

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE PROMISED LAND TO-MORROW.

High hopes that burned like stars sublime,  
Gleam down the heavens of freedom;  
And true hearts perish in the time,  
We bitterly need them.

Our lips of sons are silent now,  
There are no flowers blooming;  
And freedom's spring is coming;  
And freedom's tide comes up already.

Our hearts brood o'er the past; our eyes  
With smiling future glisten;  
To now the dawn bursts up the skies—  
Lash out your souls and listen.

The weary watching wave by wave,  
And yet the tide waves onward;  
We climb like coral grave by grave  
Till we reach the pathway seaward.

Through all the long, dark night of years  
The people's cry ascended;  
The earth was wet with blood and tears,  
The great work suffering ended.

Our youth, flame-carnet, still aspire  
With eagles' immortality;  
Your yearning opens a portal,  
And though you weary by the way,  
And hearts break in the furrow;  
As you over the golden grain to-day,  
The harvest comes to-morrow.

SKEPTICISM AND THE HOME.

The refined infidelity which is peculiar to our age, and which has so stealthily taken its line of march from the Old World westward, is the chief obstacle to the gospel in America, especially in the great cities. The baneful effects are seen in sub-  
attempts to overthrow the great doctrines of Christianity, namely, the incarnation, the work of the Holy Spirit, and the reality of prayer. Its influence is all pervasive; it insinuates itself into the very heart of Churches; it begets ten thousand shades of unbelief, and paralyzes the right arm of Christian effort. It is not outspoken—not an active, bold aggression upon Christianity. It is that impalpable something, that diffuses its bane through human influence daily—unseen, yet none the less felt. Here, we are satisfied, is the secret power that arrests the progress of our Churches. Our Christian business men have been deterred from evangelical effort by this. It has brought into contempt the great doctrines of Christianity—not by an open assault upon them, but by secret diversion from them. The pressure upon our consciences and methods, from this Americanized rationalism, is as constant as that of the atmosphere surrounding us upon our persons. Verily the evangelical denominations in our midst need to encourage each other, transmitting from one pulpit to another the message, "Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering; for he is faithful that promised."

Had this refined infidelity come to us, as did the clamorous and virulent infidelity of France, in the early periods of our Republic, then would we have thrust it from us. The result would have been decided instantly. America will never accept the old dogmas and methods of atheism. But the policy has changed. It comes in the reduced form of modern infidelity. It comes in the plausible theories, or is concealed beneath the thin drapery of science, perverted to ignoble purposes. What has power to arrest its progress? God! we answer. God enlarging the desires, quickening the affections, and intensifying the exertions of professing Christians. God arresting the attention and arousing the concerns of the ungodly. God vindicating himself and his gospel in the conversion of sinners, in awakening simultaneously many minds, in condensing the trust of many years labor in the brief space of a few months. Such demonstrations of divine power can only check the growth of infidelity among us.

How shall this result be reached? We must begin with the Christian home—a Church in the home! A Church in the home, Christian! Bear your altar of worship there today. One of the saddest features of the modern Church is the neglect of family devotion. How do parents often stand in the way of the conversion of children. God visits the family with bereavements; for a season there is seriousness; but, nourished by no devotional habits, it soon dies away. The youth comes home from the sermon or the Sunday-school deeply impressed, concerned for his soul; but in the at-

mosphere of a prayerless home the tender blade, just springing from the divine seed, withers and dies. American home is the hope of our nationality and Christianity. Here is the fountain from which virtues or virtues take their rise. A revival in the home just now! We would wait upon God without dictating; but now, while the chastisement is still fresh in memory, while momentous interests are still pending in our legislation, and our children are entering upon the new era of national activities, let us consecrate them to the Lord. How can we answer to him and do less? How can we endure an eternal separation from them? Just at this crisis in their history, as well as in the nation, let us remember that "the promise is unto our children."

AT RIDEAU HALL.

