#### OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

O'erhead the storm-clouds gathering black were drifting, The wild sea foamed below, Against the lighthouse with their booming Dashed the white waves of snow.

The chill October evening slowly faded, No sunset glow did burn ;

An anxious child face in that light-house Her father's safe return.

Alas! the wreckers on that wild coast stormy Him captive hold to-night. That o'er the booming blackness of the May gleam no warning light.

She watches vainly, only gathering shadows
By storm-winds fiercely blown-The muttered thunder of the maddened Greet listening car alone.

Cradled mid danger, storm-clouds little She breathes her childish prayer, Then bravely little feet are heard to patter

Up the old lighthouse stair. And lo! soon 'mid the blackness of the

Gleams out the trusty light: A muttered oath the wreckers fiercely utter, To see it burn so bright.

A brave ship struggling wildly 'mid the

Is nearing land to-night; Ged's blessing on thy hand, my little maiden, For thy true friendly light.

Ab, great events with smallest links are A child's hand, though a speck 'Mid life's great ocean, can have power and

To save from death and wreck.

# SUCH AS I HAVE.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

You would not have said she had very much. Very few people would have been thankful for even a liberal share of what she counted as her mercies and blessings. She lived at the Old Ladies' Home. Visitors, if they cared to go to the further end of the ball, on the upper floor, saw her name on the little card, No. 78. Mrs. Mary Jessup. Visitors, so. if they cared to go in, saw a little old woman with snow white hair. a tace singularly marked with a net work of fine lines. slight stooping figure, and hands drawn and rigid from rheumatism. yet a woman who was more than cheerful, who fairly radiated content, as the sun radiates light. For five years the narrow room had been her home, and she exdays of delay did not matter. placid old face before her. She knew they were making ready to receive her. She knew let not you heart be troubled." she should be called at the right Seems as if some of the commandnot anxious or impatient. The I can't do them any way, but I room was smaller than the others, but it had its compensation in take care of my troubles, surely.' the extra window on the side, which looked towards the sunset. It was on the upper floor, which made the journeys to the dining room weary pilgrimages to the feeble limbs and panting lungs, but the air was better, and you could always see the sky. The queer old woman in 77 was more than half crazy, and Mrs. Barnes. in 76, was so petulant and unreasonable that her own children had risen up in rebellion and paid for her maintenance at the Home, Mrs. Walden, "only it would their own homes. But into the cells.' ly in its sunshine, painting bered that even Peter could only The old farmer, who had learnburlesque flowers and birds, and give such as he had, and that's all ed to know the human heart prethappy in thought that here, at the Lord asks of us. I say to ty well, drew out his leathern least, she was appreciated. The myself every day, 'Such as I wallet, took therefrom a five dolsoft, dim eyes would smile approv- have,' and it's wonderful how tar bul, and put in the storekeep- mountable difficulty, he rose from the field, Pu-s showed her inten- The others laughed, and some bad ingly upon her, and the old face, many things a body has to give ers' hand. Then calling for ink his work and resorted to prayer—tion of going to the barn, by per-men shouted, "Kill him! kill with its net work of wrinkles, that you don't take much count and paper he said: "My young an expedient which, he said, sistently setting her face that way. him!" and threw more stones till would beam with kindness, as of. It don't cost a cent to be friend, if you will just step to the never failed to revive him. Mrs. Jessup said approvingly, sorry for folks and say a word to desk and write as I direct, the "Such a fine, shiny flower, my cheer 'em up." dear; it's as red as red. I do love flowers so much, and I'm sudden recollection of her unfinant began: "In the presence of 'em in heaven, so I can have all I

"I never had anything I wanted in this world," moans the dissatisfied mother, "and I don't know how it will be in heaven."

"That's just the best of it, dear heart." Mr. Jessup would answer, " we don't know how it will be; and I do like surprises. Sometimes I sit, trying to think it out, | very best things I ever could not at all sympathetic, stoops thinking that heaven will be crumpled cheek. better yet, because you know it mays that it never entered into

"When a body is deserted by her own children," weeps Mrs. Barnes, with a shake of her

"That's no worse than being forsaken by your father and mother," says the comforter, cheerily, "and that's just the time the Lord'll take you up. Seems as if some woman might have said that about taking a body up; thinking how a mother'll put her work away just to take up the child on her lap and comfort it."

