

And Israel beheld this, and was introduced times, probably had man, and oftentimes had of the Lord God of the now Joseph took the presence, that they m ing benediction, and once more his testi dived goodness and sive was that the son incorporated into hi therefore formally ad 6). By this act Jaco rights of primogeni belonged properly to fore they were tra Jacob himself poss and Ben sold it to t tage; and, having a took it from his elde one who was several God hath showed n acknowledges the b no fatalist. He re dence in all the ere lied that it was him into Egypt. Bowled himself, h his respect to his fa ence to the divine pronounced. The bowed, i.e., all three able. Joseph took them most natural, Jose him so that he mig which was the sym or, on the head of Israel stretched o eph interested as it taken (verse 17). Him who guided h hands willingly, advanced, intention for this very pur hand is here for th in the Scriptures. conveying some go spiritual or tempo to an—flee, transa dignity or authori And he blessed blessed Joseph in much as Ham was Canaan. God bef did walk. Before he recounts his ex ness to him. The word fed is scap press the meaning shepherded me; w and restoring me, well as feeding m iarch is seen esp ledging God as h his wanderings, a rows too. He h all these things h his good. The Angel wh Angel cannot be Angel of God's p who speak with himself divine. T Old Testament i the New, and wh age the Redeem evil. Jacob cou sore pressure, in deliverance had are connected w an. Shechem, Let my name b name, Israel, th m be Israelite them be counted (verse 6). He they were by li they were by li have all the sai rael that are o tiles are a part name of Chris them. He m remain Egypti were such,—t and their father Joseph pres gone astray th and endeavors f finds, however, is now confes fully conscious like Joseph, a fore Ephraim; his hands acro upon the word hand upon the amazement ev Shall be gre tribe of Ephra that of Manas history. On th of Israel ont numbered 40 the latter nu tribe of Ephra honor of bear standards or b in the march were used as a ing to a tradit if we look at Canaan, we a Ephraim was tracts of the included near became subst of Samaria. tract Shiloh v tabernacle of until the day the tribe of honor, S abing this per we a cent-st sions, to repa too, did the t history of the rael! I King

Our Home Circle.

THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud—  
A world we do not see;  
Yet the sweet closing of an eye  
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek,  
Amid our worldly cares  
Its gentle voices whisper love,  
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us thrub and beat  
Sweet helping hands are stirred,  
And palpitate the veil between  
With breathings almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet and calm,  
They have no power to break;  
For mortal words are not for them  
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide—  
So near to press they seem—  
They seem to hush us to our rest,  
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring,  
'Tis easy now to see  
How lovely and how sweet a pass  
The hope of death may be.

To close the eye and close the ear,  
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,  
And gently drawn in loving arms,  
To swoon to that—from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,  
Scarce asking where we are;  
To feel all evil sink away,  
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,  
Press nearer to our side;  
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,  
With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,  
A dried and vanished stream;  
Your joy be the reality  
Our suffering life the dream.

[Mrs. Strows.]

AFTER MANY DAYS.

An English Christian writes of a remarkable circumstance that lately came under his observation. Coming from a religious meeting some time ago one of our nobility stepped into a private circle of friends, one of whom said to him:

"Your lordship promised you would tell us about your son who died in Africa."

His lordship narrated the following incident:

"Our boy was the darling of his mother, and his father's favorite child. We could not but love him. But he left us and went to South Africa. When he left us he was unconverted, and this was our chief sorrow. He had not been long in Africa, when we received a letter to the following effect:

"MY DEAR FATHER:—You will be sorry to hear that I have met with an accident. I am unable to write much. The doctor hopes that in a day or two I shall be better. I will let you know in a day or two, if I am able."

"Oh," said he, "if there had only been in it one such expression as 'by God's providence,' or 'if the Lord will.'" But there was no recognition of God; and the father grieved lest his son should die in the unconverted state in which he left home.

Time rolled on, and another letter came. The postmark was the same, but the handwriting was different. It turned out to be written by the physician. The substance of the letter was as follows:

"Your lordship will be grieved to hear that your son died by the accident to which he referred in his last. He lingered but a few days. He suffered greatly."

Said the nobleman: "When I read that letter, I took it away with me and laid it down before the Lord and said: 'O Absalom, my son, my son! would God that I had died for thee, my son, my son!' I dared not hand the letter to his mother. But there was not a word of God, or Providence in the letter, and it was bringing my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave; I felt as if I should never lift up my head again."

