

Our Home Circle.

A SONG OF CHEER.

Over the mists of the Wint'ry sea
A message of gladness is sent to me,
And I pass it on to my friends to-night,
This message written in words of light,
Though dense is the darkness in which we stand,
"The light is far spent, the day is at hand."

Like figures uncertain we grope about
In dangerous places, in fog and doubt;
In vain we long for a shelter warm
From the chilling sleet and the driving storm;
But "be ye patient," is God's command,
"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

Men's hearts, like the Autumn leaves are cast
Hither and thither by sorrow's blast;
The air is heavy with want and woe,
And the fierce war tidings we shrink to know;
And a cry of sadness rings through the land,
Yet "the night is far spent, the day is at hand."

It is always darkest before break of day
Drives the dull shades of the night away;
The silence is deepest before the song
Bursts into joyousness, loud and long;
And though in the stillness of night we stand,
"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

Even now as we wait in the shadows dim
The angels are singing the advent hymn:
Faintly we hear it across the snow,
The good, glad anthem of long ago;
And we say as we think of the shining band,
"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

For Christ is coming, the world's true light,
And he will banish the mist of night.
Do not our troubles prepare the way,
And the night make ready for his great day?
Oh, let the joy-songs peal through the land,
"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

Let us go to meet it! How? or where?
Nay, little it matters, we need not care;
The skies may be starry with many a gem
As over the fields of Bethlehem;
Or we in the shadows of death may stand
When "the night is far spent, the day is at hand."

All shall be well in the happy morn,
When we see his face, the lowly born,
And glad is the message that comes to me,
Out of the mist of the wint'ry sea;
For a star of hope is above the land,
"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."
—Marianne Farningham.

"FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT."

BY A JEWISH LADY.

"He that scattereth Israel will gather him."—JER. XXXI. 10.

I have been asked by one of my friends to write a brief sketch of my conversion, and I do it believing that the precious Saviour, whose I am and whom I serve, will bless this simple testimony to His grace and power to save.

Nine years ago I came to Australia with the intention of staying a short time with my friends here, as I had passed through some very bitter trials in the old country, and my dear parent thought the change of scene might help me to forget the past.

Before proceeding, I must tell you that I and my family for ages back were strict Jews, and I had been brought up by good, religious parents. How the memory of the old days comes over me as I write! Never shall I forget my father's earnest prayer the last hour I spent under his roof; he gave me up to the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and prayed that the Angel that redeemed them from all evil might bless me.

I landed in Australia upon a Sunday evening, and when I arrived at my destination I found a party assembled, and joined with all my heart in the mirth around me. For twelve months I went into every kind of gaiety Melbourne afforded—dress, balls, the opera; in fact, pleasure of every kind seemed my lot. About this time I met a gentleman to whom I became deeply attached; and although our affection was mutual, the thought of marriage I could not entertain, as he being a Christian, and I heart and soul a Jewess, it seemed out of the question. However, time wore on, and I at last consented to marry him, though I knew it would involve the leaving of all who were dear to me, and that it would bring a stigma upon my family. Before we were married, I exacted a promise from my husband that he would never use any arguments to make me believe, as I was determined to live and die a Jewess. I will not dwell upon my married life; my husband was all in all to me—I wanted nothing more. God blessed us with two dear little children, and He who gave them me only knows the agony of mind I endured in the thought, "How shall I teach these little ones what I do not believe myself?" for I had made up my mind, simply out of love to my husband, that they should be brought up in their father's faith.

Although I attended God's house regularly, my heart was in no way changed, and I never thought of Jesus as my Saviour. After my second child was born, I became earnestly impressed with a desire to become a Christian. My prayer at that time always was—"O God! if it be right, let me believe." I could not see that it was honoring the Father to honor the Son; and although I really wanted to be a Christian I did not seek God with my whole heart; my husband and children were all that I desired.

And now there came a time of trial that I must pass over as quickly as possible. By a sudden stroke my beloved husband was taken from me in a few days. So terribly sudden was the blow that I could hardly realize that he had gone for ever; and oh! what a gulf separated us!—it seemed to be impassable. I knew he had died in the faith of Jesus, and I—I as far off being a Chris-

tian as the first day I met him. I was very bitter and hard in my grief, and felt that God had dealt cruelly in crushing me so, taking all the youth and brightness out of my life. It seemed impossible to live, and I felt nothing but the desire to be with my loved one again. Many a day have I lain on his grave in the damp, and prayed that God would take me; but God, "while I was yet a long way off," took compassion, and raised up dear friends who showed me that only in *one way* could I ever hope to see my husband again. The desire to be a Christian now became so intense as to become a part of my life. No half-heartedness about it now. I began to seek the Lord with all my might. "When ye seek me with your whole heart, ye shall find me," is a promise I have proved.