"Would you paint his tail blue wings.

"Who ever saw a robin with green wings!" scoffs Mrs. Barnes, in a tone that brings an angry

"I should say purple," says Mrs. Jessup, decidedly, "though an artist like you ought to know best. I s'pose it's a bird of paradise; I've heard they have very fine tails.'

"Yes, it's a bird of paradise,' assents the artist, "or a parrot: on account of not taking up so much paper."

rounds comes in at 78 without dently ineffective. knocking, and her entrance is the They will also be disappointed signal for the visitors to leave; if they expect to elevate the char-Mrs. Barnes, vexed and suspicious acter or ameliorate the condition at the thought that her room has of workingmen by Sunday enterbeen entered in her absence, the tainments. The Nihilists and Soartist childishly eager to make cialists of the most extreme sort, sure of a visit to vary the monot- who seek to destroy all religion ony of her day.

peace, I believe, Mrs. Jessup," says the matron; " I have a cates of the most gross and pergreat mind to forbid Mrs. Barnes | nicious profligacy, are to be found coming in here.'

"Oh, Mrs. Walden, my dear, it's one of my pleasures; it does me good and her too. I just pity her

"She's to blame for all her troubles. I don't pity her a bit," says the matron sharply.

to be to blame for it, and not it is perfectly evident that they Payne, D. D., LL. D. in Western. know how to get out of it. It's are absolutely ineffective to bring dreadful hard to live peaceably about the moral elevation of the with a body that's got you into laboring classes. The only benetrouble and can't get you out." fit accruing is that the workmen

pected no other until she went to brow cleared a little. 78 was a cles. It would be easy to make ing writer, "Haydn heard Hanthe Father's house, but to her haven of rest to her also after the such arrangements that that end del's 'Messiah' splendidly renderconfident faith this little room round of complaints, fancied or could be attained on other lays. ed by an orchestra of over a thouwas but a lodge where she waited real, to which she had to listen. It is also to be remembered that so close to the gates of her "Does anything ever trouble deep moral degradation has been heavenly mansion that a few you?" she asks, looking at the often associated with a knowledge

"Not for long. The Lord said, time, so she just waited, and was ments couldn't be for me because can just sit here and let the Lord

> "And not get out of patience with Mrs. Barnes ?"

"Dear heart, no. When she is for Christ's sake received us'make us better."

"You ought to be matron," says

peaceful little haven at 78 the "I shouldn't do at all," says who had heard the remark. miserable mother came to be Mrs. Jessup, honestly. "I never "I said that for five dollars I moothed and comforted, and the had any faculty. Sometimes it would sign away all my interest shattered old artist sat contented- used to worry me, till I remem- in Christ, and so I will."

> The matron starts up with a ished work.

"Well, Mrs. Jessup, you've given me a portion many a time; such as I have ough to mean a good deal more for me than for you, but I am not sure that it does; it is such as you that. inherit the earth.'

She stops to set the cap straight we only know it's sure to be good, on the thin white hair, and then knew that there was a God. He with a little moistening of the believed in religion. He meant keen eyes, this strong practical and when I've thought of the woman, whom most people find imagine I just laugh to myself for quickly and kisses the soft old

goes her way, never guessing lars, sign away, if such a thing with pleasure and admiration, ex- down across Puss's eyes, when, sant girl alone saved him. She anybode's heart to dream of any- that she has given the most were possible, your interest in Je-

#### DOWN WITH THE SAB-BATH.

"Open the shows, concertrooms, art galleries and all such resorts on Sunday. Let there be something open between a liquor saloon and a church to which workingmen can resort for innocent and profitable recreation." Such is the cry at present of those claiming to be the friends of the working man. It does not come from the workingmen or their associations; on the contrary, it was reported in the dailies last week that one of the Labor Unions reor purple?" queries the artist, ceived tickets of admission to a cocking her crazy head on one Sunday show of pictures rather side to take a better view of a "churlishly." It was not to be bird with scarlet breast and green | wondered at. Workingmen are not lacking in shrewdness. They know that Sunday show means Sunday work for some one; that Sunday work in one department flush to the thin cheeks of the of life can be easily extended to all departments; that in competition for employment workingmen ested in my friend's views and will be found who will consent to work on the Sabbath rather than be without employment, and that the result would soon be that most workingmen would soon be compelled to go without one day of the book. It was in substance as rest out of seven. Therefore the wish to conciliate or please work-The matron on her morning ingmen by their course, it is evi-

