

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE PRICE OF A DRINK.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"Five cents a glass!" Does any one think That that is really the price of a drink?

The price of a drink? Let him decide Who has lost his courage and lost his pride,

The price of a drink! Let that one tell Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell,

"Five cents a glass!" How Satan laughed, As over the bar the young man quaffed

The price of a drink! If you want to know What some are willing to pay for it, go

There poverty dwells with her hungry brood, Wild-eyed as devils on a rack of food;

"Five cents a glass!" Oh, if that were all, The sacrifice would, indeed, be small!

That that is really the price of a drink? —N. O. Christian Advocate.

SAMUEL TUCKER'S SECOND WOOING.

Although Farmer Tucker had long dreamed of a visit to Chautauqua, when he actually found himself at that Mecca of devout excursionists, early last August, the brawny man was tempted to doubt his own identity.

At the same time Mr. Tucker was conscious of having performed a most praiseworthy act, and felt so comfortable that he resolved to repeat the experiment.

At this announcement Samuel Tucker's satisfaction was too great to be kept to himself, and he said half aloud to his next neighbor:

Mr. Gough commenced his brief lecture with one of his inimitable descriptions. The story was of a man who applied for a divorce, and was advised by his eminent lawyer to try the effect of making love to his wife as he had done before marrying her.

It would seem that this course of reasoning did not wholly dismiss from the farmer's mind a train of thoughts and possibilities suggested by the lecturer's story.

model of the Holy Land, when listening to a concert or gazing with throngs upon the illuminated fleet, the far-away husband was relentlessly followed by a vision of hard-worked Jane, looking upon him with reproachful eyes.

On reaching home the resolution was not easily carried out. When Mr. Tucker planned some gallantry towards his wife, the very thought made him feel so unnatural and foolish that postponement resulted; but the Sabbath offered an opportunity so convenient that he improved it.

The farm was nearly a mile from church, yet Samuel Tucker had for years been in the habit of driving back alone after the forenoon service, leaving his wife to attend the Sabbath-school, and then walk home as best she could through mud or dust.

At the same time Mr. Tucker was conscious of having performed a most praiseworthy act, and felt so comfortable that he resolved to repeat the experiment. So on the following Sabbath, Jane again found her husband in waiting, and as she mounted the high buggy, ventured to utter a half audible "thank you," and to ask Samuel if he had been waiting long.

The third Sabbath was rainy, and as she washed the breakfast dishes Mrs. Tucker kept thinking, "I wonder if Samuel means to come for me this noon; it would be such a help in the rain; I'm half a mind to ask him."

Mrs. Tucker's heart leaped for joy, when, at noon, she saw the old mare's head from the lecture-room window. Indeed, her hungering heart suddenly became quite unmanageable, and entering the carriage, poor, melted Jane sobbed out: "I'm sure it's very good of you Samuel, to come back for me this rainy day, and then the tears flowed so fast that further words were impossible.

Completely taken by surprise, Mr. Tucker exclaimed: "I declare! I hadn't no idee you'd care so much about it!"

"I wouldn't mind the walk," responded the wife, "but—Samuel—I'm so happy to have you—care enough about me to come."

choking, he said: "Jane, I see I've made an awful botch of our married life; if you're a mind to forgive me, I'll see if I can treat you from to-day as a woman ought to be treated."

This confession was all too much for the weeping wife, and she answered quickly: "You're not a bit more to blame than I am; I've been proud and obstinate; but I tell you what it is, we'll begin all over again."

The ice was now thoroughly broken, and that afternoon Farmer Tucker and his wife had a long talk over the past and the future. And in the evening when they were about to start for the prayer-meeting to be held in the neighboring school-house, the renewed husband stopped and kissed his wife, saying: "Jane, I've been a-thinking that married life ain't so very different from farming or any other occupation. Now I ain't such a fool as to think a field will keep a yielding if I only enrich it once and plant it once; I have to go over the same round every season; and here I supposed as you was going to always do as you did when we were a courting, without doing my part at all."

"If I hadn't changed any, maybe you would always have been as tender as you used to be," pleaded the happy wife.

"Perhaps so, and perhaps not; but I don't mean to leave you to try no such plan. I tell you what it is, Jane, I feel as if we hadn't never been really married till to-day. It most seems as if we ought to take a wedding tower."

"I'm afraid we'll have to wait till next summer for that," was the smiling response.

"I suppose we shall, but we'll take it then, certain; and I'll tell you where we'll go, wife—that's to Chautauquy!"—Congregation-alist.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

It would appear from a recent Washington letter to the Pittsburg Dispatch that a marked change has come over Washington society since the memorable and commendable days of Mrs. Hayes at the White House.

CULTURE.

"It's a good thing," said the squire, talking over the proposal with his wife, "to get used to the ways of the world early. It comes awkward to a man after he gets grown up and has reached the top of the ladder the Lord has set afore him to climb, but is brought into company with those that were born somewhere about the top rungs. It must take a deal of trouble to get used to servants and forms and ceremonies then. But they're the very things a man's got to know—and not only to know, but be used to if he's going to get on in the world."

