OUR HOME CIRCLE.

BEAUTY IN DUTY. I said, I can not work to-day, I'm tired of homely duty O, had I wings to flee away fo realms of ease and beauty! So, letting go the task I wrought

At eve, no sheaves I homeward brought. 'Tis one unceasing round of work From early morn till night; M part I've half a mind to shirk, And seek for true delight. The reapers sang and bound their she wes I vainly grasp for withered leaves.

Next morn again I said, I'll try To flee from common duty; Et ! higher yet the uplands lie Where dwelleth ease and beauty. In each returning eve I found I fa ther tred forbidden ground.

O, give wice more my task to me, Dear Master then I cried; Thou wouldst be glorified. Transfig ir d now before my eyes Be inty i see in duty's guise -Kate M. Frayne.

JOS 3PHINE MEEKER.

Mary Clemmer gives in the New York Independent, a touching sketch of one of those lives which reveal angelic fortitude, and perfect saintly virtues:

Not many weeks ago I told you of the funeral of a young and beautiful woman, the daughter of a justice of the Supreme Court, whose little mission-school scho!ars gathered around her coffin and heaped it with flowers. I speak now of another mission-school teacher, whose children gathered about her coffin this morning; another woman, young and lovely, the daughter of misfortune, who e father was murdered by the Ute Indians, but little more than two years ago, and who herself suffer- offer young people who desire to ed from them indignities wor e enter its Communion for the ballthan death-Josephine Mecker.

What a world of tragedy can sometimes be concentrated in the history of a single family. The father of Josephine Meeker was an old friend and worshiper of Horace Greeley, who during the latter's life was long engaged on the New York Tribune. After Mr. Greeley's death, misfortune and | not willing to give Christ an unextreme poverty was entailed up-on this family. At the time of ple are truly converted they will Agent Meeker's appointment as not need the pleasures of this Indian Agent his daughter Jose world to make them happy; if phine, though a delicate girl, was, they are not truly converted they working beyond her strength, in | will ever be hungry for the fleshhardship and dangers of a life up- pleasures as are suited to their on the frontier, among most uncertain, if not treacherous savages. The girl only said: "My mother is old. She will be lonesome, and it will be hard for her out there. I must go with her."

The country knows the result

of this self-abnegation. "She was always thinking of what she could do for others, never of berself," said her bereaved brother, yesterday, his eyes full of tears. Josephine Meeker, a young girl, less than twenty years old, went to the Indian Agency in the Ute country with her father and mother. She helped her mother, she taught the Indian children, she covered the Indians with her gentle kindness, for what? To see her venerable father butchered before her eyes; to see her aged mother tortured with every indigmity; to become, with her mother, the captive of these savages, upon the march; day after day to see her mother sink under her load on the weary road—the horror, the terror of those months of captivity can never be told. Their last earthly result goes forth from young body. What stray immunities from degradation came to her that time she owed to an Indian woman, whose human instinct of kindness made her cover. with what scanty help she could, the unfortunate girl. The rest she owed to her own heroism.

When "a brave! held a pistol to her face, declaring he would kill her if she did not do his bidding, she looked him in the eveand said: "Kill away!" And the wretch, craven though he was, had yet manhood enough to shrink and slink out of her sight. After her rolemption by General Adams, b oken in heal h and in spirit, Josephine Meeker obtained a minor appointment in the Interi- held a pen other than for friend- teach her their just value, and or Department, in Washington, ship's sake. Yet she gave to the that there must be something bet-Alene, in a sense beyond speech | world five living episties. It was | ter than a pretty face under the to express, she gave all the given her to come to the table of strength she had left outside of her daily work to the founding her wayward boy, to all human of a mission school in the suburbs. to forget, and serve others. This was the life of this young woman of twenty-two years in this gay capital, so thronged with youth pray me home." and beauty that never suffered.

