

Our Home Circle.

CALLING THE ANGELS IN.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day. We mean to take this feverish rush that is wearing our very souls away.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt, when the burden of daytime toil is o'er, we'll sit and nurse while the stars come out.

We promised our hearts that when the stress of the life-work reaches the longed-for close, when the weight that we groan with hinders less.

The day that we dreamed of comes at length, when, tired of every mocking quest, and broken in spirit and aghast of strength.

MAKE IT PLAIN.

On the sixteenth day after the battle of Gettysburg I entered the room where a young wounded colonel was apparently near to death.

"Oh, my father, how glad I am to see you! I was afraid you would not come till it was too late. I am too feeble to say much, though I have a great many things to say to you; you must do all the talking.

I soon perceived by the appearance of those in the house that there was no hope entertained of his recovery. But as I could no longer endure the agony of suspense I at last inquired of the doctor.

"Entirely hopeless."

"But is there nothing that can be done to save him?"

"No, sir. Everything that human skill and kindness can do has been done. Your son has been a brave and very successful officer; has been a great favorite in the army; has won the highest esteem of all who have known him; but he must die.

"Well, doctor, how long do you think he can live?"

"Not more than four days. He may drop away at any hour. We are constantly fearing that an artery will give way, and then it is all over with the colonel. What you wish to do in reference to his death you had better do at once."

"Have, or has anyone, told him of his real condition?"

"No; we have left that painful duty for you to do, as we have been expecting your arrival for several days."

As I entered the room, with the dreadful message of death pressing on my heart, the eyes of my son fastened on me.

"Come, sit by my side, father. Have you been talking with the doctor about me?"

"Yes."

"What did he tell you? Does he think I shall recover?"

"There was a painful sensation for a moment."

"Don't be afraid to tell me just what he said."

"He told me you must die."

"How long does he think I can live?"

"Not to exceed four days, and that you may drop away at any moment, which you can not survive."

With great agitation he exclaimed: "Father, is that so? Then I must die! I can not, I must not die! Oh, I am not prepared to die now! Do tell me how I can get ready. Make it so plain that I can get hold of it. Tell me in a few words, if you can, so that I can see it plainly. I know you can, father, for I used to hear you explain it to others."

"It was no time now for tears, but for calmness and light, by which to lead the soul to Christ, and both were given."

"My son, I see you are afraid to die."

"Yes, I am!"

"Well, I suppose you feel guilty."

"Yes, that is it. I have been a wicked young man. You know how it is in the army."

"You want to be forgiven, don't you?"

"Oh, yes! That is what I want. Can I be, father?"

"Certainly."

"Can I know it before I die?"

"Certainly."

"Well, now, father, make it so plain that I can get hold of it."

At once an incident which occurred during the school days of my son came to my mind. I had not thought of it before for several years. Now it came back to me, fresh with its interest, and just what was wanted to guide the agitated heart of this young inquirer to Jesus.

"Do you remember while at school in you came home one day, and I having occasion to rebuke you, you became very angry, and abused me with harsh language?"

"Yes, father, I was thinking it all

over a few few days ago, as I thought of your coming to see me, and I felt so bad about it that I wanted to see you and once more ask you to forgive me."

"Do you remember, how, after the paroxysm of your anger had subsided, you came in, and threw your arms around my neck, and said, 'My dear father, I am sorry I abused you so. It was not your loving son that did it. I was very angry. Won't you forgive me?'"

"Yes, I remember it very distinctly."

"Do you remember what I said to you as you wept upon my neck?"

"Very well. You said, 'I forgive you with all my heart, and kissed me. I shall never forget those words'."

"Did you believe me?"

"Certainly. I never doubted your word."

"Did you then feel happy again?"

"Yes, perfectly; and since that time I have always loved you more than ever before. I shall never forget how it relieved me when you looked upon me so kindly, and said, 'I forgive you with all my heart.'"

"Well, now, this is just the way to come to Jesus. Tell him, 'I am so sorry, just as you told me, and ten thousand times quicker than a father's love forgave you, will he forgive you. He says he will. Then you must take his word for it, just as you did mine.'"

"Why, father, is this the way to become a Christian?"

"I don't know of any other."

"Why, father, I can get hold of this. I am so glad you have come to tell me how."

He turned his head upon his pillow for rest. I sank into my chair and wept freely, for my heart could no longer suppress its emotions. I had done my work, and committed the case to Christ. He, too, I was soon assured had done his. The broken heart had made its confession, and had heard what it longed for, "I forgive you," and believed it. It was but a few moments of silence, but the new creation had taken place, the broken heart had made its short, simple prayer, and believed, and the new heart had been given. A soul had passed from "nature's darkness into light, and from the power of sin and Satan unto God."

