

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

O GOD, MY HEART IS FIXED. My whole desire Both to ply turn away Out of all time unto Eternal day.

I leave the world. Its wealth allures not me: With God alone will I contented be.

Now, O my God! My comfort, portion, rest! Thou, none but Thou shalt reign within my breast.

Then let me dwell But as a pilgrim here: One to whom earth seems distant—Heaven's note near.

I know this road Through narrow straits doth wind, Wherein my numbers will must stoop and bend.

Thou art my King— My King beareth with alone: And if Thy servant, Lord, an all Thy own;

In this poor heart that pants, my Lord, for Thee! Counsel and Comfort

WHITEFIELD AND THE WESLEYS.

Rev. J. Jackson Wray recently delivered in Exeter hall, London, a lecture of which the following is a part: "Young Whitefield went to Oxford, still a lad of eighteen, but he took with him a firm resolve to lead a good religious life."

AWAITING THE GUILLOTINE.

As soon as the sentence of death is passed in France, the criminal is placed on double allowance. The ordinary prisoners have rations of meat and wine only on Sundays and Thursdays;

him. John and George said strong things when discussing the subject of predestination; they loved each other all the time, but the devil made simpletons of them both, and it was a happy day when at last they agreed to differ, showed a united front, and determined to work on parallel and not mingled lines.

The lecturer gave a number of illustrations of Whitefield's ready wit and commanding eloquence. "On one occasion a friend said to him, 'Do you think we shall see John Wesley in heaven?'"

SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Chatting a few evenings since with a charming old lady of eighty years, and seated close beside her in a chimney corner whose capacious fire-place was aglow with a hickory blaze, such as few of this generation have been fortunate enough to witness and enjoy, the current of social gossip and reminiscence flowed into the domain of fashion.

let for the scaffold. The camisole is a sack-like canvas vest, with the ends of the sleeves tied together to prevent the protrusion of the hands. Cords passing around the thighs, and fastening to the shoulders, attach closely to his body the arms of the prisoner.

THE SABBATH SAVES AMERICA.

It is not enough considered by students of progress, how great a gift to the labouring classes, and to the whole world, is the Christian Sunday. It has become so great a necessity to the civilized world, that the wonder is how the non-Christian races, or classic people were able to do without such a day.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Papa has had a headache all day, And he looks at his watch in a weary way, Then to the clock, and says, "It's too slow, 'Twas the children's bedtime five minutes ago."

"IT STINGS."

"How pretty!" cried little Sam, as his little fat hand grasped a bunch of white lilacs which grew near the gate of his father's mansion.

WOMEN AND WINE.

A writer in Scribner's Monthly uses the following strong language which will be responded to by the women who have suffered all over the land:

"Of the worst foes that women have ever had to encounter, wine stands at the head. The appetite for strong drink in men has spoiled the lives of more women—undoubtedly more than any other evil that lives."

Truly high words do not make a man any more just, but a virtuous life maketh him dear to God.

GOOD-BYE.

Who knows today that our "good-bye" At first was not a wish but prayer; A thought of help forever nigh, And "God be with you" everywhere!

"Not as the world doth give," said He, Who of all men on earth was true, To his disciples tenderly, "Give I my parting word to you."

Then said He, "Peace with you I leave, My peace, O friends, to you I give; Let not your hearts be sad—believe, They that believe in me shall live."

Oh that upon our hearts might He Breathe evermore that selfsame word! And oh, that our "good-bye" might be "Prayer for the presence of our Lord!"

Could clearer, surer pledge be given? Could even He a better send Than that with which He went to heaven—"Lo I am with you to the end?"

What need we but with trustful heart Cling to His word of hope and cheer, And say, "With me thou always art, Therefore no evil will I fear!"

Then as along these earthly ways With weary feet, we go and come, Long winter nights, long summer days, But every footfall nearer home,—

"Not as the world," our lips shall say, Peace and good-bye whenever we part, Until we reach some coming day, The mansion of the pure in heart. Alex. E. Thompson, D.D.

of thousands of women who are widows to-day, and sit in hopeless weeds, because their husbands had been slain by strong drink.

There are women groaning with pain, while we write these words, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink.

There are women who are as near the realization of hell as can be reached, in this world at least. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, the sense of disgrace for herself and children, the poverty—and not unfrequently beggary—the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering, life-long struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands, are enough to make all women curse wine, and engage untriedly to oppose it everywhere as the very worst enemy of their sex.

Christianity early obtained for the working classes of the Roman Empire this great blessing, and not through the Greek method of creating a class of helpless helots, but by the institution of the Lord's Day.

Under the prodigious impulse of the leading race of modern times toward production and the acquiring of material wealth, there would have come without some such day an absolute breaking down of the physical power, a wearing out of the brain, and a corresponding degeneracy. In fact, the Christian Sabbath may be said to have saved the modern European and Anglo-American races. Had the greed for money never known an enforced rest; had the wheels of the factory, the hum of the market, and din of business sounded through the streets seven days as now through six, and no customary day called away thoughts to things not bought or sold and to principles unseen and eternal, the modern people might have run down to the lowest point of materialism.

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In all countries nominally under the teachings of Jesus, this day has relaxed the muscles of toil, wiped away the sweat of the innocent labor, and restored the worker to his family, reminding him that he is something besides an instrument of gain, and that he has other wants than those of earth.—Charles Loring Bruce.

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In its deepest parts the sea is intensely blue, but where it is shallow it is a bright green color, which prevails until soundings cease to be struck. Some people ascribe the blue to the reflection of the sky, and say that if the green water which is found nearer land were piled up in a basin as deep as that which holds the blue, it would be the same color. But the true cause of the difference between the two is the quantity of salt which the water contains.

Some parts of the sea are much saltier than others, and it is these which are the bluest.

That the sea water is denser in one part than another is the result of evaporation, less rainfall and a smaller importation of fresh water by means of rivers, etc. It is estimated that eight feet of water are annually withdrawn from the Red Sea by evaporation only, and it is not surprising that it is saltier than the Baltic, where the evaporation is very small, and where, unlike it, there is an influx of water from various streams and heavy annual rainfalls.

But why is the ocean salt at all? The streams which feed it bring with them the salts of the soil through which they pass. As evaporation is ever going on, one would think that sea-water must ever grow more lime like; but such is not the case. The heavy heated waters of the tropics carry saline matter to be absorbed by the fresher waters, which in their turn rush forth to seek a home in hospitable regions; and hence it is that the seas from which there is no evaporation, and which receive abundant supplies from rivers, etc., keep up their character and do not become saltless lakes.

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"Yes," says the Agricultural World, "there are hundreds of thousands of homes scattered all over the land in which women live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love, love wine better than they do the woman whom they have sworn to love. There are women by the thousand who dread to hear at the door the step that once thrilled them with pleasure; that step has learned to reel under the influence of the seductive poison.

There are women groaning with pain, while we write these words, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink. There can be no exaggeration in any statement made in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth, and no pen is capable of portraying the truth.

The sorrows of a wife with a drunken husband, or a mother with a drunken son, are as near the realization of hell as can be reached, in this world at least. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, the sense of disgrace for herself and children, the poverty—and not unfrequently beggary—the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering, life-long struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands, are enough to make all women curse wine, and engage untriedly to oppose it everywhere as the very worst enemy of their sex.

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