One day I was reading the old, old story, when something whispered to my soul, "He suffered all this for you," and the truth seemed to burst upon me like a flash of lightning. I had found the Saviour, my Saviour, and such a flood of love as came into my heart for Him I cannot describe. I went into my room, and on my knees I sobbed aloud, not for sorrow this time, but for joy. Words fail me in attempting to tell you half my Saviour is to me now. He is indeed my all; and I can say—"The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God who loved me and gave himself for me." It is now some years since I found my precious Saviour, and although my trials have seemed sometimes as though they would overwhelm me, I have never doubted from the moment that I first believed in Jesus, but have thanked God on my dear husband's grave for taking him (oh, it is only for a short time!) and giving me the rich gift of His Son. My Jesus is no far-away God to me, but a very near and present help; I trust Him for all things, and He never fails me. Should there be some who read this who have not as yet known this precious Saviour, I do most earnestly and prayerfully implore you to seek Him with your whole hearts. In looking back I see I never knew what real happiness was; there was always a want the Saviour alone can fill. And, dear unsaved reader, how deep in your heart there is the same aching want. Oh, I beseech you, receive that one who is able to satisfy and fill up your life. He, the "I am," who heard the groanings and knew the sorrows of the Israelites, has come and died upon Calvary's cross for you. He offers to save you; then pause and think what must be the eternity that awaits you if you reject Him. You will be lost—lost—lost! not because of your sins, but because you deliberately put from you God's Christ. (John iii. 19.)—E. L. B. in Jewish Intelligence.

SUNLIT ROOMS.

No article of furniture should be put in a room that will not stand sunlight, for every room in a dwelling should have the windows so arranged that some time during the day a flood of sunlight will force itself into the apartment. The importance of admitting the light of the sun freely to all parts of our dwelling cannot be too highly estimated. Indeed, perfect health is nearly as much dependent on pure sunlight as it is on pure air. Sunlight should never be excluded except when so bright as to be uncomfortable to the eyes. And walks should be in bright sunlight, so that the eyes are protected by veil or parasol when inconveniently intense. A sun bath costs nothing and that is a misfortune, for people are deluded with the idea that those things can only be good or useful which cost money. But remember that pure water, fresh air and sunlit homes kept free from dampness, will secure you from many heavy bills of the doctors, and give you health and vigor, which no money can procure. It is a well established fact that people who live much in the sun are usually stronger and more healthy than those whose occupations deprive them of sunlight. And certainly there is nothing strange in the result, since the same law applies with equal force to nearly every animate thing in nature. It is quite easy to arrange an isolated dwelling so that every room in it may be flooded by sunlight some time in the day, and it is possible that many town houses could be so built as to admit more light than they now receive.—Builder and Woodworker.

COURTESY OF TONGUE AND HEART.

Courtesy is, perhaps, little affected by conditions of time. But in all persons and at all periods it may be brought into ill-fame by hypocrisy or exaggeration. It has a tendency to become that mere mouth-honor and breath which the heart, as Jacobeth says, would fain deny; a game of words, a dress coat, a shadow of amiability, a sesame never to be forgotten before the doors of society, but out of mind and repeated to no purpose when one is at home. "Too polite to be honest" is a well-known Norman proverb, which may have affected the expression of welcome

to Belmont given by Portia to Antonio: It must appear in other ways than words, Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

