

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

PUTTING IN THE SHADE.

"Was his little daughter's portrait—  
Child as a shy fair;  
Clear as some crystal stream her eye,  
Smile her golden hair;  
He blent his colors tenderly;  
Love was in every line  
That decked the canvas pale, whereon  
His darling's face he drew.  
"What dost thou, darling father, now?"  
The little maid would say;  
"I saw not yesterday;  
And why that darkness on the brow  
I saw not yesterday?  
Such shadows eyes are not for me—  
I love the light," she said.  
"My little daughter," answered he,  
"I'm putting in the shade."  
"To be not a perfect picture if  
The dark spots come to-morrow;  
To show to my friends as usual yet  
The help of shadows to-day.  
"But patient, little maiden mine—  
No shadow with at all!  
How dark was needed thou shalt see  
When all the world is done!"  
O, 'twas the Master Painter, he  
He rent his robe to-day;  
The shadow of his light, and from a  
His hand fell as the  
And let the sun and sunlight  
Heath be not far.  
Still smiling from the canvas in  
His unchangeable gaze.  
"Be well, O Precious Mother, well!"  
The old man's heart  
"To me as a picture perfect I am  
As parting to the world  
Be patient, little maiden mine—  
No shadow with at all!  
That dark was needed thou shalt see  
When all the world is done!"  
—Selected.

"SO NEAR HEAVEN."

The waters of the Chesapeake Bay, in the vicinity of the group of islands which form the principal scene of our narrative, have been the theatre of many stirring incidents in the days of the Revolution; and also subsequently, during the war of 1812. The British fleet made Tangier harbor and island the centre of their operations while the bay was being ravaged, the capital burned, and the city of Baltimore bombarded. During the years 1813-14 a large reinforcement came over from the English shores; and a squadron of about fifty or sixty sail entered the Chesapeake Bay. Brother Joshua Thomas, the "Parson of the Islands," and who lived on Tangier, describes the scene:

"In a short time we heard their firing again, and four large ships appeared coming in. They cast anchor in Tangier harbor, and landed about two hundred men on the lower beach, where they pitched their tents, and immediately went to work with all their might, clearing off the ground and building forts.

"We watched their movements as they continued their work, and I discovered that they were cutting down all the timber before them—willow, cherry trees, pines, and cedars, without distinction. Our beautiful camp ground, where we held our great meetings, was likely to share the same fate. I felt so uneasy at this that I could not rest.

"It came to me that I must go and see the Admiral about this matter, and beg him to spare our camp ground. The next day I resolved to go and try, when I saw his flag streaming at the top of the staff; for by that sign we always knew he was on shore. I went to the sentinel that was stationed near, and told him I wished to see the Admiral; he raised his little flag, and the Admiral came that way, and asked me what I wanted. I answered: 'Sir, I have a request to make of you.' 'Well, what is it?' said he. 'Why, sir, it is this: if you can spare any of these trees, I am very anxious you will keep your men from cutting just round here; for this is the grove in which we worship, and where our camp meetings were held before the war; and if we ever have peace again, I hope we shall want to continue these meetings; for in this place we have left 'it was the very gate of heaven.'"

"I then went with him around the ground, and pointed out to him where the circles of tents stood, and where the preaching stand was, and the spot of ground before it where we held our prayer-meetings for mourners.

"Mourners" said he, 'how is that?' I went on in my stammering way to inform him that when sinners heard the gospel preached, and felt their need of Christ, they came in crowds to this spot, and knelt down to pray and cry for mercy, and we prayed with and for them; and hundreds of souls have been converted right here.

"While I was telling and showing him these things he looked at me with great sharpness, and when I was through he said, 'And who are you?' I said to him with

my hat in my hand, that I was 'a sinner saved by grace.' I could see an air of solemnity on his countenance, and he told me the grove should be spared. He gave orders immediately to the whole army that they should not cut so much as a limb off that grove; which orders were so strictly executed that a man came very near being punished severely for cutting something that happened to be in his way.