Secretary Teller, of the Interior Department, was an old friend of

filled with satisfactory and honor- my mother." tary passers-by heard the quick this of me?" click of a type-writing machine. rapidity and skill by Josephine er; pray for me." tragedy in which her youth died; ren. Prayer followed prayer, and ing her hair and gentle face. conduct other enterprises. He gelist. yet she had not lived on earth a mighty outpouring of God's Looking at her, it seemed as if twenty-three years!

mas, was her ast day at her post. ed in, was the result. On Saturday morning the by death entered into life.

The brother who loved the 'little sister" came on from New York in season to see her die. He. also . Ralph Meeker, of the New York Herald, has lived through a sad, eventful history on his own behalf. Serving as a correspondent of the New York Herald during the Turko-Russian war, he also was taken prisoner and passed a period in hateful servitude. He has two other sisters, who are proprietors of a journal they publish in Greeley, Colorado, a town founded and named by their father. To these sisters and to their long-suffering mother he bears to night the body of their youngest, their loveliest, their best-be- So much in love with the path we tread,

THE BEST AND ONLY SUBSTITUTE.

A friend asked us recently What substitute can the Church room, the theatre, and other worldly pleasures they are called upon to renounce? We answered: The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, with the peace and joy that the truly converted soul will experience. The Church has no authority to compromise with the worldly spirit of those who are carnal and unregenerate natures. The trouble the Church has on this question arises from the fact that so large a proportion of its members, old and young, are unconverted. Instead of elevating their experience to the standard which the gospel has established, the Church seeks to lower the gospel to the level of the worldliness of its unconverted members. —Texas Advocate.

THE POWER OF MOTHERS.

I was in the company of a talented Christian lady when a friend said to her, "Why have you never written a book?"

"I am writing two," was the quiet reply. "Have been engag- is past our vision, not because it ed on one for ten years, the other

"You surprise me," cried the riend. "What profound works they must be !"

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be," was the reply; "but when he makes up his jewels my this city to night in that dead great ambition is to find them

> "Your children?" I said. "Yos, my two children; they ere my life-work."

I rejoiced to hear this Chrisian mother's out-poken words of love and faith, and said in my heart, if all mothers builded over against their own house in this manner what would there be for reformers?

dead yet speaketh." These volumes which lie by my hand are the Lord with every child. Once

ther had gone to rest, he came for minor morals. Taste and elea ca-ual visit to the old home. It gance are not always signs of friher father, and when he came to was the evening of the usual volity, or even of an absorbing lineated, as of old, by others, and ways see all the above-named of true love which seeks to give be the chief of this department, weakly prayer-meeting, and he interest in the fashions. Miss Meeker was promoted to his stood up to speak a word for Je. We have in mind one girl, fair lying parts of Asia. In this, as py. Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, to us as the pearl of great pric. own office. She was an accom- sus and closed by saying, "What- and sweet of nature, and of far in the respects, Cabst was bet- new add greatly to the evening Bible Society Bacord,

little remnant of her days was if I enter heaven, I owe it all to power, whose dress is elegant than in his own day. His truth- will soon be evening star. The

a great screen, in a small office of mother arose and said, "When I seem to belong to her. as petals rection. "They that seek rich- quainted with the stars, the less the secretary and assistant secre- am gone, will my children say belong to a flower, and to ex- es," said Peter Martyr, "must go will you be influenced by small

Another, with streaming eyes, press a thought.

THE WAYS OF SIN!

How pleasant it seems when we enter in, The very first time, the ways of sin; How bright the prospect, how fair the flowers How quickly fly the enchanted hours !

How dark and narrow the way we've left, Of joy and gladness and case bereft; How proud we teel of our wiser choice, And o'er our happy escape rejoice!

The prayers we said, and the hymns we sung In the dear home-circle when we were young The books we read, and the games we played Seem dull and tame to the renegade. The laugh and the song, and the ribald jok

And with eager haste to our lips we press The glass that adds to our foolishness Through light and fragrance we enter in The dazzling and dizzying ways of sin;

Our mirth and madness alike provoke;

We see no danger that lurks ahead. But, in a moment of sad surprise, The scales drop off of our blinded eyes; The voice of Conscience is heard within, Urging us out of the way of sin.

