

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

ANSWERED PRAYER. "O give me a message of quiet." I asked in my morning prayer; "For the turbulent trouble within me is more than my heart can bear. Around there is strife and discord, And the storms that do not cease, And the whirl of the world is on me— That only canst give me peace."

IN HIS OWN WAY.

There was a hushed chamber in Mr. Clauson's house. Such a chamber as most of us have entered at some time in our lives. A room in which the husband and wife can hardly look each other in the face; where the footsteps fall lightly, and the few words spoken are whispered ones. It seemed enough of sorrow that the little darling of the household, four year old Willie, should lie there before the eyes of the parents, so cold and still. Yet that was not the only trouble oppressing them, although at present it far outweighed all others.

paper, stating that early the next week the fine estate of Robert Clauson would be sold at auction. "Oh, how can he?" she said to herself, "and his only little son lying dead, to be buried to-morrow!" What could she do? Jennie Clauson and she had been schoolmates. Mr. Liscomb was not at the office, so she walked home alone, wishing she could say something to induce him to reconsider the matter; but that evening the lawyer was particularly silent and hurried; sat writing until rather late in the evening, then said he must go out awhile, he had an errand to attend to.

ren, blessing and confirming the faith of the one, and calling back to allegiances the wandering feet of the other.—Golden Rule. AMENDS. Storm is not good; but when storms pass And clouds are fled and airs grow mild, And waves splash softly on by one, And weary earth, her conflict o'er, Lies like a lover sleeping child, We feel a joy unknown before. In tree and flower and rain-washed grass, A new significance is seen.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

The following story of a reckless young man suggests a possible comfort in the cases of other erring loved ones: A lady in Baltimore had a wayward son whose reckless conduct cost her many tears. There were many things in her life to make her happy; but her anxiety for her headstrong son saddened all her enjoyment and disturbed her peace. He grew more indifferent to her love, and finally left his home for a life of adventure in the West. But happiness did not come to him in his wild career, nor riches from his eager search in the mines. For a time the new freedom gratified him; but his restless spirit could not be contented even with that. By some means his mother kept track of his wanderings, and was able to send him messages of love; but they brought few or no replies. At one of Mr. Moody's meetings in Baltimore she heard Rev. Robert Lowry's touching poem and tune that has been so often sung, and the words exactly uttered her own feelings:

Where is my wandering boy to-night? The boy of my tenderest care, The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer? "Bring me my wand'ring boy to-night, Go search for him where you will; But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still. "O, where is my boy to-night? My heart overflows, for I love him he knows: O, where is my boy to-night?" The weeping woman copied the verses and sent them to her son in a letter. No word from him ever reached her in return. At last she lost all trace of him, not even knowing that he had received her message. Then, after weary waiting, tidings came, bitter tidings, strangely mingled with consolation.

A TRUE HOME.

Many of our young housekeepers faint and fall by the way after a few months' trial, relinquishing their brightest chances for securing a true home, and seek release from all responsibility in a boarding-house. And why? For the most because their mothers have been cruelly kind and indulgent. They permit their daughters' girlhood to slip by without accustoming them to any care or responsibility. They forget that to make their children useful and helpful in youth will lay the foundation of more true happiness and enjoyment than can be found in a life of idleness and selfishness. They forget that there are home lessons each day that should have equal thought and attention with those which are enforced at schools, if they would fit their daughters for cheerful home-makers. If our girls grow up with no higher ambition than to pass through their school education with only just that amount of knowledge which will be deemed respectable in fashionable circles, devoting all their time out of school to street walking and silly gossip, with not one moment given to domestic duties, who can wonder that they make unreasonable, indolent, incompetent housekeepers? Now and then we find one whose

natural good sense has not been entirely destroyed or perverted by the indulgence or carelessness of the mother. If such a one marries and truly loves her husband, she will throw off the fetters, and have courage to study the art of house-keeping until she becomes an expert at the business. If she would do this, by quick observation and thoroughly systematic management she will build up a delightful home where husband and children will rise up and call her blessed.—Primitive Christian.

DR. LEONARD BACON.

It certainly did cost something—this consideration towards every man, without respect of persons. But it paid, in kind. Whatever bitterness had been against him from time to time was, in the long run, overcome with good; and of late years, when that "good gray head that all men knew" was seen about New Haven streets, "the eye that saw him blessed him." I am not sure that I ever heard him allude to any public honor paid to him or to any compliment from high places. I am certain that he was deeply gratified when Harvard in a peculiarly flattering way made him LL.D.; but we had to depend on the newspapers for the knowledge of any such incident. It was quite different with the expression of respect and love from a person of humble position or of some opposing party. Such a thing as this he always remembered and loved to speak of. The honor that, perhaps he was proudest of came to him thirty years ago, when we were about starting for Europe and the East, and there were many generous gifts made him and grateful words spoken. Father O'Reilly, parish priest, called at the door, and with great delicacy of feeling, asked that he might be allowed to add his gold piece to the rest, "as an expression of his respect for a good man." Father came back delighted once from a pastoral visit in a humble suburb, because an Irish laboring man, whom he did not know, had stopped with unwearying head to say: "We are very much pleased to see your reverence in our part of the town." And he was very much moved in telling me a few years since, how a neighboring pastor about to remove after a few years' service had called to say good-bye, and had said with tears: "Before I came to New Haven I regarded you with suspicion and almost fear; but I have learned to honor you and trust you and love you."—Leonard W. Bacon, D.D., in "The Congregationalist."

FACTORY RELIGION.

