

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

INDIAN SUMMER.

What perfect days are those that sometimes come
When latest autumn still retains its prime!
The plenteous harvests all are gathered in;
A full success the toil of summer time,
As if the year would linger ere it leaves,
To rest awhile amid its garnered sheaves.
A dreamy, brooding silence wraps the earth,
As wraps the purple haze the distant hills;
The joyous melody of birds has ceased,
But nature's undertone the silence thrills,
And still the din of summer tints
The sky,
Though weary birds take wing and
southward fly.
How a fly now the mellow sunlight falls
As if in blessing on the waning year;
Not with the fervid heats of glowing June,
But with a chastened radiance far more dear.
As still we hold more precious than the rose
Its fragrant memory when the blossom goes.
O rare, brief season, thou hast all the charm
Of summer's gladness blent with thine own peace.
How like thou art to beautiful old age—
The restful calm where active labors cease;
And, pausing on life's threshold ere he leaves,
One sees heaven's sunlight smiling on his sheaves.
—Advance.

AN EX-CONVICT'S STORY.

A narrative unusually interesting in character has just been issued by the St. Giles' Christian Mission to discharged prisoners, illustrating the spiritual results of the labours of that Mission amongst criminals.
Convict B 524 wrote to the Standard a letter, which appeared on the 26th of September, and awakened considerable interest and attention. Therein he described his experiences during seven years' penal servitude, and told how his efforts after reformation had been furthered by prison and police officials. So successful had he been that he had reached the position of overseer in the printing-house of a large London firm. The present story begins where the ex-convict's ended. He was laid on a dying-bed by consumption. He wrote to Scotland-yard, and Inspector Neame not only sent help, but placed the case in the hands of Mr. Wheatley, of the St. Giles' Christian Mission.
On his first visit Mr. Wheatley found an avowed sceptic, bluntly declaring he believed in none of these things. He was not, however, to be shaken off, and set plainly before the sick man the love of God in Christ. On his next visit he took with him a copy of Mr. Moody's "Way to God," which the man promised to read. In the course of conversation it seemed that the one thing that staggered him was that the Son of God should die for sinners. He had never understood this before; if that were true it upset all his previous thoughts of God. Time after time Mr. Wheatley was at his bedside, gradually the light dawned, and at length he laid hold of salvation with a firm grasp no after-thoughts could shake or loosen.
It is now a great privilege to sit by him, and hear how he talks of God. Here are a few fragments of his conversation as given in the book referred to:
"How is it with you to-day?"
"Well, nothing but well—it's all well, now."
"Haven't you pain as you had?"
"Pain, oh, yes," and a fit of coughing stopped his utterance for a time—"pain, yes, but I wasn't thinking of that. 'Twas dark, and now it's light."
"Can you read much?"
"No, my head won't let me, but I can think."
"And what do you think of?"
"I was thinking this morning how that I've fought against God all my days, and He's saved me like this. Why, He loved me—what for I don't know, but He did and He has delivered me! But what a deliverance! Who knows the thoughts I'd had of Him at times? Who knows how I hated the name of religion? But God knows; He knew it all the time. Seems to me first thing I'll do when He shuts my eyes here is to go straight to His feet, and tell him I've never deserved it."
"Like the father with his prodigal boy, He may shut your mouth."
"But it'll be in my heart all the same. And the curiousest thing about it is I don't know how He's done it. He conquered me, I don't know how. The arguments I'd picked up seem like as good as ever, if 'twere matter of argument; but it ain't, it's fact, and there's an end to it. Seems like blind eyes opened. I'd been