and morality as much as they "You never have a moment of seek to destroy all social distinctions, who are atheists and advoin towns where galleries, musichalls, theatres, and places of amusement are open on the Sabbath. Every man who has been in Europe knows that these Sunish the patronage of the wine and beer and liquor shops. We feel The matron laughed, and her learn how to make artistic artiof art. One of the objects sought by Sunday shows in Europe is to produce contentment among the working classes. That object has

#### SIGNING AWAY SALVA. TION.

not been secured.—Intelligencer.

It was in a country store one evening. A number of young trying, I just think how much the men were sitting together about Lord has had to put up with in the stove, telling what they didn't me, and I remember Paul said, believe, and what they were not Receive ye one another, as God afraid to do. Finally the leader in the group remarked that, so far that means faults and all, and as he was concerned, he would be never gets discouraged trying to willing at any time to sign away scribed at the commencement with all his interest in Christ for a five dollar bill.

"What did I understand you to as the only means of salvation for spoil you. Saints thrive best in say?" asked an old farmer who happened to be in the store, and

money is yours.

The young man took the pen formed in the room of the Schwart- down, evidently determined to upon the suffering, bleeding man, these witnesses, I, A-B-, cribe the applause?" wrote an afternoon job of it. The great the big stones intended for him for the sum of five dollars receiv- eye-witness. "The flower of the drops were falling thick and fast. fell upon her and wounded her, ed, do now, once for all and for. literary and musical society of "It is no use," said Joe; so they but she clung courageously to her ever, sign away all my interest"- Vienna were assembled in the carried out an umbrella and a friend and shielded him unmindful then he dropped the pen and room which was well adapted to paper to him, and he sat down of her own danger, and it all back, I was only fooling.'

That young man did not dare to sign that paper. Why? He alan accusing conscience. He to be a Christian sometime.

And so do you, reader. Notwithstanding your apparent indifference, your triffing conscience, your boasting speech, you would "Such as I have," she says, and not to-day for ten thousand dol-

### THE FRIENDS OF CHRIST.

'I stand at the door and knock," said he, And it any man will open to me. I will come in and abide;"
And they answered, "Lord, we are friends

of thine, Our home is dark till thy light shall shine; And the door was opened wide

So the Master entered and took his seat, And the children played about his feet, And the men all grave with care,
And the women tending the dear home place, Grew tender and glad with a new strange

Because the Lord was there.

A SECRET WORTH KNOW-ING.

On a recent journey I met in a railway coach a gentlemen well known in the Church as a devout and liberal layman of the best type. Having a long distance to ride together, we fell into an interesting and somewhat confidential conversation concerning our personal experience in the Christian life. I became deeply interfeelings as he modestly related them to me. At length he took from his pocket a small book, and pointed to a record which some years previously he had made in follows: "From this time forward any more wealth than he now has; henceforth his life is consecrated to the high service of the Master, day shows do not tend to dimin- and all the proceeds of that consecrated life, save his current expenses, which are very moderate, cortain that they tend to increase are to be sacredly devoted to the "Yes, that's the hardest of it; the patronage of such places. And Redcemer's kingdom. - C. H.

### HAYDN'S "CREATION,"

"While on a visit to London in the year 1795," says an interestsand performers at Westminster Abbey; and the effect of this sent him back to Germany with his mind stirred with the impulse to compose an oratorio."

The result was that great and glorious conception-"The Creation." No sooner was he settled in a quiet domicile at Gunpendorff, than he fell to work upon this masterpiece. This was late in 1796, and in the beginning of 1798 the oratorio was completed. Two years the old man took to rear this colossal musical structure; for he said, "I spend much time over it because I intend it to last a long time."