"Marty is a well-behaved boy," said the mother, half resenting the idea that any training could be better than that of Paradise Bay.

"Of course he is, and he's got good stuff in him, too. But he's like my Sunday boots. There ain't no better made boots in Albany than them—good stock and good work, every stitch on 'em. And they're all right for church here at Skeneoah meetin'-house, too. But you just ought to have seen them boots when I went into the

governor's house to present that petition we sent up about the bank; I thought they were just the meanest, awkwardest, cheapest looking things a man ever wore. I had them blacked at the hotel, but they warn't used to it, you see, and it didn't take well. They squeaked an' hollered, stuck out at the sides an' up at the toes an' were run over at the heel till I thought every one in the room must be lockin' at them, and when I sat down I hustled 'em under my chair jest as far as I could get them. But there was the governor, jest as homely a man as ever looked over a stump fence, with feet as much as three sizes bigger'n mine, great, long, flat mud-splashers, the biggest I ever saw except Harry Clays—I shall never forget his. As I say, the governor sat there among all them great ladies and gentlemen with jest the commonest kind of boots not more'n half-blacked and a patch on the toe of one of 'em, but I tell you, Martha, they looked as if they'd just grown there. They were used to it, you see—used to it. That makes the difference and just about all the difference, Martha, whether its with men or boots."—Our Continent.

ONLY A LITTLE SUNBEAM.

Only a little sunbeam. But it fell on an op'ning rose; Only a tiny rain-drop, But it helped a green leaf unclose.

Only a robin singing, But the song reached to heav'n above; Only a lovely blossom, But its mission was one of love.

Only a gentle hand clasp, But it made grateful tear-drops start; Only a look of pity, But it fell on an aching heart.

Only a kind word spoken, But it reached a poor outcast one, Only a word that told her Of the dear loving Father's Son;

Only the cry, "Forgive me!" But the Saviour approving smiled, Only an outcast praying, But the Father calls her his child.

IN MY BOYS POCKET.

The morning after Fred came home from college for his holiday vacation, he brought me his coat, pointing significantly to certain rents in the lining and to the worn binding on sleeves and front. The demand was not an unexpected one, and I was soon seated in the little sewing chair, with a work basket on one side, and a roll of pieces and stick of braid in my lap, equipped for the renewing process; quietly happy, too, in having something to do for my boy, whose three months' absence had told upon my mending-basket as well as upon everything else in the house.

Fred, meantime, had donned his best suit, given me a good-by kiss, and sauntered out to greet "the boys."

Busily I stitched away for two hours, mentally commenting the while on the improved appearance of my boy, and wondering if other eyes than those of his mother would note the change. Then, as I turned the coat over to see if anything more was needed in the way of repairs, two letters fell out of the breast pocket. The envelopes were soiled and worn through on the edges, but the face still showed Fred's name in the delicate tracery of a woman's hand. Of course I read the letters—what mother would not?—then, with tears of gratitude I thanked God for having given my boy such a friend. They were notes Fred had received before leaving home from one who for three years previous had been his Sunday school teacher, and he had carried them with him, and had read them over and over, until the folds would scarcely hang together. The longer one had been written shortly before he had left for college, and was brimming with affectionate solicitude in view of the temptations that would beset him in his new life. Tenderly she pleaded with him to accept Jesus as his Saviour, to begin his life work under the banner of the cross. And in closing she commended him most earnestly to the loving care of his heavenly Father. In short, it was just such a letter as I, his mother, had longed to write him and dared not.

Why is it—can any one tell?—that so often between parent and child, even the most tenderly attached, there grows up such a barrier to all interchange of thought on religious subjects? Day after day, all his life long, I have prayed for my boy, often with agonizing cries as the years have passed by, without witnessing his consecration to the Master. And yet, when I have longed to speak to him of these things, my

tongue has refused to articulate a word.

But how thankful was I that from one whom I knew he loved and revered such words had come to him! Yet more thankful that they had been written words—words that he could read, as evidently he had done, again and again, and which must leave their impress on his life. Oh, if teachers and friends would do this oftener—would embody their warnings and entreaties in some form more permanent than fleeting sound—would not more souls be born into the kingdom? Spoken words, however earnest, oftentimes make little impression and are soon forgotten. But, with the young especially, a few penciled lines from one loved and respected are carefully treasured, many times re-read, and often produce the happiest results.

Replacing the letters in the pocket, I hung the coat away, resolved to say nothing to Fred or to any one else about the matter, but anticipating with a sort of satisfaction the warm grasp of the hand with which I should greet Miss B., when next we met, because of her interest in my boy. —Christian Union.

"ALMOST BUT LOST."

How important it is to sail on a ship which has the Master on board. Some years ago a minister, now preaching in New York city, was preaching in Liverpool, England. It became there his duty one evening to bring a message of sadness to the wife of the first mate of a steamer, the Royal Charter. The ship had gone round the world in safety, and had reached Queenstown, where its arrival was telegraphed to Liverpool. When two or three hours out of Liverpool the ship was overwhelmed with sudden calamity, and over four hundred persons perished. Among them was the unfortunate officer. The minister, who brought the dreadful intelligence to the wife, found her sitting in her parlor, with the table spread, and all things in preparation for the anxiously expected return of her husband. The news was appalling as an earthquake shock; and the woman, with a look of inexpressible grief on her face, with an anguish too deep for tears, could but seize the minister's hands with both of hers and exclaim:—"O, so near home, and yet lost!"