She is, like so many English women, a good walker and a fair rider, and during her first winter here she could be met almost any day miles away from her home. She "did" much of the vicinity of Ottawa on foot, always sensibly shod and dressed, and in slippery weather carrying a cane. Almost invariably she wears a veil. It has been the subject of much comment, and the curious often complain that the public never sees her face. Her reason for wearing it probably lies as much in the fact that she suffers terribly from neuralgia as from any wish to thwart the public gaze. Both the Princess and Marquis readily adopted winter sports, and many a merry snow-shoe tramp was organized from the Government House; and when the spring opened, and the rafts from the Upper Ottawa began to come down by hundreds, they enjoyed the grand and exciting fun of running the rapids above the Chaudiere Falls, and coming down through the "slides" upon these log rafts.

From this slight glimpse into it you see that Rideau Hall is by no means a Castle of Indolence. The Princess is a busy woman, and her range of duties is a wide one. Her artistic pursuits are, without doubt, nearest her heart, and you often see her abroad with her sketch-book, filling it with souvenirs of her Canadian home. She has a snug little sketch-book which can be whisked about from place to place as she desires it. Fortunately for one of her artistic nature she lives in a region surrounded by loveliest views, and whichever way the eye turn, it is gladdened by some picture never to be forgotten.

The Princess is a communicant at St. Bartholomew's, the little English church at New Edinburgh, which stands near the grounds (the rector of which is chaplain for Rideau Hall), while the Marquis of Lorne comes into the city, and is a regular attendant at "the Kirk." Her Royal Highness has always taken an active interest in church affairs, and to her the little church is indebted for a fine chime of bells. The children of the Sunday-school are regularly entertained at the Hall with a Christmas-tree and party. She visits hospitals, schools and convents, and carries on all the work of a charitable lady in private life. Much of her good work is done in a quiet, unostentatious manner, which fully carries out the Biblical injunction; but a princess cannot hide from the public the work of one hand, even if she can keep it a secret from the other, and so we, from time to time, catch a glimpse of her true, kind heart.

All of these public duties do not interfere with those of a more domestic character. She, of course, has a small army of servants. There is a chef and un garçon de chef, and I would be afraid to cry how many more pour faire la cuisine; there are maid-servants and men-servants for each particular kind of work, and a house-keeper to oversee them all. But, in spite of much aid, the Marchioness of Lorne is at the head of her establishment. She does not think it beneath her dignity to go into the laundry and instruct the maids concerning their duties, or to give an occasional eye to the marketing when it is brought in. A story I have just heard about her makes her quite rival in housewifely attainments of good King Stephen, who, from the "peck o' barley meal," concocted that historical pudding so well known to the student of Mother Goose. A friend of mine was lately dining at Rideau Hall, and during the dinner she remarked upon the excellence of the oyster patés to one of the ladies in waiting to the Princess. "Yes," she replied, "they were made by her Royal Highness."

The immediate household at Government house consists of two or three ladies in waiting and several aide-de-camp. The military secretary and his wife occupy a handsome house near by, where the Princess often calls informally, or

takes a five o'clock "school-room tea" with the secretary's children. —Annie Howells Prechelt, in Harper's Magazine for July.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

We were about getting a new minister—a difficult matter, as all can testify who have tried it. He had preached for us a Sabbath or two. He was earnest—that was unquestioned; had a consistent life for his record, and that was a great point; he was a good thinker and a fearless advocate of what he believed, but his voice was poor; he was not quite so famous as some wished, and his bearing was not sufficiently marked and dignified, some people said.

Yet as often as any thing disparaging was remarked, somebody immediately added, "but his wife is lovely." We thought it was not the wife we were to settle over us, but the man himself. Every possible objection was overruled, however, because the wife was so beyond comparison.

He came and brought with him one whom we were all eager to see and know; one of the sunniest, gentle, yet strongest, most useful woman it has ever been my blessing to know and love. She was not beautiful, but her face had such a kindling interest for one and for all that you could not forget its expression. She enters heartily into his work. They were all her people, her friends. She showed no partiality. No one of us ever felt that she liked one above another. She kept our secrets locked in her own heart, and never betrayed a trust.

No one ever heard her speak ill of another. She was approachable to every body, yet we paid her deference, both from her position and because we loved her. Men and women received alike favor at her hands. We looked to her as a leader while she was in reality a companion. We expected her home and her husband would be her first care and so they were.

She was interested in every thing—cultured enough to talk with the learned, and not above the poorest and most ignorant of her flock. She never showed irritability. If she had temper she controlled herself by prayer. She was her husband's best adviser.

