

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

Rest him, O Father! Thou didst send him forth With great and gracious messages of love...

being very beautiful. Before the arrival of the American Minister in Seoul the Queen had expressed an ardent desire to see her...

THE LORD'S TREASURY.

As a part of the children's home education, the idea of systematic giving to the Lord's cause should be constantly set before them.

COREA—ITS RULERS.

The presence of the Korean Embassy in the United States gives special interest to Korea, and a correspondent of the N. Y. Herald furnishes the following:

Seoul, the capital of the Corea, is in the northwestern part of the peninsula and near the Salu, or Han river, being about sixty miles from its mouth.

The king is a young man of thirty-two, and it is only since the summer of 1882 that he has actually been at the head of the State.

If an angel had appeared to this Joseph in a dream, or had there been at hand a prophet to reveal to those parents what their child would become...

Sir Moses Montefiore, now in his hundredth year, though suffering some physical languor, retains in their full power his mental forces and all the quickness of his humane sympathies.

His interest in all matters of any import to mankind continues unabated. When the recent coronation ceremonies were being arranged in Russia, he sent letters to the principal rabbis in Russia and Poland, asking that there might be festivities in their schools on coronation-day...

The Queen's household is entirely separate from that of the King, as owing to the customs of the country, she is surrounded by women and can only be seen by women. She has never been seen by a foreigner, but is described as

He has always been the friend of children; not many months ago he appeared at a charity bazaar, and bought continuously a great quantity of toys and trinkets...

One day last May (1883), Lord Shaftesbury, meeting Dr. Hermann Adler, exclaimed: "Your great Judas Maccabæus has just sent me £98 for my Ragged Schools!"

About two months ago a warm friend of Sir Moses, Mr. Alfred A. Marcus, of Boston, sent in honor of Sir Moses, a fine harmonium to the Evelina Hospital for the Sick, in Southwark Road, founded by Baron Ferdinand Rothschild...

A special celebration of it is under preparation at Leghorn, the city of his nativity; in Rome a rabbinical seminary about to be founded is to bear his name; and a beautiful album containing addresses voted by all the towns in Italy having Jewish inhabitants is to be presented to him.

PRaise.

"King of glory, King of peace, I will love Thee; And that love may never cease, I will move Thee."

LUTHER'S MARRIAGE.

In Wittenburg there was a certain Catherine von Bora, sixteen years younger than he, who had been a nun in a distant convent.

In a conversation with a most courteous English gentleman, the Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler, gifted son and right capable delegate of the aged Chief Rabbi, I learned most of the following interesting facts.

His interest in all matters of any import to mankind continues unabated. When the recent coronation ceremonies were being arranged in Russia, he sent letters to the principal rabbis in Russia and Poland, asking that there might be festivities in their schools on coronation-day...

RELIGIOUS TALKING.

A writer in the Christian Treasury, a British monthly, makes these remarks, that have a hint in them that we may all profit by:

"I have sometimes been afraid that there was coming into our talk a sort of religious irreverence, a reckless freedom of pious speech which mingled faith and frivolity, alluded to the Lord in much the same tone that might be used in speaking of the Queen or any one in high position...

One afternoon a gentleman was shown into Mr. Lamar's library. "Mr. Lamar," asked the visitor, "do you know a lad by the name of Gregory Bassett?"

A TASK OR A CALLING.

One does not need to accept the theory of some thinkers, that each man's universe is as his own mind makes it, to see that next in importance to things themselves, is our way of looking at them.

In few things is this more clearly seen than in the sphere of labour. Mark the difference of conduct shown by two men who are toiling at the same piece of work.

One evening I told you to close the gate at the barn. You neglected to do so. The colt got out through the night, fell into a quarry and broke its leg.

SEEING IN A FOG.

A friend of ours, sailing down the coast last March, came on deck one morning to find the air pervaded by a fog so thick as to shut off the vision for even a few yards from the steamer.

"Oh, no; not in a fog like this." "Well, you certainly could take no observations without a star in sight."

The spiritual have other means of seeing than what we call our sight. They see by the lead. That lead is faith.

through the moaning and midnight seas we pass the stormy and perilous crises of our life. But we go on, sounding the depths that encompass and imperil us, and finding the rocks and shoals themselves our chart and our security.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE YEARS PASS ON.

"When I'm a woman, you'll see what I'll do, I'll be great and good and noble and true; I'll visit the sick and relieve the poor—No one shall ever be turned from my door."