Then sweet and precious the past appears, The peaceful haunts of our earlier years; And oh! we long to be free once more, And pure of heart as we were before.

Oh, pleasant it seems when we first begin To follow the crowd in the ways of sin; But dreadful the day when we wake an

The beginning of sin leads to endless woe! -Josephine Pollard.

THE HODMAN'S ROPE.

He felt the ladder swaying under him, and as he turned to descend, he found that the cord which bound in its centre the spliced ends of the two pieces of which it was composed was slowly unwrapping. Certain destruction was before him, for ascent the employment of a tent and pots of Egypt they have left, and, able, and his height was such that which traverse the seas. Of late awning-maker in Denver. Friends | whether in or out of the Church | a fall on the flags beneath-for it | years the use of liquor by the seaurged her not to enter upon the will be satisfied only with such was a five-storey granite buildatoms.

But at this moment he saw a rope tossed out to him from a window above. There was nothing behind that he could see, because the window was high and the descent almost vertical. He caught it, and hand over hand mounted upwards till at last he vas safe. Two things saved him. Faith in the unseen hand that extended to him the rope and kept it afterwards firm, and human effort to first seize and then hold tightly on.

So reader it is with you. God's hand, it is true, is unseen in the tender of salvation made to you from the pulpit, in the reading of the Word, in the working of affliction; but it is unseen because it is beyond our reach. But it serves you not without your faith; you must grasp it in order to hold it. And when you grasp it once, you must grasp it ever, hand over hand, till heaven be reached. Hand over hand, ever grasping, ever rising, dependent on grace alone, and at the same time by the very energy of your dependence mounting upwards.

WHY SHOULD I FEAR?

Nobody has spoken more justly on the subject of dress than Syd ney Smith, who was as wise as he was witty. He laughed at the absurdity which would tell a girl I know another-" who being that beauty is of no consequence. "Beauty," he said, " is of val-

ue. ' A girl's whole prospect and old and worn so that you can happiness in life may often dehardly read the words "Cottage | pend upon a new gown, or a be-Bible;" well do I remember a coming bonnet, and if she has a plain, sweet face, bending over grain of common sense she will these open volumes. She never | find it out. The great thing is to bonnet if she would have real and lasting happiness."

There is no surer expression appearance, lay dying in a foreign of character than dress. It gives ing for me. I knew you would or the want of it; and since it is

Spirit in that church, in which she must have found some special peditions to the Brazils, or to the Tuesday, the day after Christ- scores of the young were gather; sweetness in life, which would north pole by way of Russia, but make it specially hard to leave the continent he had discover-

"Do you not dread to die?"

unearthly loveliness that crossed been revealed to him from heaven until I could tell the time quite the young face as she answer- and which he must not disclose. readily.

should live too long, and wear | ial-place is forgotten. But fifty out the body that clothes my years later, when Englishmen soul. I dread that, just as I should | turned again for a different object | dislike to wear these clothes till toward the American continent he, "I have something else to they are shabby," and she touch- they remembered his early ed the soft, dove colored draperies achievements, and based on them that fell about her.

tering into the new strange so little appreciated that Lord

answered, "since, here or there, four sentences to the explorations I must always be in my Father's which perhaps exceed in real imworld; for I love him, and I believe that he loves me.

The glory of a hope so strong azine. as to be certainty lit up her serene eyes, and we saw that to her, indeed, the life was more than the raiment; and that a girl might blossom like a flower and be as a flower, unconscious of her beauty, and ready for whatever wind from heaven might sweep away the outward adorning from the loving and waiting soul .-Companion.

NO MORE GROG FOR CUN-ARD SAILORS.