Not every thing went right with the minister. He was able, not always wise; sometimes hasty, sometimes domineering it seemed; sometimes saying things best left unsaid, occasionally too frivolous, and now and then too austere.

Some said he liked the rich better than the poor, the cultured better than the unlettered. Some said he was over ambitious, that he was not always unconscious of himself; others, that he lacked magnanimity in pecuniary affairs and in the little of every-day life. But they liked his preaching, and always added, "He has such a lovely wife."

She healed all differences, really kept the Church a unit by her kindness and Christian tact. A wife less sympathetic or less capable would have completely altered the aspect of affairs.

A little child came into the minister's home, and the young wife went out of it. I never saw a Church so crushed. For weeks and months every face wore a wistful look, as though they hoped in some unexplained way to meet her, perchance, and feel again her cordial welcome. The pastor, too, began to realize, as never before, how she had brightened and sustained him. The people cared for the motherless child, because it was her babe. A blessed revival followed, and her death was the spiritual life of a great number. The failings of the minister were forgotten in the noble work he did to win souls, and yet they were not fully satisfied, and the pastorate was changed.

Our pulpit since then has been filled with able and eloquent men, who have had pleasant wives, and our Church has prospered, but our hearts have hungered again and again for the lovely woman who came to be such a power in our midst. We have said to each other often in all these years, "Does not it, indeed, make a difference what kind of a wife the minister has?" Ah! vastly more than he thinks, when he chooses her as his companion, vastly more than the people imagine when he comes among them to be their leader and guide. —Congregationalist.

THE ETIQUETTE OF THE SICK ROOM.

"Society needs overhauling," said my friend.  
"What now?" I inquired.  
"What, indeed! Nothing of importance, perhaps; but I have seriously offended two friends, or at least two whom I have hitherto regarded as friends."

"Apologize," I said. "Of course the offence was unintentional."  
"I don't know. They called to see me, and being sick I excused myself."  
"Well then they did not understand."

"Let me tell you about it," said she. "One day last week my cousin Mrs. Smith, who lives in the country, came to the city. I have always been at her disposal on such occasions—have gone shopping, or sight seeing, or calling with her, as the case might be. But on the morning of this day I was threatened with one of my severe headaches, and having learned that for this affliction quiet is my best remedy, I resolved to keep my room and see no one. Therefore, when about ten o'clock Mrs. Smith was announced, I sent down my kindest regrets, with the reason therefor, offering to her the freedom of the house, and the best attentions of other members of the family. She went out shortly after, and did not return; but, concluding that she understood the situation, this did not disturb me. To-day I learn that she has again visited the city, and gone home without coming near me—an entirely new departure for her, showing a new state of feeling. She is offended. So much for number one! Misfortunes never come singly, and on the afternoon of the same day Mrs. Brown's card was brought to me. Now Mrs. Brown is sure that she never, under any circumstances, disturbs any one, and so when Jane told her of my illness, she said, 'I will just step up to Mrs. Jones' room a few moments.' Jane, however, who had received strict orders, asked permission to announce her. The pain in my head was subsiding, and anxious not to hinder the good I sent a kind message, but declined the visit. After sunset, feeling still better, I consented to ride a short distance with my husband. Of course we met Mrs. Brown. She bowed coldly, and to-day when I saw her in the street she looked me full in the face, and passed without recognition. This is number two. Now what do you think of society? Have sick people any rights that ought to be respected? Is there no need of reform in our social ways? Are not our social 'tricks and manners' open to criticism?"

Certainly my friend's questions could only be answered in the affirmative. Our social tricks and manners are open on all sides to severe criticism, but more especially as regards invalidism. Well folks can better bear these invasions of individual privacy which we all submit to from well meaning but thoughtless friends, but when sickness compels us to leave society and retire to the seclusion of our own room, there we need a reformed etiquette. Society, then, even as an intimate friend should be glad and thankful when we kindly and politely refused admission to the sick room. If friendship were sincere, based on the love of the friend, this would be the case. Indeed this question of privilege may be a test of friendship. Your tenderest friend will say, "now do not let me see you for a week if that is better for you, but I will come at your call at any time." There needs no system of etiquette so teach an unselfish loving heart that consideration.—Laces of Life.

