

Our Home Circle.

UNHEEDED PSALMS.

"All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord."—Psalm 145: 10.

God hath His solitude unpeopled yet, Save by the peaceful life of bird and flower, Where since the world's foundation, He hath set The hiding of His power.

Year after year His rains make fresh and green Lone wastes of prairie, where, as daylight goes, Legions of light-bued blossoms, all unseen, Their beauteous petals close.

Year after year unnumbered frosty leaves Expand and darken to their perfect prime; Each smallest growth its destiny achieves, In His appointed time.

Amid the strong enclosures of the hills, Fixed by His word, immutable and calm, The murmuring river all the silence fills With its unheeded psalm.

From deep to deep the floods lift up their voice, Because His hand hath poured them forth of old; The far outgoings of the morn rejoice His wonders to unfold.

The smallest cloudlet, wrecked in distant storms, That wanders homeless through the summer skies, Is reckoned in His purposes and forms One of His argosies.

Where the perpetual mountains patient wait, Grided with purity before His throne, Keeping, from age to age inviolate, Their everlasting crown;

Where the long gathering waves of ocean break, With ceaseless music o'er untolden sands, From earth's remotest lands, From earth's remotest lands,

The anthem of His praise shall utter be; All works created on His name shall call, And land and bliss: His holy name, for He Hath pleasure in them all.

MRS. GARFIELD.

She is an accomplished hostess, as well as an accomplished woman—they're two very different things. Living as the Garfields have had to live, in the most economical way, doing without elegant clothes, fine furniture, sumptuous food, good, new, and rare old books, dearer than all else to them, they have contributed more to make Washington winter life pleasant and profitable than many other families who have supplemented less taste and culture with more money. Mrs. Garfield's receptions have been the largest ever held by the wife of a mere representative. They have far surpassed those of more ambitious senators' wives, and have approximated those of the ladies of the supreme court and cabinet families, in size merely. In attractions they have stood abreast of any of them. This simply because Mrs. Garfield is a sweet-tempered, cultivated, refined woman, in whose smile it is a pleasure to bask. When we consider that, without allowing her manifold cares to interfere with the performance of her social duties, she has managed her establishment alone, and personally conducted the training of her boys for college, we can conceive her superiority, with all her social success, to the mere "society leader." Gen. Garfield is the president of our literary society, and during the past year it has met at his house. It was more pleasantly entertained there than it ever had been before. Mrs. Garfield exerted even her latent social powers that night, and it was difficult for her guests to break away from her delightful parlors. The latter, entre nous, were and are furnished in the style of Noah. That makes no difference of course, although the contrast between them and those which some of the guests had left at home was marked. There was something really pathetic to me in the information telegraphed from Cleveland that General and Mrs. Garfield were purchasing furniture and a sealskin sacque. However, they can afford to gratify their taste for four years now, and forget the pinched past. What we here rejoice in is that, when Mrs. Hayes steps out and Mrs. Garfield steps into the White House on the 4th of March next, there will be no abrupt turning in the course of the presidential or rather the Mrs. Presidential, social customs and decrees. Whether the diplomatic corps has its delicate palate tickled with lemonade and water at State dinners or not, we may be sure that whiskey and the White House, divorced four years ago, will not be reunited in holy bonds during Mr. Garfield's administration. It is needless to say that Mrs. Hayes will be missed. She will be missed by many of whom the world knows nothing—the naked, hungry, sick, and in prison, unto whose wants she has ministered "all so silently;" but regret will not be so poignant as it would be were she to be succeeded by an inferior woman.—Washington Correspondence Boston Herald.

"I HAVE A GOD."

It is related that a Western skeptic once said if he could only see plan and order in nature he'd believe in God. Just then, as if taken at his word, he saw a plant known as the Texas star at his feet. Picking it up, he counted its petals and found there were five. He then counted the divisions at the base, and found five. Desiring to find in nature some evidences of an intelligence superior to human, and other than mechanical force, he determined by multiplying, to see how many chances there were to this flower, having in it these five, being brought into existence without the aid of intelligence. He found,

of course, the chances to be as a hundred and twenty-five to one. Then, multiplying this number by itself, he saw that the chances against there being two such flowers, each having these exact relations of numbers, are as 15,625 to one. Looking over the fields and on the roadside he saw thousands of this plant about him, evidences of supreme intelligence. Kissing the flower, he cried out, "Bloom on, little flower, you have a God; I have a God; your God and Maker is my God and Maker."