Haydn always led a very religious life. All his scores were inthe words, "In nomine Domini, conclusion of them is written his one of her fits come on if we were way the dead will be benefited by composing, whenever he felt the go into the cellar," said Joe, as he that Christians did not follow ardor of his imagination decline, was harnessing. Two minutes such customs. Some one threw

A few weeks after its comple- could change her decision; and Florencia rushed through the tion, the "Creation" was first per- when it came to blows, she lay crowd and threw herself down zenburg palace. "Who can des- have her own way, or make an covering his head with her arms; with a forced smile said: "I take the purpose, and Haydn himself across her neck, declaring he would caring only to saving his life. In directed the orchestra. The most read her a love story to start her vain did they try to pull her away; profound silence, the most scrupulideas. Fully ten minutes passed; she held on with all her strength, ous attention—a sentiment, I Joe was absorbed in his story. and cried for help. In a few momight almost say of religious re- That was his way; when he was ments help came; for the gens d spect—were the disposition when reading he forgot everything else. armes drove the assailants away, the first stroke of the bow was We could see by the picture on and took the missionary and little

not disappointed." A long train the tiger was about leaping on a were carefully nursed. But for krown, unfolded themselves be- -a little stream of water was brave man would have been killfore us; our minds, overcome running off the umbrella right ed. Toe bravery of this little peathing so good as our Father has blessed of all things in giving sus Christ. You do not desire or hours what they had rarely felt— cantering toward the barn, the and dared to help him at the risk

there. On this occasion the ap- wall. plause was deafening; and the virtuosi engaged in it in their enthusiasm and to show their veneration for Haydn, resolved to present him with a large gold medal, which was adorned on one side with an upright lyre, over which was a burning flame in the

midst of a circle of stars. In England the "Creation" is, and probably always will be, the most popular of all Haydn's works. For depth of feeling, solemnity and suitability of character; for its powerful and complete late. He can walk or run as fast grasp of the subject—in fact, for its whole bearing as an oratoriothe 'Creation' holds a place among the finest examples which have ever been written in this form of composition.

The Supreme Court of Iowa refused to grant a divorce to a woman with a drunken husband receipt with "churlishness" of I solemnly propose to serve God for the following reasons: "She I did think of having it a parrot, tickets to a Sunday show. If the as a calling, and to do business to does not show that her personal people who favor Sunday shows pay expenses." That record re- safety or even her well-being re- by the boat or train the whole vealed the secret of my friend's quires her to leave him. She family has to exert itself to hurry rich religious experience, and of doubtless would have lived more Peter out of the house, lest he his exceptionally large contribu- comfortably in the society of a defer starting till the hour be tions to Christ's Church. He is sober man, but she ought to have past. still a comparatively young man, considered, and doubtless did conwith a growing family; he is not sider, the discomforts of a drunken work. He puts off reading the wealthy as rich men estimate husband when she married the library book until it is time to wealth, but possesses a compet- defendant. But, she urges he ency, as do thousands of others promised reformation before marwhose contributions are pitifully riage. Hisfailure to keep his promsmall. But he has learned the ise did not justify her in deserting true philosophy of life, and so him. All the world knows that Monday morning to Saturday richly does it treight his life with such promises made by a drunken blessing, that no persuasion could man are always broken. In a week by being too late for church induce him to abandon it. He few words, as she knowingly mar- and Sunday-school. Peter is does not intend ever to hold in ried a drunkard, she must be his possession for personal uses | content to be a drunkard's wife.'

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

GRANDMOTHER.

Hush, little feet ! go softly Over the echcing floor, Grandmother's reading the Bible There by the open door. All of its pages are dearer still. Now she is slmost down the hill.

Mellow September sunshine Round her is gently shed-Gold and silver togetaer Crowning ber banded head-While she follows where saints have trod Reading the blessed Book of God.

Grandmother's past the morning, Past the noonday sun, And she is reading and resting After her work is done ; Now in the quiet autumn eves She has only to bind her shoaves.

Almost through with trial, Almost done with care, And the discipline of sorrow Hallowed by trust and prayer, Waiting to lay her armor down To go up higher and take the crown.

No little feet to follow Over this wears road. No little band to lighten Of many a weary load; Children standing in honored prime, Bless her now in her evening time

Grandma has closed the volume, And by her saintly look Peace I know she has gathered Out of the sacred book; May be she catches through that door Glimpses of heaven's eternal shore.