The courtesy of all times has been, perhaps, in this sense more than half unreal. The story of the Spaniard offering his watch to a friend who admired it is no new one. The friend promptly accepted the Hidalgo's offer, and held out his hand to receive the golden gift. "Where," then said the Castilian, with extreme hauteur, replacing his watch in his waistcoat pocket, "where, Senor, is your politeness? That which I in courtesy offered to you, you were bound by that same courtesy to refuse." This kind of civility may be called the beauty of the tongue, as Voltaire called true courtesy the beauty of the heart. It is a pinchbeck generosity, which, however false, has a certain social value. It conceals unpleasant moral deformities. When ably assumed it palliates selfishness, as paint judiciously put on palliates wrinkles. It is the polish of our conversational furniture. This is the courtesy which Dr. Johnson, with his accustomed moroseness of disposition, called cant, the noxious weed which he advised Boswell to eradicate with all diligence, if not from his speech at least from his understanding. Even the term "compliments," which originally meant all those minor delicacies of behaviour that may be said to complete the virtue of courtesy, now means very little, if anything. Our ancient coarseness and rocky hardness of speech has been smoothed and rounded into such forms as these, which, tumbled to and fro by the waves of conversation, become of less and less moment, and finally disappear. Courtesy has been degraded into a mere act of physical respect, a bending of the body and the knees, originally belonging to both sexes, afterward confined to one, and now nearly or entirely obsolete. Courtesy may also suffer from exaggeration. By too much courtesy we become discourteous, and excess of civility makes us uncivil. A gentleman of infinite complaisance was about to take leave of another of like disposition. The latter insisted on seeing him to the door of his house. The former refused, and after many gracious words locked the door on his host and ran down the staircase; but the host, opening his window, lightly leapt into the street and was ready to hand his guest into his carriage. "You might have broken your neck," said the entertained. "True," replied the entertainer, "but better so than break the canons of politeness."

THE SOCIABLE SCORPION.

An African traveller, speaking of the scorpions there, says: As during three or four months they haunted our tents, so they did our thoughts. Their bodies were as broad and almost as full as a finger; their fangs as broad and plump as those of small crawfishes, and usually measured with their snake of a tail, from three to five inches. They found out almost every camp, and we found them usually, when starting in the morning, under the packages, saddles and tent carpets. One was detected by a colleague in a pocket. Another stung the same man before lunch in his tent. One was caught during a meal on the back of a chair, crawling toward the sitter's neck, while he was just scanning the ground to see whether any were about. My servant more than once turned them out of my bed, usually before I turned in, but once at least from under my pillow immediately after I had risen. A special short pair of tongs, however, was at these times always with my ready servant, and he used grimly to exhibit to us, with a grin, while we were at table, any remarkable specimen which he happened to catch, secured in these tongs. The smaller and slender species with narrow fangs of gall and bile yellow—which warns us when seen in the ribs of deleterious mushrooms and in the flowers of poisonous plants—I found to be more numerous on the main stream and in the Delta of the Nile. These crawl with tail curled up in all seasons. When we asked our Nubian friends about the man-slaying power of the dark, hard ones, we got the indirect answer that they will kill a camel.

THE DOWNWARD PATH.

I first saw him at a social party. He took but a single glass of wine, and that at the earnest solicitation of a lady to whom he had been introduced. I next saw him when he supposed he was unseen, taking a glass to gratify his slight desire by his sordid indulgence, and I thought there was no danger. I next saw him, late in the evening, in the street, unable to walk home. I assisted him thither, and we parted. I next saw him reeling out of a low groggery; a confused stare was on his countenance, and words of blasphemy were on his tongue, and shame was gone. I saw him once more. He was cold and motionless, and was carried by his friends to his last resting place. In the small procession that followed every head was cast down. His father's gray hairs were going to the grave in sorrow; his mother wept that she had given birth to such a child. I returned home mus-

ing on his future state. I opened the Bible and read, "Drunkards shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." This is a sad story. When a boy, our poor friend was as happy and bright as any of you. More than once, when students together, did he sneer at my teetotalism; and when I urged him to sign the pledge he laughed at me, and scouted the bare idea of danger. Poor Fred! his father had the glass on the table, and there the appetite was formed. Beware of the first glass.

SPEAK A CHEERFUL WORD.

Did you ever go out in the morning with a heart so depressed and saddened that a pall seemed spread over all the world? But on meeting some friend who spoke cheerily for a minute or two, if only upon indifferent matters, you have felt yourself wonderfully lightened. Even a child dropping into your house on an errand has brought in a ray of sunshine which did not depart when he went his way again. It is a blessed thing to speak a cheerful word when you can. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness" the world over, and good words to such hearts "are like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Even strangers we meet casually by the way in the travellers' waiting-room, are unconsciously influenced by the tone we use. It is the one with pleasant words on his lips to whom strangers in strange lands apply for advice and direction in their perplexities. Take it as a compliment if some wayfarer comes to you to direct him which street or which train to take; your manner has struck him as belonging to one he can trust. It is hard sometimes to speak a pleasant word when the shadows rest on our hearts; but nothing will tend more to enlighten our spirits than doing good to another. When you have no opportunity to speak a cheering word, you can often send a full beam of sunshine into the heart of some sorrowing, absent friend by sitting down and writing a good, warm-hearted letter.