In the eloquent words of Emilio Castelar, we believe that "above our sentiments, above our reason, even above our fancy, extends, like the sky above our brows, the mysterious idea of the infinite, of the eternal, through which, after all, the purest human desires have their being, and from which descend inspiration upon the arts, lights upon the sciences, the hope of immortality upon this short and fragile life." However this grand and fundamental idea may come to the mind, and by whatever thoughts and facts it may be strengthened, it is of itself insufficient to lead us beyond deism, unless in answer to other voices, sweet and loving, pure and saving, we believe also in the Lord Jesus Christ, the revealing Son of God.—Northern Christian Advocate.

SHOT AT A VENTURE.

The time was when a young preacher, "contemplating matrimony," consulted his elder, and was governed accordingly. We fear the juniors of our day are a trifle backward in laying the matter over before the Lord. Or else the Lord does not communicate by "open vision, or by dream."

We have a notion that, if any divine response came, it was very brief and in one word: "Don't."

As the Conference, as it were, offers a premium for married men, and as the hearts of the un-ergaduates are fully set in them to "lead about a sister," we will venture a sentence or two of counsel, to quit our conscience of a duty, not with the vain hope of any one, "inwardly digesting" the advice. We know the proverb: He that spits against the wind spits in his own face.

Imprimis. Choose of a healthy family and pick a woman of sound body. (This is scandalously unromantic, but it is sense.)

It is better to get a stout sinner than a pious and hysterical invalid. The former can be converted. The hypochondriac may convert her husband into a sinner or a sour drone.

Do thy diligence to find out whether she is lazy. Flee, oh! young man, from an indolent and thriftless woman. Pray Heaven with strong cries to deliver you from an untidy housewife. Does she love music? Consider it not till you hear her discourse on leaven and yeast powders. Happiness is in the art of manipulating hops and Irish potatoes in such mixture as puffs dough into sweet, light rolls. Does she love poetry? Let her be also well versed in pastry. Knowing Lucille by heart won't atone for a leathery crust. Rhyme is no remedy for the dyspepsia. Inquire whether she is quick and expert with the needle, before concerning yourself about her vocal powers. If she can play and patch, so much the better. And thus endeth the first lesson.

And, secondly—but it's a waste of words to proceed. He is bound to marry her even if she never saw a biscuit baked nor hemmed a handkerchief. She has curls. She has an arch way of shaking them. The ringlets have ensnared him. Cupid, like the Greek archers, twists the locks of maidens into bow-strings.

Think of Paul doting on crimps!—Richmond Christian Advocate.

WOMEN'S HEADACHES.

One of our English contemporaries has wisely been devoting some thought and space to the common and very distressing fact that a great many English women suffer from headache. The same trouble prevails in America, and man, no matter how selfish they may be, are deeply concerned about it, for a wife with a headache cannot be companionable, the best of sweethearts with a headache is sure to be unreasonable, while a lady who has neither husband nor other special cavalier to engross her attention can ruin the peace of mind of every one she meets while she has a headache of perceptible size. No amount of masculine grumbling is likely to change all this, but women themselves might change it if they would comprehend the causes of the malady and then apply their nimble wits to the work of prevention or cure. The trouble is that all American women who have headaches live indoors, where the best air is never good and the worst is poison, and they have none of the exercise which saves men from the popular feminine malady. Were a strong man to eat breakfast at any ordinary American table and then sit down at a work-table or machine, or even move about briskly from one room to another, he would have a splitting headache before noon, and the chatter of his innocent children would seem to be the jargon of fiends. The midday meal would increase his wretchedness, and by dusk he would be

stretched in misery upon his bed, with one hand mopping his forehead with ice water, while the other would threaten with a club or pistol any one who dared to enter the room or make a noise outside. There is no reason why women should not suffer just as severely for similar transgressions of physical law. True, indoor life is compulsory for a large portion of every day, but special physical exercise in a well-aired room is within the reach of almost every woman, and so is a brisk walk in garments not so tight as to prevent free respiration. There is very little complaint of headache at summer resorts, where windows are always open and games and excursions continually tempt women who do not value complexion more than health. Girls who ride, row, sail and shoot seldom have headaches; neither do those unfortunate enough to be compelled to hoe potatoes or play Maud Muller in hay fields. Let women of all social grades remember that the human machine must have reasonable treatment and be kept at work or play to keep it from rusting; then headaches will be rare enough to be interesting.—New York Herald.

