

## THE HOME CIRCLE.

## NOW.

Arise, for the day is passing  
While you lie dreaming on;  
Your brothers are cased in armor  
And forth to the fight are gone;  
Your place in the ranks awaits you—  
Each man has a part to play;  
The past and the future are nothing  
In the face of the stern to-day.

Arise from the dream of the future,  
Of gaining a hard-fought field,  
Of storming the airy fortress,  
Of bidding the giant to yield;  
Your future has deeds of glory,  
Of honor (God grant it may);  
But your arm will never be stronger  
Or needed as now—to-day.

Arise! if the past detain you  
The sunshine and storms forget;  
No chains so unworthy to hold you  
As those of a vain regret.  
Sad or bright she is lifeless over;  
Cast her phantom arms away,  
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson  
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Arise for the hour is passing;  
The sound that you dimly hear  
Is your enemy marching to battle—  
Rise! Rise! for the foe is near!  
Stay not to brighten your weapons,  
Or the hour will strike at last,  
And from dreams of coming battle  
You will waken to find it past.

## "FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS."

In 1819, Reginald Heber, then a young man, and rector of a Shropshire church, went to pay a visit to his father-in-law, Dr. Shepley, the vicar of Wrexham. On Sabbath, Dr. Shepley was to deliver a discourse on behalf of Foreign Missions, and on the previous afternoon he sat chatting upon the theme with a few friends. He knew Mr. Heber's gift in rapid composition, and suddenly said to him,—

"Write something for us to sing at the service to-morrow morning."

The young man retired to another part of the room, and soon appeared again with three verses beginning with that familiar line, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." He had made no change in them, except to alter "savage" in the seventh line of the second verse to "heathen."

"There, there," remarked Dr. Shepley, on hearing them, "that will do very well."

Mr. Heber was not satisfied. "No, no," said he, "the sense is not complete."

In spite of his father-in-law's earnest protest, he withdrew again, and then returned to read the triumphant stanza:—

"Waft, waft, ye winds the story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign."

"What shall we sing it to?" said Dr. Shepley.

Mr. Heber, who had a fine musical ear, suggested a popular air, called "'Twas when the seas were roaring."

The others agreed in liking his choice, and next morning the people of Wrexham sang for the first time the words so familiar to our ears. The air has given place in our churches to a tune composed by Dr. Lowell Mason. Tune and words are worthy of each other, and will probably never be separated.

As for Reginald Heber, he sailed for India in 1823, and died there after three years of patient and loving toil among the heathen.

## THE COST OF A DELAY

It was snowing fast, and all the air was thick with the soft flakes, whirling rapidly past the wide windows. But the pretty chamber was warm, and filled with a delicate fragrance from the rich crimson roses in the old china bowl on the table. As Hetty hung over them, touching caressingly their velvet petals, one could see

she had wandered into a fair dreamland, and forgotten the storm outside, and the swiftly waning afternoon.

It was not often that Hetty dreamed; for two thoughts had entered into her heart with power, and she had begun to realize the responsibility of every human life. One thought was of Him who had so loved others that He had given His life for them, and was giving it still. The other was of the many in sore need—within sight and reach—people who had but scant food, no shelter worth the name, no fire in the bitter cold, and who hardly knew what love meant. Yesterday morning her Irish washerwoman had answered her pleasant smile and inquiry as to how she was getting on:

"Shure, Miss Hetty, darlint, there's more poorer nor me," and had gone on to tell her of another family in her tenement house. The mother was dead, the father a drunkard, one of the daughters had gone away, nobody knew where, the other had married quite respectably, but felt herself decidedly above the rest of the family, and refused to take charge of the boy, a cripple, and ill in other ways. "The poor creetur has a hard time, Miss Hetty. It's little nursing he gets, and I'm thinking it's little food, too."

Hetty soon discovered the washerwoman had been sharing her own small supply of fuel and provisions with the boy, until she found the father was using her charity to live in idleness.

"You mustn't take from your little store. I'll go to see him to-day;" and she smiled at her brightly. "I'll be so glad to help him."

She was true to her promise. Two or three of her girl friends ran in with pleasant plans for the morning, but she resisted all temptations, and was soon on her way to the old friend who had offered to share such expeditions. Mrs. Langdon had an almost life-long experience in works of charity, and Hetty's father was not willing for her to go alone.

They took a street car, but had to get out, and climb a steep, badly paved sidewalk before they reached the house. The man was a shoemaker by profession and his sign was over the lower door, but all their knocking failed to bring any response. Two or three heads had been watching their movements with keen interest from the opposite windows, and several voices informed them, like a chorus, that "he warn't hardly ever in the shop," and advised them to try the rickety flight of steps that led to the alley below.

With some trepidation, Mrs. Langdon descended and Hetty followed. They landed in a narrow, black passage-way with a door in front of them. Knocking here more than once, Hetty at last heard a faint sound inside, pushed the door open and went in. There was a sickly, stifling smell; and the room was so dark that she could hardly distinguish one object from another. As her eyes became accustomed to the dimness, she saw an old box, a set of drawers, a battered stove without fire, and a grimy looking couch in the farthest corner. Here lay a boy of fifteen, so emaciated that he could not have weighed more than a child of five. To say his face was as white as the bedclothes would have been misleading, as these were black, but there was an unnatural pallor on his face. In spite of the dirt and disease, he was not repulsive; his face was sweet in expression, and his eyes bright and intelligent. He answered their questions almost eagerly, with a sweet, piping little voice, curiously infantile for his age. The pains in his back and hip were pretty bad, especially nights. And his cough? Yes, that was bad, too. He didn't like being by himself here the door opened, and the father—an ungainly, bad-looking man—slouched in lazily, and sat down on the box—there was no chair—without acknowledging their presence.

The child began to cry, a weak, pitiful cry, and said he wanted him to go away, he didn't want him to hear.

"Jes' wants to beg fur money—that's what he's up to," said the man, though not unkindly, and as the child continued to cry, he went out. He then begged that they would go to the door, and look to see that his father was not listening.

"I do want a little money," in an eager, shrill voice. "Jes' some little pieces of money."

Mrs. Langdon gave Hetty a look of warning, as her hand went to her purse.