"A few weeks again elapsed, when a third letter was brought. It was substantially this:

"Your lordship will grieve to learn of the death of your son. The moment I heard of his illness I resorted to his bedside, where I found him in the deepest anxiety about his soul. He was laboring under a sense of guilt—a deep load of sin. I sent him to the dying Lamb; told him of the one Sacrifice—the one Saviour; and your lordship will be delighted to know that on the day before his departure, light broke in upon his mind, and he died rejoicing in sin forgiven. His last words were these: 'Tell my father that I die in Jesus, and that I shall meet him in heaven.'"

His lordship, after telling this affecting story, wiped the tears from his aged and noble face, and, turning around to his auditory in that private circle, said: "Can I ever doubt my God again? Can I doubt his promises? I have always believed the Saviour's promise, 'If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it;' and 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.'"—The Christian Woman.

DISCOMFORTS OF RICHES.

Money getting, simply for the sake of getting it, unquestionably carries its revenges, which the most sordid, selfish creature cannot wholly escape. No sensible person depreciates money; it has an incalculable power of civilizing, humanizing, refining, of doing good in all

directions. Like fire and passion, it is an excellent servant, but a fearful master. No man, in the way of accumulation, can be too careful of its domination, whose approaches are stealthy and insidious. At the beginning, we say we want to be relieved of anxiety, to be modestly independent; we do not wish to be rich. A few, a very few, when independence has been attained, have strength to pause in the pursuit of gold, and to turn their attention to their higher needs.

A great fortune is a great tyrant; it drives and spares not. Many a rich man looks back on the time when he was poor, and sighs to remember how free his mind then was from care, how much he enjoyed the simplest pleasures. But he would not exchange his present for his past any quicker than he would exchange freedom for slavery, health for disease, honor for infamy. He may confess that his vast property, toiled and suffered for through years, worries and hardens him; but he would not surrender any portion of it more willingly than he would surrender the use of his right arm. It is the malediction of superabundant riches that while they harry their owner and may destroy his mental peace, he clings to them as tenaciously as to life, and is bitterly tormented by the smallest fraction of their decrease. The ordinary rich man does not enjoy what he has so much as he suffers from what he fails to get. We have all heard of the New York Croesus who declined to contribute to a most worthy charity. The man who had asked for his subscription expressed his surprise. "I should be glad to do it," was his excuse, "but really I can't afford it. Why, at this moment, I have more than half a million of dollars in bank, and I'm not getting a cent of interest on it."

Most very rich men form a habit of counting the interest on everything. When they build a fine house, or buy books, or pictures, or furniture; when they lay out grounds, or travel, or make a donation, they cannot help thinking what the sum expended would have brought in at a certain per cent. A very wealthy manufacturer up town put up, not long ago, a palatial country seat, and made it his home for eight months in the year. He furnished it at great expense, not because he cared for the rare and dainty things that filled the spacious rooms, but because he imagined that they would add to his social consequence. He told a friend one day: "It is a splendid place; I admire it myself, but it makes me unhappy when I think that six per cent. on its cost would give me twelve thousand dollars a year, and it yields no return at all. I like that photograph in my library better than any of those foreign paintings. It never troubles me; I gave only thirty dollars for it, frame and all—it was a regular bargain—six per cent on thirty dollars won't hurt any man."—N. Y. Paper.

THE CRY OF THE HUMBLE.

A colporteur, having gone to give an address at a temperance meeting, took a few almanacs with him, and at the close of his address, opening one, he read out the text printed at the foot of one of the illustrations, "He forgetteth not the cry of the humble," and then the beautiful hymn by Paul Gerhardt, commencing—

Jesus, thy boundless love to me  
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;  
Oh, knit my thankful heart to Thee,  
And reign without a rival there.  
Thine wholly, Thine alone I am;  
Lord, with thy love my heart inflame.

At the close of the meeting he sold all the almanacs he had but one, and the left for home.

On the way a rough-looking man overtook him, and accosted him thus:—

"I say, gov'ner, have you got any of them little books?"

He replied that he had one left; and the man said he should so much like to have it, but he hadn't a penny with him.