A TRAGIC SCENE.

In a lately published book, written by Rear-Admiral Werner, of the German Navy, a strange story is told of the way in which many years ago, in 1836, a French man-of-war went down with all hands on board in West Indian waters. The ship had been in commission for two years on the Antilles Station, and during the whole of the time her captain, who is described as an incarnation of cruelty, had exercised his ingenuity in tormenting in every possible way both the officers and men of his crew. So well had he succeeded that the lives of all on board had been rendered a burden to them, while the captain himself was hated with an intensity of which proof was soon to be given. Orders at length came for the ship to return home. Not long after the anchor had been weighed it became evident that a heavy squall was coming down on the ship, and the captain directed the officer of the watch to shorten sail. The orders were given but not a man moved. Again the orders were repeated, this time by the captain himself, but still not a man moved. "This is mutiny," cried the captain, and then a hundred voices answered: "We will not shorten sail." In vain the terrified captain appealed to the officers to support him. They stood silent, and neither threats nor promises availed to make man or officer move, save only a few who were noted spies and favorites of the captain. A few minutes more and the squall struck the ship. In a moment the vessel was thrown on her beam-ends. "Cut away the masts!" shouted the captain; but still not a man moved. In another minute, the rigging carried away, the masts went by the board, and thus relieved the ship righted herself. Then the long suppressed rage of the crew broke forth, and seized the captain. A few minutes more and he would have followed the rigging, but the first lieutenant, going below, opened the door of the magazine and fired his pistol into it. There was a loud report and the ship was no more. An hour afterwards an American vessel passing over the spot picked up one of the crew, who told the story of what had happened and died shortly afterwards.

TO CURE EXAGGERATION.

Some habits are so unconsciously practiced that a movement to mend them is the only way to detect them. The beam in one's own eye is less noticed than the mote in another person's eye.

A family while at the breakfast table one morning pledged to observe the strictest veracity for that day. A member of the family tells the "consequence."

As the first fruit of the resolve, we asked the one who suggested it,—"What made you so late at breakfast this morning?" She hesitated, began with "Because I couldn't—and then, true to her compact, said, "The truth is, I was lazy and didn't hurry, or I might have been down long ago."

Presently one of them remarked that she had been very cold, adding, "I never was so cold in my life."

An inquiring look caused the last speaker to modify her statement instantly with, "Oh, I don't think I was so cold, after all."

A third remark to the effect that "Miss So-and-so was the homeliest girl in the city," was recalled as soon as made, the speaker being compelled to own that Miss So-and-so was only rather plain, instead of being excessively homely.

So it went on throughout the day causing much merriment, which was good-naturedly accepted by the subjects, and giving rise to constant corrections in the interest of truth.

One thing became more and more surprising, however, to each one of us, and that was the amount of cutting down which our most careless statements demanded under this new law.—Youth's Companion.

A TELLING LECTURE.

We are indebted to Dr. Cuyler for the following touching story: A friend gave me, lately, the experience of a skillful professional man in about the following words: "My early practice," said the doctor, "was successful, and I soon attained an enviable position, I married a lovely girl; two children were born to us, and my domestic happiness was complete. But I was invited often to social parties where wine was freely circulated, and I soon became a slave to its power. Before I was aware of it I was a drunkard. My noble wife never forsook me, never taunted me with a bitter word, never ceased to pray for my reformation. We became wretchedly poor, so that my family were pinched for daily bread. One beautiful Sabbath my wife went to church and left me on a lounge sleeping off my previous night's debauch. I was roused by hearing something fall heavily on the floor. I opened my eyes and saw my little boy of six years old tumbling on the carpet. His older brother said to him: "Now get up and fall again. That's the way papa does. Let's play we are drunk." I watched the child as he personated my beastly movements in a way that would have done credit to an actor. I arose and left the house, groaning in agony and remorse. I walked off miles into the country—thinking over my abominable sin and the example I was setting before my children. I solemnly resolved that with God's help I would quit my cups, and I did. No lecture I ever heard from Mr. Gough moved my soul like the spectacle of my own sweet boys "playing drunk, as papa does."

THE MOSQUITO BITE.