I soon felt the nervous hand on my head, and heard the word "father" in such a tone of tenderness and joy, that I knew the change had come.

"Father, my dear father, I don't want you to weep any more; you need not. I am perfectly happy now. Jesus has forgiven me. I know he has, for he says so, and I take his word for it, just as I did yours. Wipe your tears; I am not afraid to die now. If it is God's will, I would like to live to serve my country, and take care of you and mother; but if I must die, I am not afraid to now. Jesus has forgiven me. Come, father, let us sing."

"When I can read my title clear."

"Now, father, I want you should pray, and I follow you."

We did pray, and Jesus heard us.

"Father, I am very happy. Why I believe I shall get well. I feel much better."

From that hour all his symptoms changed; pulse went down, and countenance brightened. The current of life had changed.

The doctor soon came in, and found him cheerful and happy—looked at him—felt his pulse, which he had been watching with intense anxiety, and said:

"Why, colonel, you look better."

"I am better, doctor. I am going to get well. My father has told me how to become a Christian, and I am very happy. I believe I shall recover, for God has heard my prayer. Doctor, I want you should become a Christian too. My father can tell you how to get hold of it."

In the evening three surgeons were in consultation, but saw no hope in the case, and one of them took his final leave of the colonel.

Next morning the two surgeons who had been in constant attendance came in, and began as usual to dress the wound.

On opening the bandages they suddenly drew back, and throwing up their arms, exclaimed:

"Great God, this is a miracle! The gangrene is arrested, and the colonel will live! God has heard your prayers!"

"Why, doctor," replied the colonel, "I told you yesterday that I believed I should get well, for I asked Jesus that I might live to do some good. I knew he heard my prayers, and now you see he has. Bless the Lord with me, doctor."

Meanwhile, "Our son must die," had gone over the wires, and created sadness at home. Next day, "Our son will live, and is happy in Christ," followed, and joy came to the loved ones.

After his recovery the colonel returned to the people whose sons he had led with honor through fifteen hard-fought battles. They, in return, gave him the best office in the gift of a loyal and grateful people. Among them he now lives in prosperity and honor, a member of the Church of Christ, and the father of a happy family.—Congregationalist.

THE TWO.

As to the question of the sexes, I think that woman's love of dress is the stamp of her inferiority. It ends the discussion with me. I can't respect my sex as I do the other while we are such creatures of dress. Here a man and his wife are projecting a journey. The man is equipped in an hour, and his attention is free for the higher considerations of the occasion, but the woman must have a week for her preparations, and starts off faraged out with shopping, and dressmaking, and packing. Go to Wilhelm's concert. The gentleman performers are not distinguished at all by their dress, unless it is by their simplicity. Wilhelm's black coat is buttoned across his breast up to his collar, and his wristbands are quite inconspicuous. But the lady singer comes in dragging a peacock's tail unspread, and tattooed from head to foot with colors and frills and embroidery. What is a wedding to a woman? It is a bride's satins and laces and jewels. The sentiment of the circumstances is all smothered in dress. She can neither feel solemn nor gay—she is a spectacle of clothes. You bring me Scripture for her relief: "Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire?" I don't say she can any more than a leopard can change his spots; I only say it is something which stamps her inferiority.

If you quote revelation, I will quote nature. According to nature man should be appareled in brighter colours and with more fanciful decorations than woman, and should think more of his appearance. See the peacock, and gobbler and rooster, and the male birds generally. The lion cultivates a flowing mane, but the lioness wears her hair as meek as a Methodist. The human female seems to have lost her natural prestige, and is fain to make herself attractive in meretricious ways.

Imagine a man compressing his ribs in stays, or trammeling his legs with skirts; let alone swathing them after the mummy fashion of to-day.

Imagine him spending an hour every morning in fixing his hair for a day-long torment. He will have his dress subservient to health and comfort and freedom of breath and motion. You say he is in bondage to the changes of fashion as much as the women are. But he contrives to keep these conditions intact. His new styles are not allowed to trench on his comfort and health and the higher interests of life. If he changes the cut of his hair, he still keeps the sweetness and unconsciousness of shortlocks; he does not let them grow long, or canker his head with a frowy chignon. If he changes the fashion of his coat it is almost unnoticeable, and you may be sure it is at no sacrifice of ease. His pantaloons may be out a little more bagging or a little more statuesque, but never with trails or any impediment to his natural gait. His hat is always the same serviceable sun-shade, and his cap the same protection from weather, no matter what the details of style.

Well, you say that the women dress to please the men, and if women are foolish men make them so. My answer to that is, that men are as fond of pleasing women as women are of pleasing men, and more so; but they have wit enough to accomplish their object without the monstrous sacrifices women make. Whether any amount of education and opportunity will give women this wit, or diminish the advantage man has gained, remains to be seen.—Exchange.