"I ain't a teetotaler," he said; "but I just thought I'd like to come into the meeting to see what it was like, and I did like them pretty words you read."

"Take the almanac, my friend," said the colporteur, "and you can pay me when you see me again."

Nearly a year had elapsed, when one day the colporteur saw a man with a bright, happy face crossing the road, and extending his hand toward him, "I say, gov'ner," he exclaimed, "I owe you a penny, I think." "What for?" asked the colporteur, when the man reminded him of the previous circumstance, ending, "An' it's the best pen'orth ever I had!" He then gave him a hearty invitation to come to his house.

He went the same afternoon, and found the man kept a small fish shop. Walking right into the back parlor, he overheard the man saying to his wife, "And I met the man this very day," and, turning round, added joyfully, "and here he is." He then showed the colporteur the picture from the almanac with the text and the verses, framed in Berlin wool and nailed up above the mantelpiece.

"That's what did it," he exclaimed; "first I gave up the drink; then I began going to the meetings; now, sir, I'm a Christian, bless the Lord, and that's what did it."

When the colporteur left, he carried a light heart and heavy pockets, for the latter were well filled with "cockles," a present to "the missis;" a humble but hearty token of gratitude for the blessing he had received; and not long after the colporteur and the fishmonger together partook of the Lord's Supper in the parish church.—Word and Work.

VENTILATION.

An illustration of popular ignorance as to ventilation is furnished by the Sanitary Engineer, and is as follows:

A gentleman while attending church one evening found that his feet were icy cold, so that he had to raise them from off the floor. Calling the sexton's attention to the fact, the latter said, with some perplexity,—

"Yes, we have a good many complaints of cold feet from others; but I don't understand the reason why we can't keep the church warm; we surely have fires enough."

So saying he pointed to a register in the floor directly behind the gentleman, in the adjoining pew. Looking around, the latter could see that there was a hot fire in the furnace beneath, and yet no heat came up. When a handkerchief was laid over the register, it scarcely stirred. The visitor asked the sexton,—

"Have you any means of ventilation?"

"No, sir."

"Are there no windows open?"

"None whatever."

"How then, can you expect the air to come in here if it can't get out somewhere?"

There was no response,—the man was nonplussed. "Did you ever try to blow into a bottle?" continued the inquirer.

"No, sir."

"Do you think if you did, that you could force any more air into a bottle by blowing than was in it before?" He couldn't say. Never had thought of it.

"Well," continued the gentleman, "you would soon find, if you tried, that it is impossible, and neither can you force air into this church through a register if you don't open a window or some other office."

"But," the sexton demurred, "opening a window would let in the cold air, wouldn't it?"

"You just try it," was the response. "Raise some of the windows on the leeward side of the church, and see what will happen."

It was done, and instantly the handkerchief lying on the register rose halfway to the ceiling with the force of the ascending current. The sexton stood and stared in astonishment.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

Every one blames the fine lady daughter and pities the drudge mother.

The daughter sits in the parlour, in nice clothes and elegantly arranged hair, dawdling over a novel or chatting with companions or friends. Her mother is toiling in the kitchen or fretting her soul in the vain attempt to reduce her pile of "mending," and at the same time look after a tumbling baby.

The mother's face is worn and thin. Baby has pulled her hair askew. She stills wears the old dress that she put on in such a hurry at half-past five in morning when baby woke her from a sleep.

She is tired! She is always tired. She is tired on Saturday and she is tired on Sunday; she is tired in the morning, and tired in the evening; and goes to bed and gets up tired.

It is hard not to be angry with the daughter we confess. She can look in her mother's face, and know how much work there is to be done, and never willingly put forth a hand to help her. Nay, she is going to tea this evening, and will come to her mother to have her dress adjusted for the great occasion. She casts much of the burden of her existence upon the too generous hands that she does not appreciate, and never once feels the impulse to give the aid of her youthful strength.

In all our modern world there is not an uglier sight than this, no not one. It is but natural to throw the blame of it upon the daughter. "Heartless wretch!" we have heard such a girl called by indignant acquaintances.

She is to be pitied rather. When she was a little child, all lovely and engaging her mother said to herself. She shall not be the drudge I was. She shall be kept out of school to do housework, as I was. She shall have a good time while she is young, for there's no knowing what her lot will be afterwards.