The bill of the mosquito is a complex institution. It has a blunt fork at the head, and is apparently grooved. Working through the groove, and projecting from the angle of the fork, is a lance of perfect form, sharpened with a fine bevel. Beside it the most perfect lance looks like a handsaw. On either side of this lance two saws are arranged, with the points fine and sharp, and the teeth well-defined and keen. The backs of these saws play against the lance. When the mosquito alights with his peculiar hum, it thrusts its keen lance, and then enlarges the aperture with the two saws, which play beside the lance until the forked bill with its capillary arrangement for pumping blood can be inserted. The sawing process is what grates upon the nerves of the victim, and causes him to strike wildly at the sawyer. Dr. Bushnell tried, in his essay on "The Moral Uses of Dark Things," to account for the existence of the mosquito by regarding it as a sort of "object lesson," intended to teach pestered humanity the exceeding hatefulness of "little sins." There is no doubt but a mosquito can bring out the little sins of humanity.

WHAT SAVED HIM.

During the "hard winter" of '77, when thirty thousand unemployed workmen haunted the streets of New York, driven to beggary, or too often, theft, a man rang at the door of a house in one of our largest cities, and asked for something to eat. He told a glib story of his discharge from a woolen mill, and said he had a wife starving not far away.

The mistress of the house made it a rule not to give alms that winter, except after personal examination of the case of each applicant.

She went into her kitchen, and ordered a substantial meal set before the man, who ate ravenously.

He was a young, honest-looking fellow, but there were heavy marks of dissipation on his face. Suddenly he dropped his knife and fork, and sat staring at the door.

"Who's that?" he cried. "Johnny! Johnny!"

The lady's little girl, a child of three, had followed her from the nursery, and stood in her white gown in the doorway, her fair curls tumbling over her face. The tramp recovered himself with a hoarse laugh.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "It's your child, of course. I—I haven't seen a child for a long time."

But his food seemed to choke him. In a few moments he started up again in agitation and said,—

"Madam, I am not a workman. I am Jim Floyd, and was discharged yesterday from the Moyamensing prison, where I have served out a sentence for burglary. I was a decent man once. I left my wife and my old mother up in Pottsville, and—my baby."

While he spoke his eyes were fixed on the child with a terrible hunger in them. "Little one," he said, holding out his hands with a piteful entreaty, "shake hands with me, won't you? I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head."

The mother's heart gave a throb. The man was foully dirty, just out of prison, full, perhaps of disease.

But the baby (surely God sent it) ran forward smiling, with both hands out. Jim kneeled down beside it, the tears rolling down his cheeks. "It is so like Johnny!" he muttered. "It is like Johnny!"

"You'll go back to Johnny and your wife and old mother?" said the lady.

He would not promise. "It's too late to make a decent man of me," he said, and presently putting on his old cap, he went out.

Six months later the lady received an ill-spelled letter from Pottsville. "I am at work here," it said. "That night I had planned to join the boys again. But your little girl saved me. I came home instead. It wasn't too late."

Our Young Folks

PLAY GENTLY, BOYS.

While waiting for a lady, on whom I called the other day, to come in, I looked through a photographic album which was lying upon the table.

The face of a young lad was so bright and happy, I looked at it a long time. The eye was large and very clear, the brow very broad and smooth. It was just one of those faces that go with a cheery voice. When the lady came in, I turned back to it and asked if he was her son. The quick tears and the trembling on her lip gave me the sad answer before she spoke a word. At length she told me all about it.

He was a bright and a good boy, always cheerful, pleasant and obedient. One bright summer day, he, with some mates, was playing croquet under the trees, when the first school bell rang. The mother was sitting by the window, and saw them quickly put away the mallets and hasten to the school. Willie looked up and gave her a smile and a nod as he passed the window. And she wondered within herself if it was a mother's love that made him look so handsome and noble to her, or if he really was the finest looking boy of all. And then she thought what a blessing he was now to his parents, and what a staff and a comfort he would be in the old age.

She did not see him again until he came to tea. He did not eat much—indeed, there is not much to eat in a country tea, only bread in some form, butter, some little relish, and a bit of cake. He went out after it, and lay down in the hammock under a tree, and it was nearly dark before he came in. Then he said:

"Somehow I feel tired, and my head aches. I'll go to bed."

"You have played too hard this hot day, haven't you?"