# THE BALKY HORSE.

No amount of coaxing or sugar he was beaten down to the ground. the page that he was reading a Florencia, both bleeding and sore, "The general expectation was tiger story. He was just where to the house of friends, where they of beauties, till that moment un- man, for he was turning the paper this noble act of self-sacrifice, the a happy existence, produced by umbrella following after her, and of her own life.

desires, ever likely, ever renewed | Joe going on all-fours at full speed and never disappointed. The in the oposite direction. "Ah! work very soon found its way you after the tiger?" called his round Germany, and Europe, too. father. This brought him to his Paris strove to surpass all other feet, and when he came in he said cities in doing homage to Haydn's he truly thought the tiger was masterpiece, and in the year 1800 after him, till he heard his a performance of it took place father's voice. - Mary R. D. Ding-

### PETER PUT-OFF.

I know a little boy whose real name we will say is Peter Parsons, but the boys call him Peter Put-off, because he has such a way of putting off both business and pleasure.

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He can learn his lessons well. but he is almost always at the bottom of his class, because he has put off learning his task from one hour to another until it is too as any boy in town, but if he is sent on an errand the errand never gets done in season, because he puts off starting from one moment to another; and for the same reason he is almost always late at school, because he never can be made to see that it is drawing near to nine o'clock.

If letters are given to him to post they never get in in time for the mail; and if he is to go away

He delays in his play as in his send it back, he waits to join the game until it is too late; and generally comes up a little behindhand for everything, from night, and then begins the new quite conscious of his own fault, and means to reform some time. but he puts off the date of the reformation so constantly that manhood and old age will probably overtake this boy, and find him still only worthy of the name of Peter Put-off.—Little Sower.

### A BRAVE LITTLE MEXI-CAN GIRL.

Mr. Newton Perkins gives the following account of a Mexican girl named Florencia Tomayao, who lives in the village of Guantla Morelos in Mexico. She had no father, and as soon as she was old enough she began to help her mother in the house and in the field. One day she heard a man who was gathering a crowd about him in the streets and talking to them. Drawn by curiosity, she followed him, and heard him tell of a good man who had at one time lived on the earth, and who was kind and forgiving to his enemies, and died for all sinners. It was the first time she had heard of the Saviour, and she eagerly followed the missionary and heard him preach until she, too, believed the gospel and became a Christian.

Some months after this she again saw the missionary. It was in the cemetery on the first of November, on which day the Roman Catholics go to the graves of their deal friends, and place on them There was no mistake, Puss dishes full of meat, bread, fruit or "Soli Deo Gloria;" while at the was balky. She was sure to have and wine, believing that in that "Laus Deo;" but "I was," he in a hurry-and we were in a it. A great crowd had gathered. says, "never so pious as when engreat hurry that afternoon. The While Florencia was walking gaged upon the 'Creation.' I fell boys had been digging potatoes through the cemetery she saw her on my knees daily, and prayed all the forengon, and the wagon- friend, the missionary, addressing earnestly to God that he would body full on the hill-side, and a the people, and she stopped grant me strength to to carry shower coming up. "If Puss gets to listen. He was telling them out the work, and to praise him contrary to-day we will have the that the dead needed no offerworthily." It is said, too, that in | potatoes well washed before they | ings of meats and drinks, and or was stopped by some insur- later, as they were starting for a stone at him and wounded him.

" clane which sound emble tle ass miracul degree of men, those quence : ih his he would empty n probably sense c " Myster to be un sight into providen tion of 6 Saviour's Mark 11 that if he gifts and had not tr thing he nothing in 3. The bestowal ions upon self to 1 Christ, W self-sacri the true n was very Paul wrot times. up world merit in t of benefit some e c a self-gle from tru course of developed the Churc ually rem the morn 4-7. -( "The lov bor for G all men. ignorance the childr and wick the world a time, I step town good, it i It inspire the most miost ten Love act. tily conde a Severe den view actor beh or precip w-yea,h It and a rude or It renters time, per stances. pleasure, Nay, sor his own not think for the g of men though he yet he is unkindne-Vocations cur, but h theinis. the see and h that they a lingly thin

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casts out mises, all Rejoiceth no at the sin takes no pl peating it, torgotten i