And so her mother made her young life a banquet of delight. Rough places were made smooth for her; all difficulties were removed from her path. The lesson taught her every hour for years was that it was no great matter what other people suffered, if only her mother's daughter had a good time.

She learned that lesson thoroughly, and a frightful selfishness was developed in her.

Her eyes may fall upon these lines. If so, we tell her that people in general will make no allowance for the faults of her bringing up. They will merely say: "See what a shocking and shameful return she makes for her mother's indulgent and generous care."

BABY HAS GONE TO SCHOOL.

The baby has gone to school; ah me!  
What will the mother do,  
With never a call to button or pin,  
Or tie a little shoe?  
How can she keep herself busy all day  
With the little underring thing away.

Another basket to fill with lunch,  
Another "good-by" to say;  
And the mother stands at the door to see  
Her baby march away,  
And to us with a sigh that is half relief,  
And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn,  
When the children, one by one,  
Will go from their home out in the world  
To battle with life alone;  
And not even the baby left to cheer  
The desolate home of the future year.

She picks up garments here and there,  
Thrown down in careless haste,  
And tries to think how it would seem  
If nothing were displaced.  
If the how were a ways, as still as this  
How could she bear the loneliness.

—Canada School Journal.

THE DEAD BABY.

A lady writes to the New Orleans Times, telling what her brother saw the other day on the cars. Few sights could be so pitiful and so full of tears. When the train stopped at the Bay a man got into the car in front, with a little baby lying in his arms. The baby seemed young, and the man hushed it in his arms with a gentle rocking motion, bending over it now and then to kiss its little white face.

After the train got under way, the conductor came to Tom and said "Come with me; I want to show you the saddest, strangest sight you ever saw in all your life," and he led the way into the next car. "Do you see that man there?" said he, and there sat the man whom Tom had noticed with the babe. His precious little bundle lay quite on the seat in front of him, and as these two other men watched, he leaned over; looked long and earnestly in the little face, and then kissed the frail fingertips he held so gently in his hand. "That baby's dead," said the conductor. "It died this morning at the Bay. He couldn't bear to put it in a coffin, because then it would have to go without him in the baggage-car and so he is just carrying it home to New Orleans in his arms."

And the car rattled on—the boy called the stale slices of sponge cake and his cigars through the train—the passengers laughed and smoked, and fought the mosquitoes, and he, stricken to the heart's core, sat there quiet and unheeding, watching over his dead child, kissing the fingers that would never clasp his, looking down upon the white lids that had closed over the bright eyes as the petals of a sensitive flower close at night-time over its delicate heart, and the world was nothing to him.

CROMWELL'S DESCENDANTS.

The last descendant of Cromwell in a direct male line, Mr. Oliver Cromwell, of Chesnut, a London attorney, died in 1821, and his daughter died in 1849, leaving children and grandchildren who are still living.

Nothing is more remarkable than the general mediocrity of Cromwell's posterity. There are, of course, some distinguished exceptions. Arzac cannot be reckoned as altogether destitute of parts which has produced men like Sir George Cornwall Lewis, the late Earl of Clarendon, Mr. Charles Villiers, Sir John Lubbock, and the present Viceroy of India. But if we take into account the number of Cromwell's known descendants, the proportion of able or distinguished men among them must be pronounced to be singularly small. It is noteworthy also that for more than a hundred years after Cromwell's death not one of his descendants had achieved distinction except his son Henry; and that of those who have subsequently achieved it, all except Mr. Vansittart, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer and became Lord Bexley, have received the Cromwell blood through the Branklands, Barons of Thirkleby, Yorkshire. These facts would lead us to infer that the talent which the descendants of the Protector have in these cases exhibited cannot be legitimately attributed to the Cromwell blood. The surprising mediocrity of the numerous posterity of so extraordinary a man constitutes for Mr. Galton and other writers on heredity a difficulty which cannot be easily reconciled with their hypothesis, and which, indeed, they have never attempted adequately to deal with.

Another circumstance which may be mentioned in connection with this subject is that when eminence has been attained by any of the Protector's descendants, it has been for the most part in the field of politics. One of them has been Prime Minister, the first Earl of Ripon; and there are three who hold office under the present Administration, namely: Earl Cowper, the Earl of Morley and the Marquis of Ripon. The Lord Lieutenantcy of Ireland has been four times held by descendants of the Protector; by his son Henry, by Lord Clarendon, by Lord de Grey, and by Lord Cowper. The vicissitudes of fortune which the Cromwell family have suffered have often been the subject of remark. In the fourth generation

some of his descendants had become paupers, and others had intermarried with families of his opponents. The Protector had no more energetic antagonists than the Earl of Roties and the Earl Clarendon in their several spheres, but the present representatives of both these Earls are the Protector's lineal descendants.