"They all, after this, revered that ground, and would not desecrate it in any way, or pitch a tent in it, but on the outside of the sacred grove.

"On one of those very calm summer evenings, about the close of the day, the officers and men first heard a strange noise, as if sounds were floating in the air; then, after a little space, the sweetest and most melodious singing was distinctly heard. They went out of their tents to ascertain where it was, and followed the sound until they found it linger directly over the preaching stand and the place in front of it where the prayer-meetings were held. It appeared to them to be about the tops of the trees. The singing continued near half an hour, and struck the army with such surprise and awe that all conversation ceased for that night.

"The next morning, when John Crockett came into camp, they told him about this singing, and remarked that there must have been a great deal of preaching and praying in that place to make it as holy as they believed it to be. They confessed that they were too wicked and bad to occupy a spot so near heaven, that they could hear the angels sing as they lingered around it. They never polluted the place after that."—*Richmond Advocate*.

WISE WORDS ON SOCIAL HABITS.

The eminent lecturer, Dr. J. H. Vincent, recently spoke in the great hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, of New York, on the following: "Ought Christians to abstain from the wine-glass, the card-table, and the theatre?" "I admit," he said, "that it is difficult to say that there is any wrong in a glass of wine after dinner, or in a card, or in a dance in the parlor or in an innocent play in the theatre. And yet I must object to them all.

First, because if all the people of this country would abstain from these four amusements, nobody would be hurt.

Secondly, their tendency is bad. I speak not of a glass of wine, but of the wine glass as a social habit. I speak not of the cards themselves, as an innocent amusement; I speak of the card table. I speak not of a dance in the parlor under favorable circumstances; but I speak of a dance on the whole. So I do not speak of an innocent play in the theatre; but of the theatre as an institution; and on the whole, it cannot be denied, their tendency is bad. For instance, there is a mother in Wisconsin whose boy left home for Chicago. Every day she grew more uneasy about him, for she heard nothing from him since he left. Once day a man entered her house and said: "I have seen your boy in Chicago; he says he has a good time. He is taking dancing lessons, goes to the theatre almost every evening, and when I was about bidding him good-by, he invited me to drink a glass of wine with him and play a game, as he says he enjoys it very much." That mother went to her chamber, and with tears offered up a most earnest prayer to God, and that night she could not sleep. Why did that mother grieve? But six weeks later she received a letter from her boy. He wrote, "Dear mother, I changed my life. I gave up dancing lessons, the card games, the theatre, and the wine. Mother, pray for me!" What a different impression this letter created from the former message in the mother's heart, perhaps some can imagine. She went into her room, and bowed with profound thankfulness and joy before the Lord, and that night she went to bed peaceful and happy. Why is she so happy now?

Thirdly, the voice of the church, on the whole, objects to them. Ask the ministers who have had experience with young people who got into the habit of these amusements; ask the pious parents; there is only one voice—they object to it.

Fourthly, the world itself disapproves if it finds Christians indulging in them. What would the world say, for instance, if the papers would tell the news to-morrow morning, "Rev. Dr. John Hall, Rev. Dr. W. M. Taylor, of this city, and the great evangelist, D. L. Moody, enjoyed themselves in dancing last evening, in a parlor on Fifth avenue?"

The roars of laughter that greeted this last remark of the speaker gave additional emphasis to his sound and sensible words.—*St. Louis Christian Advocate*.

THE DRIFTING OF THE LEAVES.

Whistling through the autumn trees  
Comes the bitter, cutting breeze,  
And the leaves fall rustling down,  
Golden yellow, russet brown;  
To and fro  
The dry leaves go,  
Whether drifting none may know.

Fossled about—on high, below,  
Sport of all the winds that blow;  
Never resting, never still,  
Drifting to the breezes' will,  
To and fro  
The hard words go,  
Whether drifting none may know.

Fiery through the heart and mind,  
Blows the bitter, stormy wind,  
And at once the harsh words fall,  
Angry words beyond recall!  
To and fro  
The hard words go,  
Whether drifting none may know.

