades by the exhortations of an enthusiast who had never cared to examine the dangers before taking upon himself the responsibility of inviting the chivalry of Christendom to the task of recovering Jerusalem from the Saracens.

GLEAM ACROSS THE WAVE

The Rev. Spencer Crompton, the earnest evangelical minister in Boulogne, France, relates the following incident:

"During a voyage to India I sat one dark evening in my cabin, feeling thoroughly unwell, as the sea was rising fast, and I was but a poor sailor. Suddenly the cry of 'Man overboard!' made me spring to my feet. I heard a trampling overhead, but resolved not to go on deck, lest I should interfere with the crew in their efforts to save the poor man."

"The next day, however, I was told that my little lamp was the sole means of saving the man's life; it was only by the timely light which shone upon him that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him."

THE BLIND SINGER AND HER SAVING SONG.

A story is told of a wayward youth who, after several years of wanderings, had returned to his native village. Still unrepentant, unobedient, it was no part of his intention to seek his father's house, and make a humble confession of his fault, and seek forgiveness at the hand of the fond parent he had, by his disobedience and waywardness, so grossly wronged.

"THE MOST INTERESTING SIGHT." One day, the Rev. Henry Venz, author of the "New Whole Duty of Man," told his children that in the evening he would take them to see some of the most interesting sights in the world.

heard no one enter the church. Was it an angel, with a halo resting on its golden head, that was seated at the organ? As the fragrance of sweetest flowers diffused itself through a chamber, so stole that delicious music, that evening, out into that old church and into that young man's heart.

"Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee." Ah! how often in other days, on a Sabbath evening, had this now wretched youth sung these same words, with his dear mother at the piano, and the children all fondly gathered around.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee." is wafted through the echoing spaces of the church.

Could it be that this glorious hymn was intended expressly for him? Once again the music changes. Eagerly now he listens for the words. Tenderly and pathetically the child voice sings,

"Other refuge have I none; Hungry and homeless I am—'Tis thee, O Jesus, I have known." And, now, for a moment there is a hush. But presently the fingers of the fair singer once more press the keys, and touching a triumphal chord, while her fine voice rings forth in joyous jubilee, she sings,

"There is a fountain filled with blood; Drawn from Emmanuel's veins; And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains." Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood Shall never lose its power; Till all the ransomed church of God Are saved, to sin no more."

Most lovingly lingers this angelic voice on this glad refrain, "To sin no more." Meantime this same blessed note is beginning at length to sound down through the dark, despairing depths of this young man's soul, while tears of penitence and contrition are freely coursing down his youthful, yet weather-beaten face. Knocking now all by himself in that old family pew, this at present deeply convicted sinner, for the first time in long years, makes mention of the name of God in prayer.

Rising presently from his knees, the fact dawns on him, that his soul is actually glowing with God's touch of peace. He is happy. He feels singularly solemnized, cheered, elated. The conviction begins to be borne in upon his mind that he is a changed man, Halleluia!

But where now is that sweet-voiced visitant only a few moments since so great a blessing to our reckless, abandoned one? Of her, alas! he can discover no sign. The organ is closed. The church is empty and deserted. The sunshine, meantime, has faded away, and the evening shadows are gathering thickly in the corners and about the tall columns. He is all alone. Can it be that he has been the victim of some enchanting delusion, some romantic dream? No, no. The joy, the wondrous peace with "the awe that dares not move," pervading his bosom, assures him that some how heaven has come to him, and that he now steps out into the world a "new creature."