WHAT VOLCANOES CAN DO.

Cotapaxi, in 1738, threw its fiery rockets 3,000 feet above its crater; while in 1754, the blazing mass, struggling for an outlet, roared so that its awful voice was heard at a distance of more than 600 miles. In 1797 the crater of Tunguragua, one of the great peaks of the Andes, flung out torrents of mud which dammed up the rivers, opened new lakes, and in valleys 1,000 feet wide made deposits 600 feet deep. The stream from Vesuvius, which, in 1837, passed through Torre del Greco, contained 33,000,000 cubic feet of solid matter; and in 1798, when Torre del Greco was destroyed a second time, the mass of lava amounted to 45,000,000 cubic feet. In 1760 Etna poured forth a flood which covered eighty-four square miles of surface, and measured nearly 1,000,000,000 cubic feet. On this occasion the sand and scoria formed the Monte Rosina, near Nicolosia, a cone of two miles in circumference, and 4,000 feet high. The stream thrown out by Etna in 1810 was in motion at the rate of a yard a day for nine months after the eruption; and it is on record that the lava of the same mountain, after a terrible eruption, was not thoroughly cool and consolidated ten years after the event. In the eruption of Vesuvius, A.D. 79, the scoria and ashes vomited forth far exceeded the entire bulk of the mountain; while in 1660 Etna disgorged more than twenty times its own mass.

Our Young Esiks.

SEEDS.

Charlie-Campbell had a brother, Walter, and two sisters, Amy and Marion. Charlie was not always so considerate for his brother as he ought to have been, and both of them tried the tempers of their sisters in a variety of ways.

The sisters, in their turn, were often forgetful of the law of kindness, and clouds gathered where only sunshine should have been. As Mr. Campbell was from home all day, the management of the children fell upon mamma; and although she did her utmost to govern them wisely, she did not always find them so gentle and loving as she wished them to be.

Sometimes Walter wanted Charlie's nine pins when he was playing with them himself, or Charlie wanted Walter's horse; and it was no uncommon thing for Amy and Marion's tempers to be sorely tried by the rough way in which their brothers handled their beautiful wax dolls.

What was their poor mother to do? On Sunday evenings it was the custom of the Campbells to have a little sacred concert. Mr. Campbell played the harmonium, and Mrs. Campbell sang, the children joining in as they were able. The last hymn sung on Sunday evening was "Scatter Seeds of Kindness," and it came to Mrs. Campbell's aid the following morning, when her children were not very amiable. In a gentle tone she said, "Remember what we sang last night; let us 'scatter seeds of kindness.'" "Oh, yes!" said Charlie "that's a good idea, mamma, I'll begin to-day." "And I'll begin too," said Amy. Walter and Marion did not say anything, but looked at their mamma, wondering what it all meant.

After the children had returned from school Charlie was playing with his Noah's ark, when Walter wanted it. Charlie was just about to say, "No, you shan't," when a better feeling prevailed, and he said, "Yes, Walter, you shall have it; we must 'scatter seeds of kindness';" and he went away to find amusement in looking at the pictures in a volume given to him a few days before.

Walter was as happy as a king, and Charlie had the pleasure of making him so, while even little Marion began to see the meaning of what mamma had said.

For some days after if you had visited their home, you might have almost fancied yourself in a seedsmen's shop; the children were so often talking about "seeds of kindness."

One morning while they were seated at breakfast, Charlie said, "Mamma, I think we shall soon have quite a nice garden." Mrs. Campbell did not understand him at first, and replied, "What do you mean, Charlie? Even the snow-drops have not come into flower yet."

"Well, ma," said Charlie, "we've been scattering such a lot of 'seeds of kindness,' they are beginning to come up." Mrs. Campbell looked at her husband and said, "What do you think of that papa?"

Mr. Campbell could not help laughing, he was so delighted; the others all chimed in, and even the linnet in its cage chirped for joy.—Sel.