SOME BRAVE WOMEN.

In October, 1877, the brigantine Moorburg left Foochow in China, for Melbourne; carrying four seamen, the captain, mate, and last, but by no means least, the captain's wife, who was a little delicate woman, and her baby. They had not gone far on their voyage ere the crew fell sick, and one after another died. The mate did not succumb entirely, but became reduced to a skeleton, and was incapable of doing much; while the captain himself was almost in as miserable a plight, his legs having swollen tremendously, and his body being a mass of sores. His wife alone held up under the terrible heat, although she had nursed the sick till they had needed nursing no longer, had done duty at the wheel in regular watches, and taken her share of seamen's work besides. To make matters worse the ship sprang a leak, which the captain luckily was able to stop; and eventually the Moorburg got into Brisbane harbor half full of water, with two sick men on board as her crew all told, and a woman at the helm; the gallant woman bringing not only the ship but her baby safe into port.

Some time in 1874 a woman named Theresa Maria, dwelling in the village of Fratel, on the frontier of Portugal and Spain, on the way across the fields with her husband's dinner, was told by a shepherd's boy that he had seen a wolf prowling about. Never having seen one in her life, she put down her basket, and directed by the lad, climbed to a high place, and looking eagerly around, described the animal in the act of devouring a lamb. Thinking to scare the brute from its prey, the boy shouted at it and pelted it with stones; so infuriating the wolf that it left its meal unfinished, and made for its disturber, jumping up at the little fellow's face, tearing the flesh, and then pulling him to the ground. What did the horror-stricken onlooker do—run away? Not she. Picking up a large stone, she rushed on the beast, and seized hold of him. In vain he bit and tore her flesh; the undaunted woman contrived to keep his throat closely folded by her left arm, while she battered his head with a stone, and at length killed him. Meanwhile the villagers had been alarmed, and came hurrying to her aid, armed with guns, sticks, and stones; meeting Theresa on her way home covered with blood, from terrible wounds in her face, arms and hands. They carried her to the hospital at Niza, where, pitiful to tell, she expired exactly a month afterward, consoled in her dying hours with believing that she had not sacrificed her life in vain. A false belief, alas! for the shepherd boy died of hydrophobia a day or two after his lamented deliverer.

Courageous in another way was a woman of the Commune, who during that terrible rising had worked night and day in the hospital, assisting a certain surgeon, whose services were freely rendered to men with whose cause she had no sympathy. When the insurrection was quelled, the doctor was marched off to be tried by drum-head court-

martial. As he approached the door of the tribunal, he met his late female assistant coming out between two soldiers. "Why, Adele!" he exclaimed, "how came you here? Looking hard at him, with unrecognizing eyes, she replied: "I don't know you, sir," a denial he set down to a fear of acknowledging the acquaintance of a doomed man. Not a little to his surprise, he got off, and was set at liberty; to learn that Adele had been shot, and was on her way to death when she had repudiated all knowledge of him, and forbore appealing for his aid rather than compromise him, and render his chance a desperate one.—Chambers' Journal.

Our Young Folks

PLANTING HIMSELF.

Dear little bright-eyed Willie,
Always so full of glee,
Always so very mischievous,
The pride of our home is he.

One bright summer day we found him
Close by the garden wall,
Standing so grave and dignified
Beside a sunflower tall.

His tiny feet he had covered
With the moist and cooling sand;
The stalk of the great tall sunflower
He grasped with his chubby hand.

When he saw us standing near him,
Gazing so wonderingly,
At his babyship, he greeted us
With a merry shout of glee.

We asked our darling what pleased him
He replied with a face aglow,
"Mamma, I'm going to be a man;
I've planted myself to grow."
—Home Life in Song.

A BOY'S VICTORY.

A dozen boys stood on the green by the school house, careless and jolly, just from a game of ball. A boy came round the corner of the school house with an old cloth cap on his head, and wearing a loosely-fitting garment of some coarse cloth. In his hands were an iron stove-shovel, and a hod of ashes.