UNKNOWN.

A word unspoken, a hand unpressed,  
A look uncast, or a thought unguessed;  
And souls that were kindred may live apart  
Never to meet or to know the truth,  
Never to know how best best with heart  
In the dim past days of a wasted youth.

She shall not know how his pulses leapt  
When over his temples her tresses swept;  
When he leaned to give him the jasmine wreath,  
She felt his breath, and her face flushed red  
With the passionate love that checked her  
breath,  
And added her life now her youth he had.

A faded woman who waits for death,  
And murmurs a name beneath her breath;  
A cynical man who scoffs and jeers  
At women and love in the open day,  
And at night time kisses with bitter tears  
A faded fragment of jasmine spray. —J. M.

SELF-CONFIDENCE.

Have confidence in yourself!  
It is the grand stepping-stone to success.  
Don't cast your burdens on other people's shoulders. They have enough of their own to carry. Do the hard things yourself, and not call your friends to help you.  
Never say "I can't," unless you are asked to do wrong, and then say "I won't," and say it in a voice of thunder, too, if you like.  
When anything right and necessary is to be done, the man who shrinks the responsibility with a weak "I can't," is a coward! No matter though he may have "marched up to the cannon's mouth," and have been the hero of a hundred battles!  
He who does not feel within him-

self the power to conquer fate, is not a man in the true sense of the word—he is a pany apology for God's noblest work, and his mother would have been better employed in "making shirts for a shilling" than in raising him.

Of course, the poor fellow can't help being in the world, as he was not consulted beforehand; but it is a misfortune for him, since he can never be any benefit to himself or anybody else.

Heaven help the woman who marries him! The very sourest old maid on the footstool in Paradise compared to her.

Self-confidence discovered America, conquered rebellion, emancipated three millions of slaves, built the Pacific Railroad, discovered the art of printing, invented telegraphing—but why go on enumerating its achievements, since we all know that it has been at the bottom of every great enterprise since Adam.

Somebody says, Oh, "I don't like those self-conceited folks!"

My friend, self-conceit and self-confidence are two qualities as different as light and darkness; and though the self-conceited man may not be the most agreeable of companions, we infinitely prefer him to the creeping, cringing, craven-spirited fellow who is never ready for an emergency, and who, like Urish Heep, spends his life in trying to be "umble."

The man who says "I will do it!" who says it from the heart, and means it too—who bends his whole energy to the work, almost always accomplishes it, and then the people call him "lucky" and "successful"—and all that sort of thing, when in fact his "luck" has been brought about by his own persevering efforts, and by his confidence in himself.

Fortune, fickle jade though she be, detests laziness and cowardice, and the man who sits down with his hands in his pockets, and "I can't" standing out in big letters from every angle of his body, will never share her favors, unless some rich old aunt dies and leaves him a legacy, and in nine cases out of ten the old lady will endow some other nephew who is "smart."

Young men, have confidence in yourselves and in the capacities God has given you. Don't wait for your father or your uncle, to give you a start in the world—start for yourselves. Depend on nobody. The tree which leans against its neighbor can not withstand the blasts which leave the lone pine on the bleak hill-top unscathed.

Never be discouraged at failures. Stick to your object. If obstacles arise trample them down! you will be the stronger for it. Labor develops muscle.

Be brave always to do right. Never mind what people say; keep peace between yourself and your conscience.

Shun intoxicating liquor as you would the foul fiend; keep away from the gaming table; seek for friends such men and women as you would not be ashamed your Christian mother should see you with—and having chosen with care the life business to which you are best adapted, pursue it without faltering, and never fear that you will bring success out of destiny.

"The gods help those who help themselves."—Thora Payers.

OUR YOUNG POLKA.

GOING TO JESUS.

"But I'm too little."  
"Oh, no, because He says, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me.'"  
"But that means when they die to come up to heaven."  
"Oh, no; mamma says it means for us all to love Him, and pray to Him, and let Him see us love Him now."

"He's so far off maybe, He won't know anyhow."  
"But it 'most frightens me to think of His looking away down from heaven every minute, and how can He hear when He is so far off?"

"God is not far off; He is ever near, taking care of us, putting pleasant thoughts in our minds, and add helping us to do pleasant things."