Many an unkind, angry word,  
Lightly spoken, lightly heard,  
Bears its fruit in after years,  
Bitter crop of grief and tears!  
To and fro  
The hard words go,  
What their ending none may know.  
—George Weatherly.

SOMETHING VERY TERRIBLE.

Speaking to a lady in England of a very intimate friend and relative, lovely as the young man whose great possessions barred him from the Saviour in the olden time, I remarked, "But then he is not a Christian; poor fellow." "Not a Christian?" said the lady, in some surprise. "Not a true-hearted Christian, I mean, of course; not that he is a heathen or infidel." "You really startle me," answered the lady, "by coolly passing these terrible judgments on your dearest friends. How dare you say that one you love is not a Christian? It seems to me a judgment quite too severe to be passed upon friends, or even enemies. In the judgment of charity, my brother, my husband, my friend, if not a professed infidel, is a Christian."

"Without giving evidence of being born again?"  
"The Omnipotent Eye alone can see into the heart."  
"True; but almost any one can see whether the vine bears grapes."  
"I do not know," she answered thoughtfully, "that I am very consistent in the matter; and, except upon the broad platform of universal love, I am not prepared to say that I am right. But there is something very terrible to me in your practice. To speak of living under the same roof with an enemy of God, and speak of it as a simple every-day affair, suggestive only of a little sigh or a pitying, 'poor fellow,' makes me shudder."

And I shuddered as I listened; for her words winged a sharper arrow than she intended. "Ah, it matters little whether, with an ostrich-like policy, we draw the soft embroidered mantle about the leprous form of one we love or honestly lay bare the foul disease, if the deception and the familiarity operate alike in making us regardless of the sufferer's danger. The true view of the condition of an unconverted soul has indeed in it 'something very terrible.'"

Have you a friend, a brother, not yet included in the eternal Father's family? Is your husband, with all his affection and kindness for you, an enemy of God? Is your child—the precious little one, whom you have borne on your bosom so lovingly, and watched over by night and day with such a depth of devotedness—walking heedlessly in the path which leads to everlasting despair and death? Is the being dearest to you on earth striding blindfold towards an awful precipice, with but a step between himself and the verge beyond which lies the black unfathomable gulph from which no human being was ever extricated? And, through all this do you sit at ease and fold your hands, and with a smile, of mild, comfortable regret, make casual mention of his danger?

God in heaven, have mercy, and save us from this dread apathy.—*Anon.*

A WEDDING IN INDIA.

Our readers will be interested in the following account of a wedding in India, written by Mrs. Morrison, of the Ambala mission:

When I last wrote to you we had been to a very grand wedding. The father of the bride is Head Master Kirpa Kam of the Sadr mission school in Ambala cantonments.—Kirpa Kam lives, however, in the city of Ambala, which is five miles away from the cantonments. He is a Brahmin. His little daughter Dropti was the fair bride. She was united in matrimony to Sri Niwas, the son of a Brahmin priest to the King of Nabha. While the bride was with her mother and several female relatives, her father, Kirpa Kam, went to fetch the little bridegroom, who is ten years of age; and here let me say, the little bride will be ten years old on her next birthday. The bridegroom, with two or three relatives, was seated on an elephant. The howdah was a very fine one; of carved wood, thickly overlaid with silver, belonging to the king and lent for the occasion. The elephant, with its grand riders, went slowly along through the narrow streets of the city, toward the house of the bride.

Following in carriages were friends and relatives of the bride and groom. There was such a crush of people on the road that it was dangerous to walk in their midst. What do you think a number of people were carrying? A long piece of cloth fastened to two bamboo sticks held in each hand. It looked at first as if they were carrying banners in a procession. They turned out to be a sort of net, by which the owners would catch coins thrown by the riders of the elephant broadcast through the crowds. Both roofs and streets were crowded. At first the coins thrown were coppers; as they got nearer the bride's house, small silver coins were thrown. At the head of this lane we had to alight from our carriage in order to make our way through the crowd and pass the elephant, to reach the house where the festivities were going on.