"Oh, here comes old Dust and Ashes," shouted one of the group, springing forward and giving the coat a jerk.

"Hullo! what's the price of sack-cloth?"

The boy's cheek flushed in an instant. The shovel rang on the gravel walk, and his fingers clutched; but as quickly his cheek paled again, and clenching his teeth, as with a great effort to keep back something, he turned a little and muttered the word "Mother!"

"Ho! ho!" shouted the other. "The baby's sick, and wants to see his mother."

The boy in the coarse frock turned away, and rapidly disappeared behind the old barn; then, breaking into a run he fled swiftly down the path to the maple woods, his faithful Hunter bounding and racing through the grass by his side.

Most graciously stood the maples, all russet and crimson and yellow, bathed in the yellow haze of the still October afternoon. In among their shadows he sprang, his feet rustling the already fallen leaves, and flinging himself in a little hollow, he buried his face in his hands. Poor Hunter stood by, wondering why his young master, any more than himself, could possibly think of anything but birds and squirrels at such a time. Then the boy, seizing his only playmate in his arms, cried:

"Oh, nobody loves me, nobody loves me in the world but you, Hunter. Oh, mother, mother, why did you die?"

And the sobs came fast and thick and the tears flowed like rain. Long did the motherless boy wail and cry, till, from very weariness, he could weep no longer. Tears brought relief, and the holy quiet of the grand old woods filled him with solemn and holy thoughts—thoughts of his dead mother.

Only one year ago she had died, and he remembered his agony and loneliness, and the year of toil as the ward of a cruel uncle. He remembered his eagerness to go to school, his trying to pay his way by working about the school room, and the unfeeling gibes and jeers his humble station and coarse clothing had earned him. Again the angry, rebellious thoughts came up, as his eye fell on his coarse coat, and the quivering sobs returned; but with them came the words of that mother, and how her poor fingers had toiled to make that coat, the best she could give him. Though coarse its texture, every thread was hallowed by a mother's love. He took from his vest pocket the well-worn Bible, her Bible, and read the precious promise to the widow and orphan again and again. New and strange thoughts came to him, and there, in the grand old forest, with the Autumn sunset shimmering the golden maple leaves, was a new purpose born in his soul. He had begun to conquer himself. Henceforth there was no hesitation for him. Body and soul he devoted himself to God. Companions might jeer, but Jesus reigned in his heart!

The years rolled on, and the boy became a man, but the purpose formed in the old maple grove burned in his bosom yet; and now his feet tread the decks of an Indian steamer, bearing him swiftly to the chosen scenes of his toil, for the words are in his heart: "I must be about my Master's business."

Jesus was at a the wine ran sh right bountifully. do any good, if discussion as to Lord Jesus made was wine, and I a good wine, for he but the best. W by that word now are very few peop ever see, much le erage. That wh of wine is not tridied concoction. Jesus would not fire-waters and wine manufacturer ticles from the exhilarating, wh more sober centu as is commonly must drink in comes int-xicate possible, for the men were intoxie a rule, intoxicat Saviour's great a Had our time at present circum sea of deadly dri of thousands, I acted. I am su tributed one wo poisonous bever souls are now b The kind of win that, if there ha in the world, n it necessary to drinking it. I any hurt, be su our loving, and not have made i

Some have ra great quantity there must ha hundred and tw ly more. "The says one, "and wine would be you are thinki here, are you n dozen, or a scoo parlor? An another affair, lage, like Cas comes to eat an on for a week o people must be is kept. Not quently a great required. Be consumed all of the Lord multi they must have directly, or elc mouldy, and t but wine could I have no doub Jesus Christ mi ing as it was f set the family They were not might sell it as this is not my tend getting in of cold wa alcoholic drink others would d of this each o himself.

An interest ful pamphlet J. N. Farnar made to the A on the "Imp in the Work prove that t in a north l shaded or refl doing fine wo be indeed equ scientific rela chemical act a leaf from the fit, not only fine work in had a bay w side of us, and west side feet squar can well be toring this b and working growing w of the year only becom was steady, that his ay consumption eral system year, by a d pain in th work, espai then built a south side of he could reg of the light. the same an finement, he and his visio operating in een months southern w experience the more limite worked in a did not sh months, and him again. the sun rose the opposite and his eye spring folia house out of east to pain gan light, which in the rays, and a again; but ern. Next with suitabl and a chair most practic prominent b southwest c so planned a shine into it