"I am so little, I don't believe He sees me."  
"Mamma says He sees the birds and fire-flies, and even watches over the flowers, and that He loves little children."

"I'm sure I don't know how to go to Him except by dying."  
"Oh, no, you need not go out of this room, for He is here, and mamma says that going to Him is only giving ourselves to Him—giving Him our love."

Kitty's blue eyes were full of tears.  
"Jesus is so good and I am so bad."  
"He loves you and me a great deal, and though He is so great, He is Jesus after all. He was a little

child once, and had every kind of trouble, so that He can feel for little children."

"But, Florie, I'm so bad; you don't know how bad I am sometimes, and aunt Harberger says, 'There is no place in the kingdom for such evil ones.' I upset her splatters yesterday night on the kitchen floor because I was careless and pointing, and let the tea-kettle go dry and crack, and swept the dirt into the corner instead of the dust-pan. I know I'm too bad and too small for Jesus to care about;" and Kitty's apron was held close to her eyes as she sobbed herself out of breath.

"Aunt Harberger is cross and cruel," thought Florie, but she kept her thoughts to herself. "If I had aunt Harberger instead of a dear mamma, who knows how bad I might be," and the thought made her sigh, wondering, as she did, if she had really gone to Jesus, or if she was only good because those around her were good.

"I'm always forgetting and upsetting; always making mistakes and making trouble; nothing but trouble have I brought to aunt Harberger. Do you think that Jesus would ever care for me?"  
"Mamma says He cares for the most wicked men and women in the world, and you are only a little girl trying to do right and getting wrong sometimes."

"If Jesus is close by and sees me every minute He knows how bad I am, and He can hear how bad aunt Harberger tells about it. Oh, dear, if I could only find some place where Jesus did not come, but now He sees me all the time, and what can He think?"  
"Florie's face was very serious as she said, 'Jesus came to save sinners; mamma says that knowing He sees us is the best thing in the world to help us to do right, because its stops us when we go to do wrong, and remember He is just close by.'"

"What are you crying for?" said aunt Harberger, popping her head in at the door, and thinking the little girl was complaining about her.  
"Oh, nothing," said Florie, blushing and looking down, "only we were talking about Jesus, and Kitty is crying because she cannot please you and Him better."  
"Humph!" said aunt Harberger, busting down stairs, the tears bubbling up in her eyes. "Humph!" and though it may seem odd, aunt Harberger, from that time, had no more "dirt in the corner," no more "splatters spilled on parquetry" for the little girl, growing bigger and stronger every day to work, was also learning to remember that Jesus saw her, and that Jesus loved her through everything and if aunt Harberger did not tell, as she had done before, fifty times a day, to the walls up stairs and down, and to the people in doors and out, what "a bad child that pesty Kitty Harcomb was," it was hard to say if it was altogether because she remembered the scene in the attic with Kitty crying over her bad ways, or altogether because Kitty without going further than her own rundle bed and her own little attic room, had found and given herself to Jesus.—Presbyterian Journal.

TAB'S DOLL.

On the curbstone on Brush street the other day, sat a girl of nine or ten years, full in the hot sun, but so busy with a woebegone rag-baby that she seemed not to mind the heat and glare. One arm had been torn from poor 'baby,' its head flung over to one side, and the sawdust from the dilapidated feet every time it was lifted about.

As the child sat there trying to make 'baby' whole again with an old darning needle and a bit of twine, a boy of fourteen halted on the walk and sneeringly said:  
"That doll's been sunstruck, and all the doctor's in town can't save her life!"

The girl made no reply, and after a moment the lad advanced, snatched the doll and flung it high over his head, laughing loudly at her efforts to prevent him.

"Is your mother dead?" asked the girl, as her eyes filled with tears and her chin quivered.

"Not as I know of."  
"But mine is, and she made that doll for me when her hands trembled so much and her eyes had so many tears that I had to cut the cloth for her. That's why baby looks so bad."

"Whew!" whistled the boy below his breath; and walking into the street and carefully picking up and placed it in her hands as he said:  
"I remember 'bout seein' the crape on the door, and I'm sorry I was rough. This 'ere linin' in my cap will make that baby a half dress, an' if you won't say nothin' to nobody of how I acted, I'll give it to ye."

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