arguing as there were no sun shining, but my eyes were opened, and there it was bright and clear. I tell you what, argument is no good, an unbelieving man don't know what you're talking about. He thinks of things just as he sees them, and don't understand what it's all about. I never did."
"No; the carnal heart is at enmity with God, and knoweth not the things of the Spirit."
"How can he? I've been thinking, it's like this, Sir. I'm a driving horse, I've had it a long time, and love it. Well, I may try to, but I can't understand its mind, or spirit, or instinct, whatever you call it. I'd like to, but I can't. And the horse loves me and knows me, but it can't understand my spirit, though likely enough it wants to. We can't get to know one another's thoughts, but there's one thing that horse does know, and that's when you touch the rein. Now, Sir, 'twas just like that with me. I did not understand these things, but when God touched me, I had to yield whether or no. I could not help myself. Then when I yielded, He put life in me, and I began to understand. That baby has got the life of a man, and the spirit of man; it can understand something, though not much yet. That's me, Sir. I've got life now, and I begin to understand. Seems as if I had learned a new language. I don't know much, but when you talk of these things, I know what you mean."
"As you didn't before?"
"No, that's it; and now I want to say, for sake of other men, there are hundreds, there's thousands who read the papers, and they don't know that God loves them. I tell you they don't know it. They know there's something called religion, but they don't know that there's pardon for them. They don't know Christ died for sinners. Oh! Sir, don't forget they don't know it. Nobody ever told them in words they could understand."
After a long pause, the wearied frame demanding rest, he broke out:
"Oh! to think He should have saved me after the life I've led, I can't serve Him as I've served the devil—there's but one thing I must do, and that is what I can do, and the evil I've done here (pointing towards the next room, where his wife and family sat). God give me strength to undo that. Strange don't it seem to think I'll never leave this room, never go down the stairs till I'm carried in the coffin. But there's one thing I know; not all the gravediggers in London could dig a grave deep enough to hold my spirit, no coffin can hold it. God will have it. Seems to me I've been like a great cake of wax, not all the knocking and argument in the world can get it to run through a hole; but light a candle, and how soon it runs! That's it, logic couldn't break me, but the love of God melted me right away. I couldn't stand that, and I'm sure God taught you what to say."
Long we sat in this room, learning lessons of simple trust by the bedside of him who so long had resisted God but who now, vanquished by His grace, was entrusted with the grand theme of the love of God. After a sweet time of prayer around his bed we left, with the music of the angels ringing in our hearts, for "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

SCRAP-BOOKS.

The scrap-book is a useful friend, and you owe it to yourself and the children to have one. I find a half-dozen not only useful but necessary. I want one for bits of missionary news and jottings of personal interest from the foreign field. Scattered through the religious papers and magazines are many articles of real value, and to find the information which they give in brief and comprehensive form I should have to go through libraries or ransack encyclopaediae. She who has her carefully kept missionary scrap-book, properly indexed, will never be at a loss when called upon to lead a meeting or to assist in entertaining a circle of young people with something more serious than mere frivolities. I want a scrap book for poetry. Some of the sweetest and most comforting strains in the language are floating about in the newspapers, walls of song, fragments

which will never find their way into volumes, but which do find an open door to many a weary heart.
A scrap-book for receipts is exceedingly "handy" to the house-keeper.
To the Sunday-school teacher a scrap-book filled with short anecdotes, stories, illustrations and notes on the various lessons is beyond price. It grows imperceptibly, costing only a few moments now and then, but like all growths, it becomes very precious after awhile.
A charming scrap-book might be made containing only thoughts for devotional seasons, culled from many sources, sometimes from a quaint old divine, again from a modern sermon or a suggestive editorial.
The children's scrap-book should be rather miscellaneous, and they should be allowed to make their own selections for its pages.
It is a good plan to keep out, paste in a book and cut for reference the notices and reviews of current literature which appear in the daily or the religious journal. These notices give you a good idea of the books that are coming out. You cannot possibly read them all, but you want to know something about their general scope. When you can treat yourself to a book, there is your scrap-book to aid you in buying intelligently. Books should be selected for the family collections with great care.—Christian Intelligencer.