HAYDN'S LAST SYMPHONY.

A lady writer in the Morning Star, giving some interesting sketches of the great composers, relates these impressive anecdotes of Joseph Haydn and his famous symphonies. Haydn is best known by his immortal oratorio, the "Creation," whose composition occupied him ten years. Of one of his symphonies, written during his service of thirty years for Prince Esterhazy, the following story is told. The prince, in a fit of economy, resolved to dismiss his orchestra. Haydn wrote a farewell symphony.—The music began as a farewell dirge very solemnly. Suddenly the drummer stopped; shut his book, snuffed out his candle and left the orchestra. In a moment the flutist did the same; the trombone man soon followed. Then another snuffed out his candle and left; then another and another, till only one violin was left playing alone. The prince took the hint and retained his musicians. After Haydn became too old and feeble to conduct his orchestra at Vienna, he was carried to the concert-room to hear one of his symphonies for the last time. When it was over he bowed to the audience, and turning to his musicians, sprang out his thin hands and blessed them in the earnest German fashion, with trembling voice and tearful eyes. Soon after this the war between France and Austria began, and clouds of powder and smoke filled his little suburban cottage in the outskirts of Vienna, where, on the thirty-first of May, 1809, the old composer lay dying. Creeping from his bed he sat once more at his instrument and sang boldly and clearly the Austrian national hymn. On the last notes the voice trembled and died

THE CLOSET.

away. The roar of cannon sounded louder and louder, but the old musician heard it no more. With the dying notes of "God save the Emperor," the brave and gentle spirit had passed away.

THE LITTLE SONGSTRESS.

A little girl is singing in a small school-room in a large street of Stockholm. She is brushing and dusting and singing for her mother is the mistress, and she helps to keep the school room in order; and she warbles as she works, like a happy bird in spring-time.

A lady one day happened to ride by in her carriage; the little girl's song reached her ear, and the ease, grace and sweetness of the voice touched her heart. The lady stopped her carriage and went to hunt the little songster. Small she indeed was, and shy, and not pretty, but of a pleasing look.

"I must take your daughter to Craelius," said the lady to her mother—Craelius was a famous music master—"She has a voice that will make her fortune."

Make her fortune! ah, what a great make that must be, I suppose the child thought, and wondered very much. The lady took her to the music master, who was delighted with her voice, and he said: "I must take her to Count Puche," a great judge in such matters.

Count Puche looked coldly at her, and gruffly asked what the music master expected him to do for such a child as that.

"Only hear her sing," said Craelius. Count Puche condescended to do that; and the instant she finished he cried out, well pleased, "She shall have all the advantages of Stockholm Academy."

So the little girl found favor, and her sweet voice charmed all the city. She sang and studied, and studied and sang. She was not yet twelve, and was she not in danger of being spoiled? I suppose her young heart often beat with a proud delight as praises fell like a shower upon her. But God took care of her.

One evening she was announced to sing a higher part than she had ever had, and one it had long been her ambition to reach. The house was full and everybody was looking out for their little favorite. Her time came, but she was mute. She tried, and her silvery notes were gone; her master was angry, her friends were filled with surprise and regret, and the poor little songstress, how she dropped her head. Did her voice come back next day? No, nor the next, or next, or next. No singing voice, and so her beautiful dream of fame and fortune suddenly faded away. What a disappointment! And yet not a bitter one, for she bore it meekly and patiently, and said, "I will study."

Four years passed away, and I suppose the public quite forgot the little prodigy.

One day another voice was wanted in an insignificant part in a choir, which none of the regular singers were willing to take. Craelius suddenly thought of his poor little scholar. Pleased to be useful and oblige her old master, she consented to appear. While practicing her part, to the surprise and joy of both pupil and teacher, the long lost voice suddenly returned with all its grace and richness. What a delightful evening was that; all who remembered the little nightingale received her back with glad welcome.

She was now sixteen. What was her name? Jenny Lind. Jenny now wished to go to Paris and study with the best masters of song. In order to raise the means, in company with her father, she gave concerts through Norway and Sweden, and when enough had been thus raised she left home for that great and wicked city; her parents wished it were otherwise, yet trusted their young and gifted daughter to God and her own sense of right.

Here a new disappointment met her. Presenting herself to Graels, a distinguished teacher, he said on hearing her sing: "My child, you have no voice; do not sing a note for three months, and then come again."

She neither grumbled at the time of expense, nor was discouraged or disheartened, but quietly went her way to study by herself, and at the end of that time came back again to Graels, whose cheering words now were, "My child, you can begin lessons immediately." And then she became so very, very famous.

Yes, and through those very paths of painstaking, waiting and self-denial, without which no true excellence can ever be reached.—Golden Threads.