Have you ever thought how near one may reach the harbor of heaven, and yet be forever lost? Many a soul is stranded in the seas of unbelief and sin, and never gains the heavenly port. Jesus once said to a man: "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God," and yet we do not learn that the man ever entered in. Be sure that you are on a vessel that has Jesus aboard, and the safety and ultimate success of the voyage is assured.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE "WHINES." There was a little boy, We'll call him Norman Guinness, He had a very strange complaint, His doctor called it whines.

His mother had him treated In many different ways, But still the fearful whines Lasted through the Winter days.

And then there came the Spring-time, So bright, so warm, and gay; Just like the little birds and bees, This boy went out to play.

Just how it came about, We never quite could tell, But while the birds were singing This little boy got well.

TONG WING.

Tong Wing is a little Chinese boy. He has long, narrow eyes and a round face. His hair is shaved off his head, except on the crown, where it grows long, and is braided with red silk into a queue.

Tommy's mother keeps Tong to wash dishes, and help her about the house. He is only eight years old, and so small that he has to stand upon a box to reach the dish-pan; but he is very quick and handy, and hardly ever breaks anything.

He says he has a dear mother away off in China, and he hopes to save enough money some time to go back and see her.

Nobody seems to care for him except a tall, cross-looking Chinaman, that he calls his cousin. This cousin comes to see him every Sunday, and little Tong always looks glad when he goes. I do not wonder, for he always says to Tommy's mother: "This boy is good, play, break (break) dishes you tell me; I whip him. And then he scowls until poor

little Tong trembles in his wooden shoes.

But Tommy's mother always says, "Oh, no! he's a very good boy," and she wonders how her own Tommy would get along washing dishes in some rich Chinaman's kitchen.

When his work is done, Tong loves to play with Tommy; and a very pleasant playmate he makes, too.

He once made a wonderful kite for Tommy. It was the best kite in town, until it fell in love with the telegraph wire, and refused to come back to earth. Tong and Tommy were in despair.

Tong made a new one, in the form of a bird. It had gold eyes, and red, blue, and yellow feathers. It was done on Friday, and on Saturday morning the wind was just right. Tong wanted to go right out for the wind might go down but he had his dishes to wash, and it would take him an hour.

"Leave 'em on the table, Tongy; ma won't care!" said Tommy.

But Tong shook his head, and looked sad. "You go up stairs; me do 'em welly (very) quick," he said. And when Tommy had gone, he piled them up in the closet, on the floor, and covered them over with the big clothes-basket. Then he coiled his queue around his head, called Tommy, and off they skipped, holding the kite between them.

When Tommy's mother came down stairs to see about lunch, she saw the basket in that unusual place. She was very much surprised to find the dirty dishes underneath.

Tong stayed out longer than he intended, and when he came in he was frightened to find the basket gone and the dishes washed.

His round face was very long, as he said to Tommy's mother, "You tell my cousin?" "No," said his kind mistress, "but you must not do that again, Tong."

And Tong never has been naughty since.—Our Little Ones.

THE RIGHT KIND.

It was an express train with only half a dozen stops for the day. Elsie Lee had a ticket for the last stopping place. It was rather tiresome for the young girl, riding hour after hour with no one to speak to. The country was lovely, to be sure, but Elsie was lonely for all that, and was glad when the newsboy came in.

Nothing but "dailies!" She cared for none of these. Then he came with a pile of books. Perhaps here was something to wear away the monotony of the ride. Pretty covers and engravings made the book the boy left in her seat look very attractive. Into the middle of it she plunged, and not until he came back and twice asked for it did Elsie realize that she was absorbed in the very class of book her mother had never allowed her to read. She closed it quickly, vexed to think she had read it for one moment when she found what it was.

"Good morning, Miss Elsie!" sounded at that moment a familiar voice.

"Why Walter! How came you here?" Elsie exclaimed.

"Have been in the other car until now, never dreamed I had a friend so near. I thought you were going to buy a book as I came in. Didn't it suit you?"

"No," said Elsie. "It was one of those wonderful stories that we know could never happen—quite unlike real life, that mother says profit no one, and she does not like me to read."

"And you think reading one would hurt you?"

"Yes."

Walter laughed a little incredulous laugh. Elsie was pained, but she said bravely, "I'll tell you Walter. In the first place my mother would be displeased if she heard of my doing it, and that would hurt me. Then," she added (and it cost her a good deal to say this), "If I had got excited over that book—as I am sure I should if I had read it through—my hour of devotion in my closet to-night would have been sadly broken up. If I read exciting things I want to read the right kind—those that excite me to better thoughts and better deeds."

Walter made no reply, and soon began talking of something else. But Elsie's words followed him and many a time afterward he was kept from reading, and from other amusements as well, that excited him in the wrong direction.—Young Reader.