A CHOPPED BIBLE

A few years ago, a Bible contributor, while passing through a village in Western Massachusetts, was told of a family in whose home there was not even the cheapest copy of the Scriptures—so intense was the hostility of the husband to Christianity. The contributor started at once to visit the family, and found the wife hanging out the week's washing. In the course of a pleasant conversation, he handed her a neatly bound Bible.
With a smile that said, "Thank you," she held out her hand, but instantly withdrew it. She hesitated to accept the gift, knowing that her husband would be displeased if she took it.
A few pleasant words followed, in which the man spoke of the need of the mind of divine direction, and of the Bible to that need, and the woman resolved to take the gift. Just then, her husband came from behind the house with an axe on his shoulder.
Seeing the Bible in his wife's hand, he looked threateningly at her, and then said to the contributor, "What do you want, sir, with my wife?"
The frank words of the Christian man, spoken in a manly way so far softened his irritation that he replied to him with civility. But stepping up to his wife, he took the Bible from her hand saying:
"We have always had every thing in common, and we'll have this too."
Placing the Bible on the chopping block, he cut it into two parts with one blow of the axe. Giving one part to his wife, and putting the other in his pocket, he walked away.
Several days after this division of the Bible, he was in the forest chopping wood. At noon he seated himself on a log, and began eating his dinner. The discarded Bible suggested itself. He took it from his coat pocket, and his eye fell upon the last page. He began reading, and was soon interested in the story of the Prodigal Son. But his part ended with the son's exclamation, "I will arise and go to my father."
At night he said to his wife, with affected carelessness, "Let me have your part of that Bible. I've been reading about a boy who ran away from home, and after having a hard time, decided to go back, and how the old man received him."
The wife's heart beat violently, but she mastered her joy and quietly handed her husband her part without a word.
He read the story through and then re-read it. He read on far in the night. But not a word did he say to his wife.
During the leisure moments of the next day, his wife saw him reading the now joined parts, and at night he said abruptly, "Wife! I think that the best book I ever read."
Day after day he read it. His

wife noticed his few words which indicated that he was becoming attached to it. One day he said, "Wife! I'm going to try and live by that book; I guess it is the best sort of a guide for a man."
And he did. A strong prejudice against religious truth, growing out of a partial conviction of its necessity, is often followed by a changed life, and such was this experience.—Youth's Companion.

FREAKS OF WATCHES.

Watches are queer things. They possess some unaccountable peculiarities. For instance, some time about the beginning of last summer, when there had been a succession of fine displays of the aurora borealis, it was estimated that in a single night in the city of New York the mainsprings of not less than three thousand watches broke. This estimate is based on actual inquiries. Fine, sensitive watches are particularly liable to be affected by electrical atmospheric disturbances. During the months of June, July and August, when these phenomena are most frequent, there are more mainsprings broken than during all the remaining months of the year. They break in a variety of ways sometimes snapping into as many as twenty-seven pieces. It is a fact that, since the introduction of the electric light has become so general, a large number of watches, some of them very fine ones, have been magnetized. While in this condition they are useless as time-keepers. This defect used to be incurable, and because of it thousands of watches have been thrown away after much money had been spent on them in vain attempts to persuade them to keep good time.
Among the methods resorted to were washing the parts in garlic juice, rosin-bing and passing them through the fire. But all these devices were entire failures, or only in part effective. I know of a man who had a fine and valuable movement which kept excellent time. He transferred it from a silver case to a second hand gold one. Immediately it lost all its characteristics of steadiness and reliability, and in fact did not keep time at all. When replaced in the silver case it kept good time again. The owner, a jeweler, puzzled himself and experimented in vain to discover the cause of this strange partiality on the part of his watch for silver. He discovered that the lifting spring of the gold case had become magnetized. On substituting another for it, the watch kept as good time in the gold case as in the silver case.—Jeweller's Circular.

DANCING.