There was one policeman and several other men making a way for us, or we might have been crushed. There was a grand feast of candy that afternoon, and at night the little bride and groom were married. Two or three days after the father of the bride distributed native sweets to his acquaintances in cantonments. The wedding of Sri Niwas and Dropti has cost a great deal of money—several thousands of rupees. Her husband's family are very rich, and if Sri Niwas lives Dropti will never know want, but have riches and affluence for her lot in life. But if Sri Niwas should die, then—ah, me! for Dropti—she becomes a Hindoo widow, drudge of her husband's family, with no brightness in her life, and knowing nothing of the love of Christ that can brighten and sanctify the darkest hour, or of the bright hereafter for those that know and trust him, where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

PETROLEUM.

Twenty-five years ago, writes a correspondent of the *Boston Advertiser*, was ushered into existence a most distinctively American industry—petroleum-producing. Petroleum and its illuminating properties had been widely known for centuries before; on the banks of the Irrawaddy, in British Burmah, in Afghanistan, in Persia, in Turkestan, in Sicily, and elsewhere, but it remained to the United States to produce it and place it among the great articles of the world's commerce. The total production increased rapidly from 82,000 barrels in 1850 to 9,000,000 in 1876. Then came the great Bradford field, and the production jumped in one year to 13,000,000. Since then the yearly increase has been about 5,000,000 barrels. The greatest production was obtained in 1882, when it reached the enormous total of 31,789,190 barrels. Petroleum was shipped to market at first in barges down the Allegheny, and by teams and rail. Then came the pipe-lines, which are to-day connected with 21,000 wells, receiving from them daily 65,000 barrels of oil. In addition they hold stored in iron tanks over 41,000,000 barrels, representing

the surplus or accumulated stock. To transport and store this enormous quantity of oil requires about 5,000 miles of pipe-line and 1,600 immense iron tanks. Besides the 5,000 miles of branch pipe-lines in use in the region, there are 1200 miles of trunk line for piping oil to the refineries at the sea-board, at Cleveland, Buffalo, and Pittsburg. Between Olean, N. Y., and New York city nearly 20,000 barrels are piped daily. Most of the tanks at present being built are of 35,000 barrels capacity, and are uniformly twenty-eight feet high and eighty feet in diameter. Their average cost is \$8,000. The enormous stocks (41,000,000 barrels) are the oil man's bane, keeping prices at times below the cost of production. The oil is represented by pipe line certificates, negotiable in any of the great money centers of the country. The oil in stock bears a daily charge for tankage of 4 1/2 cents per 1,000 barrels.

THE UNSEEN HAND.

"Thank you very much; that was such a help to me," said a sick woman, as she dropped exhausted on her pillow, after her bed had been made for her.

The friend to whom she spoke looked up in surprise. She had not touched the invalid, for she had feared to give pain even by laying a hand upon her. She knew that the worn body was so racked with many pains, and had become so tender and sensitive that the sick woman could not bear to be lifted or supported in any way. All that her friends could do was to stand quietly by her.

"I did nothing to help you, dear, I wished to be of use, but I only stood behind without touching you at all; I was so afraid of hurting you."  
"That was just it," said the invalid with a bright smile; "I knew you were there, and that it I slipped, I could not fall, and the thought gave me confidence. It was of no consequence that you did not touch me, and that I could neither see, hear nor feel you. I knew I was safe all the same, because you were ready to receive me into your arms if needful."

The sufferer paused a moment, and then, with a still brighter light on her face, she added—  
"What a sweet thought this has brought to my mind! It is the same with my heavenly Friend. Fear not, for I will be with thee. Is the promise, and thanks be to God, I know that he is faithful that promised. I can neither see, hear nor touch him with my mortal sense; but just as I knew you were behind, with loving arms extended, so I know that beneath me are the 'Everlasting Arms.'"

COFFIN, BUT NO HEARSE.