The antiquated practice of serving out stated portions of grog to seamen on ocean vessels has almost entirely gone out of fashion and descent were alike impractic- on the large passenger steamships men on board ship has been prohibited on most of the occas steamships, except where it was especially prescribed by physicians. Oatmeal water is usually given to sailors in the summer and hot coffee in the winter. The Cunard Steamship Line has until very recently clung to the old custom of serving grog. The seamen on the Canard steamers were permitted to have one glass of grog each day while at sea, and two glasses each day while in port. A short time ago, however, the Church of England Temporance Society prevailed upon the Directors of the Cunard Company to issue orders discontinuing the serving of grog on their steamers. Capt. Rigby, of the Guion Line steamer Wisconsin, said to a Times reporter: "The Cunard Line has been the only line that I know of that has served grog to its seamen during the past few years. Its recent prohibitory action places all the large ocean steamship lines in the same category." Another ocean captain said that be did not think there was any harm in giving the sailors one or two glasses of good rum every day, but the tendency of the age was to keep intoxicating liquors away from men, either on laud or rea, upon whose performance of duty human life depended. "Passeugers on an ocean vessel are apt to feel nervous," said he, " whenever they see the sailors drinking li quor on board hip "-Ex.

SEBASTIAN CABOT.

in one sense the discoverer of Amunknown continent. In his early the Goat, which is held in the piece of new-paper among the voyage of 1498, he expressed his middle of a line curving north in." "Oh yes," he said in his and; yet he lived to say to his evidence, which none can dispute, has well said, "Cabot's displeat the Great Bear or Dipper, always And so the precious little paper mother, "I knew you were pray- of wisdom or folly, of refinement | sure involves the scientific discov- pointing to the Polar Star. In was put back to be sent with his an indication of what we are, its North America stands as a separ- is said by astronomers to be the Years after that faithful mo- edicts have their place among the ate and continuous continuous continuous continuous. In it wanted the heathen to have them though doubtless long after his beaven?

was employed in organizing exed was left unexplored. He was esteemed as a skilful mariner and we asked, suddenly giving words one who held high official station. to the thought which had possess He died dreaming of a new and The date of his death, like that of "No; I dread more lest I his birth is unknown, and his bura claim of ownership by right of "Then you have no fear of en- discovery. Even then they were Bacon, "writing his "Reign of "What should I fear?" she Henry VII," gives but three or portance all else that happened under that reign .- Harper's Mag-

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WATCHING.

Watching for somebody, wide brown eyes, Waiting to give him a rare surprise? Oh, is it father, whose horse's 'eet Fall in the distance smooth and fleet-

Father, whose heart for many a mile Forward has leaped to the dear old stile. Oh, how they'll kiss him, and hold him tast, When father is home with his bairns at last.

Hist!" cries sister to Baby Will: "Listen, darling, he mounts the hill.
Oh, how Selim flies over the ground!

Nearer and nearer the hoof bests sound." Flowers for father, and looks of joy, Sweetest words shall their tongues employ. Somebody's coming—the dear, the wire :

Shine out to greet him, your bright brow -Harper's Young People.

MID. WINTER HEAVENS.

Children and young people, do you look often at the skies when you are out at evening? Do you know how to pick out the stars and the constellations? Perhaps some of you would like a little help in doing this; so I will try to direct you.

Taurus, the Bull, is now on clear evenings to be seen plunging head foremost at Orion, in the southeast. You understand of course, that the shapes of the constellation-the Bull, Orion, Auriga, the Waggoner with the Goat in his arms, the Twins, the Dogs, large and small, and all the rest of them-are but imaginary. The ancients invented them, and for

convenience we use their names. The Pleiades, or the seven wisters, are in the shoulders of Taurus; and on a line with these stars. which you can easily find, is Aldebaran, in the Hyades, in the head of Taurus. Aldebaran, a splendid star of the first magnitude, is the eye of Taurus. The next very bright star you come to, looking toward the southeast, is Bellatrix in Oriou's shoulder. Straight across his breast, in his eastern shoulder, blazes Betelgeuse, the beautibelt, and below that, in his lifted

foot, Rigel, another star of the first magnitude.