THE BOYS AND MINCE PIES.

"They all do!" "They all don't! My mother has never put a drop of brandy into her mince pies since the day Bob said he could taste the brandy and it tasted good. Mother said then it was wrong, and if my mother says a thing is wrong, you may be assured it is wrong, for what mother knows she knows."

"How about mince pies; are you sure she 'knows' how to make a mince pie good?" and a laugh went up from a group of girls gathered over the register of the recitation room, eating their lunch. But some of them wined a little when back were tossed the words:

"If she don't, she knows how to make a boy good, and isn't a boy worth more than a mince pie?"

SNOW-SHOEING IN NORWAY.

Of all the bodily exercises I know of, there is none in my opinion that can come up to snow-shoeing, as it is done in Norway. Skating is nothing to be compared to this sport. What can equal the splendid sensation of flying across the deep snow at the rate of many miles an hour, without hardly moving a muscle? And then, going down hill, staff in hand, no exertion necessary other than to keep the balance, while gliding softly but swiftly onward. Unlike the Canadian snow-shoes, these ski (pronounced shee) of the Norwegians are often fully twelve feet long, curving upward at the prow, and are not broader than three or four inches. Throughout the whole length they are provided with a groove for the purpose of keeping them from slipping when going at an angle downhill. Although by no means slow when used across level ground, it is yet downhill that they are most effective, for their long length and their polished under-surfaces on the frozen snow cause a speed more like flying than any other motion I know of.

The inhabitants of Telemarken, in the south of Norway, are the most efficient ski runners; and at the annual competitions at Christiania, generally bear off the prizes. At the competition there in 1870, one of these men leaped, according to a local newspaper, a distance of thirty Norwegian alen, or fully sixty feet! Into this country it will not be possible to introduce them, as of course there would be little or no opportunity for using them—the snow never lying long enough, or becoming sufficiently deep.—Blackwood.

PLAYING ON SCHOOL-GROUNDS.

One of the chief objections urged against our school system is a moral one, based upon the promiscuous playing of several hundred children together. Many parents who have a sense of responsibility for the moral training of their children, find that by this promiscuous contact they learn many things "not in the books." The objection is a valid one, and must be squarely met, or our system falls into disrepute. One source of evil is removed by abolishing recesses. It can be almost wholly removed by parents taking heed to the time pupils leave home to attend school. Next to the evil of being too late, is being too early. Many pupils leave home for school as soon as they receive their breakfast, and are on the ground, frequently, for an hour and a half before school commences. They learn nothing there—but mischief, and are ripe for trouble all the day. These pupils are almost invariably the ones to annoy the teachers in matters of discipline.—Supt. R. W. Putnam, N. E. Journal of Education.

The house of refuge on the top of Mount St. Gothard, founded in the fourteenth century, will be permanently closed two years hence. The opening of the tunnel will render it useless, as not even beggars will then cross the mountain on foot. At present the Hospice affords shelter, food and a bed to 20,000 people yearly, and is supported by private and public charity. The ride through the tunnel will cost only twenty cents.

Our Young Folks.

THE LITTLE SONGSTRESS.

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DEATH AND BURIAL.

I. Dying Predicted in the previous issue, and commented on as in the Introduction. Impressive scene, arch surrounded by of them now told of their must have their father touched in their character. Bad actions of the things must have been varied as the foretelling of their descent. Dying bed is a guilty soul to appear never to act toward way which will fill remorse when you death-bed. But a still more solemn we must all stand under full they must have felt them as the voice all stand before to Let us take care not dread that a read these dying perceiving how was to him. A solace to a father one will do what before his sons were's grey hairs were Jacob had both the grief which was alleviated others; but how have been for so too, if all his son. That death-bed actions for us; and brightly out of imitation.

II. A last child to be buried with mere natural fee proper one to oblige to lie in the same was connected with God had made respecting the p evidence of his Golden Thread had of all privately binding promises 29-31), and then all his sons. If of the three parts of the land of promise future possession of gendants.

III. Jacob's death terms which play very calm and troubled life (a peaceful end. Sometimes wicked cause they had view of the guilt others die calmly up with false lies / is a more how did he die? argut. It is good people are tious and spirit and seem to die not, therefore, these are exact is that a good death. There death unless with God. It had not begun right when G. he first moment of an ever pro to the best of the through the t only true-gu sanded from all the evil envy, and part leanness, yet G. enlightened arch; and at the man of salvation of J. God, uttering remote poster-

IV. Francis when Joseph maintained in quest to be p his father to quest promi crees that J. an Egyptian grandeur of parations we character of father's barri sometimes v as a more for respect nor whose mon But it is not Jacob's case honored for by; he had sition Phis we consider was worthy Next to the emotion f that when u us will mou memory.

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