"A Coffin, but no Hearse," was the heading of a local paragraph in a late number of the *Baltimore American*, which told the sad story of a dead baby of a drunken father and a broken-hearted mother. Penniless, the mother wanted by the dead body of her child, while the father went forth to borrow money to provide for its burial. Returning with seventeen dollars, he yields to the clamor of appetite, spends the money in drink, curses the stricter wife and mother, and tells her to get the baby buried as best she could, and leaves her to ride in a wagon with the corpse to the Holy Cross Cemetery, where it was interred. Thus are men transformed through the agency of strong drink into cruel, heartless monsters! And the saloon-keeper does not hesitate even to take the money borrowed for burial of the dead baby! And the government legalizes the dreadful business for a paltry fee!

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE BEGINNING OF A CAKE.

Once I heard a story of a girl, quite a small one, that wanted to begin at the beginning, and make a cake, and she said to her mother: "I want to begin at the beginning, and make a cake. How does it begin?" Her mother said: "If you want to begin at the beginning, you must go into the kitchen and begin it with flour."

She went to the kitchen and said to Bridget, "Does a cake begin here? I want to begin at the beginning and make a cake. Please give me some meal."

Bridget said: "If you want to begin at the beginning and make a cake, you must go to the baker's. Flour comes from the baker's."

"She went to the baker's, and said to him, 'Does a cake begin here? I want to begin at the beginning and make a cake.'" The baker said: "If you want to begin at the beginning, you must go yonder to the miller's. My flour comes to me from the miller."

"She went yonder to the miller's and said to him, 'Does a cake begin here? I want to begin at the beginning and make a cake.'" The miller said: "If you want to begin at the beginning, you must run over the fields to the farmer's. The farmer brings corn to my mill; my mill grinds it into flour for the baker; the baker sells flour to people living in houses, and people living in houses make the flour into cakes."

She ran over the fields to the farmer's and said to him, "Does a cake begin here? I want to begin at the beginning and make a cake." The farmer said: "The beginning was last spring when I planted my corn. When the snow had all melted away I planted my seed-corn. From the seed-corn sprang up corn-stalks. All summer these grew and grew taller, and taller and taller, and when summer was over there was gathered from them bushels of corn. I sell the corn to the miller; the miller grinds it to flour and sells the flour to the baker; and the baker sells flour to the people, and the people make it into cakes. But you see if you begin at the beginning it takes all summer to make a cake. If you want to begin at the beginning, come next spring and plant some seed-corn."

The story did not tell if the girl went in the spring to plant some seed-corn. My big sister says even that would not be beginning at the beginning, for she says that the seed-corn that you plant had to be grown somewhere.—*Wide Awake*.

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

Dare to do right, dare to be strong,  
As on life's highway you journey along;  
Dare to do good, be honest and true,  
So shall a blessing be sent to you.

Dare to do right. For mother's sake, boy,  
Gilden the heart of thy mother with joy;  
A shield to protect thee, a fair ribbon to show,  
Thou still more earnestly nobly thou.

Dare to do right, be never afraid,  
Lead to the helpless and weak, to the aid,  
Art thou the stronger? Then stretch forth  
Thy hand,  
Helping some weak one more firmly to stand.

Dare to do right, dare to be brave,  
From sorrow and danger seek others to save;  
Shun ever the wine cup, dare to say no,  
In path that you traverse some other may go.

Dare to do right, dare to say yes,  
Such a reply may some weary heart bless;  
Be helpful and brave till thy journey is done,  
Withal daring and courage life's battles are won.

Dare to do right. Make thy course like the  
Lark  
Ever onward and upward and true to the  
mark;  
May faith, hope, and love, bright beams  
lights prove,  
To guide thee in safety to heaven above.

A BOY'S RELIGION.

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ he can't lead a prayer-meeting or be a church officer, or a preacher, but he can be a godly boy, in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, play, climb and yell like a boy. But in it all he ought to show the spirit of Christ. He ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought to eschew tobacco in every form, and have a horror of intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against large boys. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution, to deceit. And above all things he ought now and then to show his colors. He need not always be interrupting a game to say that he is a Christian; but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for the things of God he feels the deepest reverence.—*Royal Road*.

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