"When I'm a woman," a gay maiden said, "I'll try to do right and not be afraid; I'll be a Christian, and give up the joys of the world with all its dazzling toys; But I'm only a young girl now."

Now is the time to begin to do right; To-day, whether sky be dark or bright; Make others happy by good deeds of love, Looking to Jesus for help from above; And then you'll be happy now.

NOT TRUSTWORTHY.

One afternoon a gentleman was shown into Mr. Lamar's library. "Mr. Lamar," asked the visitor, "do you know a lad by the name of Gregory Bassett?"

"Eh?" cried the visitor. "Then I don't want him." That ended the interview. "O, uncle!" cried Gregory bursting into tears.

Mr. Lamar's tone changed into one of reproach, and his face was dark with displeasure. "I gave you some money to deposit in the bank," he resumed.

Next I gave you a letter to mail. You loitered to watch a man with a tame bear. "The 9 o'clock mail will do," you thought.

"Next I gave you a letter to mail. You loitered to watch a man with a tame bear. "The 9 o'clock mail will do," you thought.

"I saw at once my mistake. A cloud spread over the sun-brown face; but soon it passed away, and a rough, rugged hand was softly laid upon my shoulder, while a voice, almost distressing to me, it was so gentle, said: "My little friend, that is my wife, the mother of my children; of course, you meant nothing, but let an old sailor tell you, never speak but in the gentlest words of those whom men should honor."

HOW HATTIE BECAME A CHRISTIAN.

She was only nine years old. I had been preaching to the children, and at close of meeting Hattie came to me and said, "I do want to be a Christian; how can I be?" and the anxious look in her great brown eyes assured me she was in earnest.

"O yes; I am a very wicked girl." "What! such a little girl as you a sinner? How can that be?"

"I am so wicked!" she said, "Hattie, what did Jesus come into the world for?"

"To save sinners," came the answer between two great sobs. "Then if you are a sinner, he came to save you, did he not?"

"Will he save me?" she asked. "Yes, Hattie; Jesus is waiting to save you now. Will you go home and give yourself to him to be saved?"

"I will try," she replied. "Why did I ask her to go home to give herself to Christ?"

The next afternoon Hattie was present at children's meeting, but her sad little face showed that the question was still undecided. She came to me, and I said:

"Well, Hattie, did you give yourself to Jesus?"

"I tried to, but I don't feel any better. I asked Jesus to take me, but I don't know whether he did or not."

"I think I know what is the trouble," and as her face was turned so eagerly to mine, seeking so earnestly the light, I added, "You gave yourself to Jesus, and then took yourself right back again."

"Yes, that's just what I did," said Hattie, as the truth flashed upon her. "Well, is that the way to do? Isn't it best to give yourself to him, and just trust him to save you? Will you do that? and when?"

"O now—this moment," and dropping upon her knees, she said, "Jesus, I am a sinner, and I give myself to you, and I'll never take myself back again as long as I live."

That was all she could do, and when she arose there was a new light in her heart; and to-day Hattie is one of the most joyous and earnest and useful little Christians in all the wide, wide world. Will my readers do as Hattie did?

ONE LITTLE SEED.

Many days have passed since that little incident, but its lesson is one which I trust I have never forgotten.

I was crossing the ocean aboard the good old ship Antoinette. By-like, I made friends with the several officers of the vessel, and when they were off duty my pleasure was to listen to their tales of the sea. What wonderful stories they had to tell!—of queer cities and strange people, of storms and calms, of dangers through which they had passed, and then, too, of their happy homes far away, and their longing to be once more surrounded by their families.

One day the first officer had just come off watch, and as he stepped into his cabin he found me already there. I chatted a while, and finally, in rummaging through his chest, I fell upon some old-time daguerrotypes. This was his son, that his daughter, and here was a picture of a woman of already maturer years. Eager to display, I presume, my familiarity with the world (and how much our young generation is addicted thereto), I at once exclaimed: "And that's the old woman, I suppose."

I saw at once my mistake. A cloud spread over the sun-brown face; but soon it passed away, and a rough, rugged hand was softly laid upon my shoulder, while a voice, almost distressing to me, it was so gentle, said: "My little friend, that is my wife, the mother of my children; of course, you meant nothing, but let an old sailor tell you, never speak but in the gentlest words of those whom men should honor."

All the rest of that day I felt like one who had done a wrong, but afterwards the sun seemed brighter and the air fresher than ever. Perhaps the little seed that rough old stevedore had sown had flowered into beauty.