Now strike a line in a southeasterly direction, and you hit Sirius, "the king of suns," in the nose of Canis Major, the greater dog. How glorious are his beams! Now another line, leaning northeast, and you come to Procyon, in Canis Minor, the lesser dog. Sebastian Cabot was certainly This also is a star of the first might see how much he had for magnitude, as is Capella, far in the "poor heathen children."erica; it was he who first made the north-west, looking from Pro- Once in opening it his mother's sure that it was a wholly new and cyen. Capella is in the side of attention was attracted by a little voyages he had no doubt that he form of the Waggoner. Between pennies. "Why, what is this?" had visited India, but after his Capella and Procyon, about the she said, "you don't want this disappointment that a " New ward, are the Twins, Castor and quick bright way, " yes I do, mam-Found Land' of most inhospitable | Pollux, or Apollo and Hercules, ina, why they are beautiful verses aspect lay as a barrier between The two bright stars, always at about God. I want the heathen Europe and the desired Asia. An the same distance from each oth. to have them too, they are beautithe German writer, Dr. Asher, er, are in them. In the north is ful. I know they will like them." ery of a new world." In his charts | the Pleiades, one star-Alcyone- other treasure for the Lord.

plished stenographer, and the ever I am or ever hope to be, or more than ordinary intellectual ter appreciated fifty years later heavens: Venus, queen of beauty. enough for a royal drawing-room, ful accounts for the time discour- more you study the heavens able employment. From behind The effect was electrical. One and yet is so simply worn as to aged further enterprise in that disjoung friends, and become acpress her character as words ex- to the frozen North." And after and base thou his, and the more one or two ineffectual undertak- likely will you be to revere and This was manipulated with great said, "I am an unfaithful moth- One day she sat with us in her ings, he found no encouragement worship Him who made the host soft raiment, her dove-colored to repeat his voyages to the North of heaven, who orders their submapidity and skill by Josephine er; pray for me."

Soft raiment, her dove-colored to repeat his voyages to the North of heaven, who orders their subMeeker. Few saw her, fewer Another fell on her knees and robe falling around her slight fig
American coast, but was sought lime march, and who calleth them knew her, none dreamed of the begged God's mercy on her child- ure, her pale blue feathers fram- for both by Spain and England to all by their names.—N. Y. Eran-

" WHAT O'CLOCK?"

When I was a boy, my father one day called me to him, that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was. He told me the infallible mode of discovering the use of the hands, and described to It was a smile of strange, half-longitude which he thought had me the figures on the dial plate

No sooner had I gained this additional knowledge, than I scampered off to rejoin my companions, but my father called me back say to you."

Back I went, wondering what else I had yet to learn, for it seemed to me that I knew all about the clock, quite as well as my father did.

"Humphrey," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of day; I will now teach you to find out the time of your

Here was a mystery; so I waited rather impatiently to hear how he would explain it, for I wished sadly to go to my marbles.

"The Bible," says he, "describes the years of man to be threescore and ten or fourscore years. If we divide the threescore years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of the clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life, and this is the case with you; when you are fourteen years old. it will be two o'clock with you; and then at twenty-one years it will be three o'clock, should it please God thus to spare your life; in this manner you may know the time of your life; and your looking at the clock may perhaps remind you of it. My great-grandfather, according to o'clock, my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you or I shall die, Humphrey, is known only to him to whom all things are known."

Never since have I heard the inquiry, "What o'clock is it?" without being reminded of the words of my father.

I know not what o'clock it may be with you, but I know very well what time it is with myself; and that if I mean to do anything in this world which hitherto I have neglected, it is high time to set about it. The words of my father gave a solemnity to the dial-plate of a clock which perhaps it never would have possessed to me if these words had not been spoken. "What o'clock is it with you?"-Sel.

THE HEATHEN TO HAVE THEM TOO.

The spirit and aim of those who are sending the Bible to the heathen is beautifully illustrated by an incident narrated of little Miller Bissell of Norwalk, a dear ful. Below you see his starry, child of seven years of age, whose early death occurred a few months since. He belonged to a "Sunbeam Circle." a company of little children who gathered up in "mission boxes" such gifts as they could, and who in this way during the last year raised sixty-five dollars for the foreign field.

Often during the week that Miller was so ill did he ask tohave his "Box" opened, that he-

He admired the verses and too. This was gennine benevoall were still supposed to be out- stars in the places they now occu- the heathen that gospel which is