"OUR YOUNG FOLKS. JOHNNY'S SEVEN MINUTE SERMON ON PATIENCE. BY REV. J. T. BROWNELL. Johnny was seven years old, and his brother Willie was almost five. Johnny took his stand on a stool, with the sewing machine in front of him for a pulpit, and with Willie, sitting in a huge chair on the other side of the room, for his congregation."

wretched a situation!" they all exclaimed. He then led them into the cottage, and, addressing the poor young man, said, "Abraham Midwood, I have brought my children here, to show them that it is possible to be happy in a state of disease and poverty and want; and now, tell them if it is not so. The dying youth, with a sweet smile of benevolence and piety, immediately replied, "Oh, yes, sir! I would not exchange my state with that of the richest person upon earth, who was destitute of these views which I possess. Blessed be God! I have a good hope through Christ, of being admitted into those blessed regions where Lazars now dwells, having long forgotten all his sorrows and miseries. Sir, there is nothing to bear, whilst the presence of God cheers my soul, and whilst I can have access to him by constant prayer, through faith in Jesus. Indeed, sir, I am truly happy, and I trust to be happy and blessed through eternity; and I every hour thank God, who has brought me from a state of darkness into His marvellous light, and has given me to enjoy the unsearchable riches of His grace!" The impression made by this discourse upon his young hearers was never effaced.

GOING TO PRESS.

Wm. A. Jones, foreman of the New Orleans Times, died recently. Just before his death he became conscious for a moment, and in that gleam, dwelling upon the habit of his life, he suddenly exclaimed, "The ads are all right, Sherman; lock up the forms and let's go to press!" Fellow man, a moment longer, On the dying printer's speech: For it bears a weighty lesson, Our unshaking hearts to teach.

Day by day thou art composing, What a universe shall read; Type to type art careless setting, As thou addest deed to deed. Ah, how surely life's full columns, When the hand that set them lies Fixed in an unbroken stillness, Their composer avertice.

Soon the forms are locked forever, Changeless shall the impression be; Scan thy proofs in time, O printer! Thou art man's eternity.

Are the "ads" all right, composer? Art thou standing justified? Ready now for death and judgment, Their unfadings to abide?

So shalt thou, as night advances, Greet thy bustling Pressman's call; Then await the moon eternal, Publishing thy deeds to all.

—Rev. L. N. Carman, in Standard.

THE LITTLE HERO.

Can a boy be a hero? Of course he can, if he has courage and a good opportunity to show it. The boy who will stand up for the right, stick to the truth, resist temptation, and suffer rather than do wrong, is a moral hero. Here is an example of true heroism. A little drummer boy, who had become a great favorite with the officers, was asked by the captain to drink a glass of rum. But he declined saying, "I am a cadet of temperance, and do not taste strong drink."

and took his handkerchief out of his pocket—just as clean and white—and wiped the mud all off from my sleeve and whispered to me that he would never do such a mean thing again. That's what it means where papa read 't'other morning in the Gospel of St. Peter: 'Ye do well if ye take it patiently, when ye are buffeted for nothing.'

"Secondly: Be patient everywhere." "When I burn my fingers, musn't I holler?" exclaimed Willie. "If you don't stop your interruption I will have to call you 'Guiteau,' and that will be worse than to call the police. Of course, when you burn your finger you may holler some; but when mamma gets the rag ready to tie it up, you musn't jerk it away and scream so as to raise the neighbors. And when you play with Jimmie Dickson you musn't get pouty because he can run faster than you. And when you want to come into the house you musn't kick the door and scream—'Let me in, why don't you?' And when dinner isn't most ready you musn't—"

"Dear me," broke in Willie, "isn't this sermon almost over?" "Thirdly: Be patient always. When you get up late in the morning, and your breakfast is all cold because you didn't come when you were called, and when I can't find the button hook because you hung it on the morning-glory vine, and—what more shall I say?" "Say amen!" shouted Willie. Just then the door opened softly, and pussy came walking into the room. Willie sprang forward, took pussy up in his arms and ran off to find his mamma, telling pussy as he went, "I can be patient to everybody, and patient everywhere, and patient always—cept when you scratch me, you naughty kitty, and when Johnny preaches a awful long sermon."

And so the meeting closed without the benediction.—Christian at Work.

THE LITTLE HERO.

Can a boy be a hero? Of course he can, if he has courage and a good opportunity to show it. The boy who will stand up for the right, stick to the truth, resist temptation, and suffer rather than do wrong, is a moral hero. Here is an example of true heroism. A little drummer boy, who had become a great favorite with the officers, was asked by the captain to drink a glass of rum. But he declined saying, "I am a cadet of temperance, and do not taste strong drink."