"No sir," said Scofield, "the factory engineer, emphatically, 'there is no such thing as factory religion! It's a contradiction. Why my engine won't run if I don't swear at times.'" "How do you know?" asked the listener. The fireman laughed. Scofield turned upon him like a flash: "Tom," said he with an oath, "wheel in ten or twelve more barrels of that Nova Scotia coal. There isn't half enough to last until six o'clock." The fireman departed without a word and the engineer bustled around the room, oiling the slides, testing the water, opening and shutting valves. "Well, I suppose I must leave you," said the visitor, rising from his chair and holding out his hand. "Will you not give the subject a thought?" The engineer shook his head. "It's no place for religion, I tell you," he said. "To my mind, factories ought never to have been built. God intended man to live out in the free air and enjoy nature. There is plenty of room for religion out of doors, but here, where the very pulleys swear at their work—where steam shrieks and curses—there is no place for religion." "Tom!" called Scofield, after the minister had left, "don't bother about any more coal, my boy. I was out of sorts when I spoke. There is enough in now to last a week." "I couldn't help laughing, though," said Tom, wiping the grimy sweat from his brow, "you know that you never did try to do anything without swearing."

would begin early the next morning and for every oath uttered he would drop a small brass nail into a tumbler that was in the window. He rather thought that the tumbler would be empty at night—now that he had got his will up.

The next day came—Scofield rose at five as usual, and going down stairs in his stocking feet stepped upon a tack. The volley of oaths that followed counted out seven nails for the tumbler. The buckwheat cakes, a collar-button, the cap, a slow clock, and the remembrance of his purpose scored five more. Then with grim determination he shut his teeth and said not a word more until he reached the engine-room, where he counted out the twelve nails and threw them into the tumbler with an oath—yes, an oath of relief. He was half across the room before the last one dawned upon him, but true to his purpose he walked back and put another nail into the glass.

SEWING ACHES.

Jessie sat down by her mother to sew. She was making a pillow case for her own little pillow. "All this?" she asked in a discontented tone, holding the seam out. "That is not too much for a little girl who has a work basket of her own," said her mother. "Yes," thought Jessie, "mother has given me a work basket, and I ought to be willing to sew;" and with that she took a few stitches quite diligently. "I have a dreadful pain at my side," said Jessie, in a few minutes. "My thumb is very sore," she said a few moments after. "Oh, my hand is so tired!" was the next. Next there was something the matter with her foot, and then with her eyes, and so she was full of trouble. At length the sewing was done. Jessie brought it to her mother. "Should I not first send for a doctor?" said her mother. "The doctor for me, mother," cried the little girl, as surprised as she could be. "Certainly. A little girl so full of pains and aches must be sick; and the sooner we have the doctor, the better." "O mother!" said Jessie, laughing, "they were sewing aches. I am well now."

ONLY A NEWSPAPER.

"Only a newspaper!" Quick read, quick lost, Who sums the treasure that it carries hence! Torn, trampled under feet, who counts thy cast, Star-eyed intelligence! And ye the nameless! Best beloved host! My heart recalls more than one vanished face, Struck from the rank of foemen—early lost, And leaving not a trace. Martyrs of news! Young martyrs of the press! Princes of giving from largest of brains, One leaf of laurel steeped in tenderness, Take ye, O early slain!

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THREE GOOD LESSONS.

I was eleven years old, said Mr. S., an eminent American merchant, when my grandfather had a fine flock of sheep, which were carefully tended during the war at those times. I was the shepherd boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his book than the sheep, was sent with me, but he left the work to me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman as he said: "Never mind, Jonathan, my boy; if you watch the sheep, you will have the sheep." "What does grandfather mean by that?" I said to myself. "I don't expect to have the sheep." My desires were moderate. I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was, but he had been to Congress, in Washington's time, so I concluded it was all right, and I went back contentedly to the sheep. After I got into the field I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of Sunday's lesson: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things." I began to see through it. "Never you mind who neglects his duty; be you faithful, and you will have your reward." I received a second lesson soon after I came to New York as a clerk to the late Mr. R. A merchant from Ohio, who knew me, came to buy goods, and said:

"Make yourself so useful that they cannot do without you." I took this meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather. Well, I worked upon these two ideas until Mr. R. offered me a partnership in the business. The first morning after the partnership was made known Mr. G., the old partner, called to congratulate me, and he said: "You are all right now. I have only one word of advice to give you. Be careful whom you walk the streets with."

That was lesson number three. And what valuable lessons they are! Fidelity in all things; do your best for your associates; carelessness about your associates. Let every boy take these lessons home, and study them well. They are the foundation stones of character and honorable success.

TELLING MOTHER.

A cluster of young girls stood about the door of a school-room one afternoon, when a little girl joined them and asked what they were doing. "I am telling the girls a secret, Kate, and we will promise to let you know if you will promise not to tell any one as long as you live," was the reply. "I won't tell any one but my mother," replied Kate. "I tell her everything, for she is my best friend." "No, not even your mother, no one in the world." "Well, then, I can't hear it; for what I can't tell my mother isn't fit for me to hear." After speaking these words, Kate walked away slowly, and perhaps, sadly, yet with a quiet conscience, while her companions went on with their secret conversation. I am sure that if Kate continued to act on that principle, she became a virtuous, useful woman. No child of a pious mother will be likely to take a sinful course if Kate's reply is taken for a rule of conduct. If you have no mother do as the disciples did; go and tell Jesus. He loves you better than the most tender parent. Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful; but his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night. Psalm 1:1-2

ROB'S PLAN.

Rob never has any trouble with the boys. Every one likes him; so it is not very strange that he gets along so well. "Rob, how is it you never get into any scrapes?" said Will Law to him one day. "All the other boys do." "Oh, it's my plan not to talk back. When a boy says hard things to me, I just keep still." Not a bad plan, is it? If all the boys would try it, what good times there would be in the school-room, on the play-ground—everywhere. Who will try Rob's plan?