"I expect so. When I came out of school, some of the fellows were playing toss-and-pitch, and a little stone one of them threw, hit my head, and it made me blind for a minute; then it didn't hurt any, but it aches worse and worse."

The mother examined the head, but could find no bump, so bathed it all. He smiled wearily, kissed her and went to bed. How little—rather how not at all—she dreamed it was her darling boy's last kiss!

She told his father, and he went up; but Willie was asleep, and the father thought he would be "all right in the morning," and went out.

About an hour after the mother went up. He was tossing, and turning, moan, moan. As she looked, a slight spasm passed over his face. She sent at once for a physician. Soon the dear child was in fearful spasms, and before midnight he was dead.

The bone back of and near the ear was fractured by that tiny stone.

I was told this more than a year ago, and last week a lady from another town told me of two brothers playing snowball, and one threw a bit of ice and struck the other behind the ear, and he lived but twelve hours.

So I write in warning to happy, playful boys, and close as I begin—play gently.—Observer.

LOST TIME.

"O! Miss Jennie!" cried a little girl to her Sabbath-school teacher; "I am so sorry, but I have lost a whole morning."

"Lost a whole morning!" repeated Miss Jennie, with a grave look upon her sweet face; "how is that, Clara?"

"Why, mother was so busy, and she left Harry in my room, and really, Miss Jennie, the little fellow was so full of fun that I have done nothing but play with him."

Just then Harry put up his dimpled arms to "love" Clara, as he called it in his baby-talk. He pressed his lips upon her cheek, saying, "Me love 'oo, Clara."

"You have not lost your morning, Clara," said her teacher. "You have helped your mother, and you have bound your little brother closer to you by your kindness. Such a morning may have been well spent, my dear."

A few days after this Mrs. Palmer was seized with a severe illness. She could not bear the least noise or confusion, and little Harry's noisy play distressed her very much. So Clara took the little fellow to her own room, rocked him to sleep at night, and cared for him almost as well as his mother could, until Mrs. Palmer recovered.

"My dear child," said the physician as he placed her hand upon the little girl's head, "if your mother had not had so kind and thoughtful a daughter I fear that she would not have recovered so soon—if at all."

Thus little Clara had her reward. Never call that hour lost which is spent in making others happy.—Selected.

The celebrated "Tobacco is a powerful direct action upon the system, deranging the system, and which draws up by the use of the weed. Its use has of the symptoms which the person decidedly when the gags, the lungs, and facts of a consummation. It is beyond my vast a number of men and women of an article so poe clearly, offensive, redounding quality man, you whose s by this plague of before you make t co in any form—t self to a master's pression know n become a man wit Aye, a much bette all other articles i is one that slowly whole nervous eye perverted, so that apid and unpalat summer is obliged fluids for a bever sioned and stimula benumbed taste produced. Neve come the unive ceases to be an ar tion. Yet some advocates for the of alcoholic liquor feet inebriates v Parents, guardia and all who feel a happiness and mo ration, I beseech y one whose long ex researches have fu this scourge of th ly creating disea sands to an untin all your influence, pie, to prevent th over you, and w legislators, when s silvered by tim slaves of this fou tyrant—tobacco, that tobacco is in use it, undoubte also, yet they "will power" to e but say, "I cant."

DANGER There are dang well as on railwa these may lead to No sadder case of the Friends' As Frankford, Penn. Sanders, an A. y. habits and indefat employed on the as night operator His inventive gen mark in the negi object of his stud weeks past had be nal, to which he d could spare from nightly, occupat great many exper oughly examined present in new, in something upon course of his expi originated several but none of them of what was requi the plan of this s inventor gave a g depriving himself to devote himself railroad man saye fetters as any ppe could be." daylight at the and receiving me reporting the we going home, not himself again, to that increased as and more clearly man found that fecting his health the hope of being vented before be On a recent Sand as usual. The p text from which young Sanderson vanced to the pul loud voice to tae that he was "a s here to preach." him in a kindly u when he had fini son would be pe congregation. T effect of soothing quietly in his sea cluded his rema sprang up and rrambling and in friends immediat and it was foun come affected. home, when he l settled melanchol To all appearance brance of the pas blank. He did n acquaintances, b those who address

ENGLISH CH Too often the v selves; some bee petite for strong they have been e their natural rigt awful fact that every year into strong a convinc take it at all the a still more aw amongst us a lang