Dancing may be the harmless amusement its supporters claim it to be, but the experience of every unbiased, close observer and thinker who has frequented ball-rooms and seen the whirl of the voluptuous dancers, to the strains of the most sensuous of all music—that of the dance—emphatically denies the harmless character affirmed of the dance. That the plane of manly and womanly chastity is lowered, invisible though it may be, is unquestionable.
Its evil fascination has acted so powerfully on many persons that in their mad infatuation for it they have been drawn upon the fatal rocks of irreparable ruin. There are profound physiological principles involved in the dance which the space of a newspaper article will not allow me to discuss, but I am certain when the moral, intellectual and physical effects of dancing are summed up, the aggregate will be an appalling and unanswerable reply to the fallacious arguments of its supporters.
I do not mean to say that every one who is fond of dancing is thereby necessarily obliged to fall, but no one can exclude herself or himself from the circle of its terrible possibilities.
Better be a wall flower, noble, dignified and respected, than a rose from which the basest hands can pluck the leaves of delicacy. Better to lose the whole world and hold to the most glorious of all womanly attributes—a world-rebuking purity—than to sacrifice it for the fruit of the tree of worldly pleasure.
Other kinds of indulgence have slain their thousands, but dancing has slain its tens of thousands. Every ball-room has been a Golgotha of virtue.—Catholic Union and Times.

FAITH.

I will not think the last farewell we hear
Is more than brief "good-bye" that a
trivial saith
Turning toward home, that to our home lies
near:
I will not think so harshly of kind death,
I will not think the last looks of dear eyes
Fade with the light that fades of our day
air,
But that the apparent glories of the skies
Weigh down their lips with beams too
bright to bear.
Our dead have left us for no dark, strange
lands,
Unwelcomed there, and with no friends
to meet:
But hands of angels hold the trembling
hands,
And hands of angels guide the faltering
feet.
I will not think the soul gropes dumb and
blind
A brief space thro' our world, death-doom-
ed from birth—
I will not think that Love shall never find
A fairer heaven than he has made of earth.
—London Spectator.

A VERY SAD STORY.

John B. Gough tells the following: "A minister of the gospel told me of one of the most thrilling incidents I have heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home for the first time in his life intoxicated, and his boy met him on the door-step, clapping his hands and exclaiming, 'Papa has come home!' He seized the boy by the shoulder, swung him around, staggered, and fell in the hall. That minister said to me: 'I spent the night in that house. I went out, bared my brow that the night air might fall upon it and cool it. I walked up and down the hill. There was the child dead! there was his wife in strong convulsions, and he asleep.' A man about thirty years of age asleep, with a dead child in the house, having a blue mark upon the temple where the corner of the marble steps had come in contact with the head as he swung him around, and a wife upon the brink of the grave! 'Mr. Gough,' said my friend, 'I cursed the drink. He had told me that I must remain until he awoke, and I did.' When he awoke he passed his hand over his face, and exclaimed, 'What is the matter? where am I? where is my boy?' 'You cannot see him.' 'Stand out of my way. I will see my boy.' To prevent confusion I took him to the child's bed, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse he uttered a wild shriek, 'Oh, my child!' That minister said further to me: 'One year after that he was brought from a lunatic asylum to lie side by side with his wife in the grave, and I attended his funeral.' The minister of the gospel who told me that fact is to-day a drunken hostler in a stable in Boston. Now, tell me what rum will not do! It will debase, imbrute, and ruin everything that is noble, bright, glorious, and godlike in a human being. There is nothing drink will not do that is vile, dastardly, cowardly, sneaking, or hellish. Why are we not to fight it till the day of our death?"

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A DINNER AND A KISS.
"I've brought your dinner, father,"
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arria a kettle
And lifted its shining lid.
"There's not any pie or pudding,
So I will give you this,"
And upon his toil-worn forehead
She left a childish kiss.
The blacksmith took off his apron,
And dined in happy mood,
Wondering much at the savor
Had in his humble food.
While playing about him were visions
Full of prophetic bliss;
But he never thought of the magic
In his little daughter's kiss.
While she, with her kettle swinging,
Merrily trudged away,
Stopping at sight of a squirrel,
Catching at some wild bird's lay,
And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we would miss,
If always our frugal dinners
Were seasoned with such a kiss.
—The Caterer.

JAPANESE GIRLS.

The Japanese girl, when she goes into company, paints her face white, her lips and the corners of her eyes red, with two slate colored spots on her forehead. She would be thought immodest if she did not do so, as being so conceited as to think her complexion did not need improvement.
The children's shoes are made of blocks of wood secured with cord. The stocking resembles a mitten, having a separate piece for the great toe. As these shoes are lifted only by the toes, the heels make a rattling sound as the owners walk, which is quite stunning in a crowd.
They are not worn in the house as they would injure the soft straw mats with which the floors

are covered. You leave your shoes at the door. The beauty of the human foot is seen in the Japanese. They have no corns, no ingrowing nails, no distorted joints. Our toes are cramped until they are deformed, and are in danger of extinction. The Japanese have the full use of their toes, and to them they are almost like fingers. Nearly every mechanic makes use of his toes in holding his work, and I have dragged a Japanese youth across a platform by his merely holding on with his toes. Every toe is fully developed. Their shoes cost two cents and will last six months.
The babies are taken care of on the backs of older children, to which they are fastened by loose bands. You will see a dozen little girls, with babies asleep on their backs, engaged in playing battledore, the babies' heads bobbing up and down. This is better than howling in a cradle. The baby sees everything, goes everywhere, gets plenty of pure air, and the sister who carries it gets her shoulders braced back, and doubtless lessons in patience. It is funny to see the little tots, when they begin to run alone, carrying their dolls on their backs.—Exchange.

WHOLE SOME ADVICE.

A contemporary gives the following wholesome advice to the little folks: Shut every door after you, and without slamming it. Never call to persons upstairs or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them go quietly where they are. Always speak kindly and politely to servants, if you would have them do the same to you. When you are told to do or not to do a thing by either parent, never ask why you should not do it. Tell of your own faults and misdoings, and not those of your brothers and sisters. Carefully clean the mud or snow off your boots before entering the house. Be prompt at every meal hour. Never sit down at the table or in the parlor with dirty hands or tumbled hair. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad. Let your first and best friend be your mother. These rules will make you a desirable companion.

WHOSE BOY AM I?

I'd just like to know whose boy I am. Every morning when the postman comes he says, "Hallo! whose little boy are you?"
Then I have to say papa's an' mamma's an' grandpa's an' great grandpa's an' uncle Charlie's an' aunt Lou's an' May's an'—
But when I ain't through he's gone, an' he always laughs when he is going. I like to be some folks' boy, but not everybody's. When I do things papa likes, such as pick up chips, and don't cry when I'm hurt, then I am papa's boy. And when I'm hurt an' do cry, then I'm mamma's boy. An' when any of my gran'mas come, they say, when I'm right before 'em, An' where's gran'ma's boy to-day? An' cook says, "Be my good little boy;" an' last night a man came on our steps, an' he said, "My son, is this Mr. Nelson's house?" An' when I said "No," he said, "Thank you, my boy." An' a policeman said jus' now, "Run in my boy, or you'll freeze." I don't like to be a man's boy that I never haven't seen before at all—I don't—Babyland.

THE SABBATH A LOVING DAY.

"Mother, I suppose one reason why they call the Sabbath a holy day is because it's such a loving day," said a little boy as he stood up by his father's side and looked up into his mother's face.
"Why, is not every day a loving day?" asked his mother. "I love father, and father loves me, and we both love you and baby every day as well as Sunday."
"Well, you've no time to tell us on week-days," said the little boy. "You have to work, and father has to go off early to his work, and he is so tired when he comes home. But Sunday he takes me on his knee and tells me Bible stories, and we go to church together; and oh! it's such a loving day."—Youth's Temperance Banner.
Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator and holds him to his throne. If that tie is sundered or broken, he floats away a worthless atom of the universe—its proper attraction all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation and death.—Daniel Webster.

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