

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

LEAD THEM HOME. Lord, we can trust thee for our holy dead, They, underneath the shadow of thy tomb, Have entered into peace with benedict head...

SAW-MILL GRUMBLERS.

Stinson, the postmaster, grumbled at the habit of excusing the faults of people by saying "it is their way." "Suppose it is their way. That does not excuse it. That is pleading the offense itself as a justification. A man grumbles because that's his way. That is, he growls because he growls. Here is a man who has a habit of saying all sorts of rough and harsh things, rapping the feelings of every one that crosses his path. He calls it speaking out his mind. When expostulated with, he says, 'O, that's my way.' But you've no right to have such a way. You've no right to empty the vinegar that is in your heart upon other people, simply because you have it there. You call it being frank and out-spoken; but such frankness is a trespass on other people's rights unless there be real occasion for some severe rebuke. One of the natural rights of man is a right to civil and courteous treatment from others. I know one man who has a habit of giving everybody a dig with his thumb when he meets them. They are told that's his way. Another man insists upon calling his friends by nicknames. If anybody protests he is told, 'O, well, that's my way.' So it is the way of Bowery boys sometimes to amuse themselves by knocking off people's hats, and of San Francisco hoodlums to pelt Chinamen with stones. 'It is a way they have.'

The grumble, in an abstract form, met with general acceptance, but a dispute arose about the applications, and so no vote was taken. James Beatty grumbled about some people always blaming the churches and blaming Christians because sinners are not converted. He went on to say, "Now I will admit that churches may sometimes be responsible for the neglect of religion in the community. If they are quarreling among themselves, or if they have become worldly and unspiritual, neglecting discipline, given to sinful amusements, retaining godless people in their communions, then the salt hath lost its savor, and it may well be asked, 'where with shall I salt the community?' But if a body of Christians are doing their best to live soberly and righteously from day to day, then even though they have faults and imperfections, then why rein them up because other people won't break off their sins? I think that good, quiet Christian people are often grievously sinned against on this account. I know a minister who sometimes blights the joy of his people. They come to prayer-meeting from their shops and their stores, and their trades, hungering and thirsting for a little spiritual food that will help them tide over the rest of the week till Sunday comes. They have been wearied and disgusted with their contact with a godless world. They have done their best in the way of protest by fair dealing, careful conduct, and upright walk. But it has amounted to nothing. Even a few who are able to admonish by words as well as actions, have moved nobody. 'Ah, well, it's Thursday night. We shall have a good meeting among ourselves.' How a few cheerful hymns would enliven them. How a little balm from Gilead would soothe their wounded sensibilities. How a little manna, or a little old corn of the land, or a drink out of the brook by the way, or a small sop dipped in the widow's cruise of oil, or a few crusts out of the baskets full of fragments that were

gathered and left over, how a little of this would build them up, and set them going afresh on their journey towards the mount of God. See, there they sit. What a hungry look they have. 'Now, preacher, now is your chance. Now, man of God, now is your opportunity. 'Feed my sheep.' Lead them for an hour into green pastures. They have all come in from Lodebar, where there is no grass. Let them lie down beside still waters. The waters outside are turbid and troubled. 'Well, this minister that I speak of, sometimes does just this, and when he does, then when the meeting is out, the members gather around him and shake hands with each other, too, and are so cheery and bright as they start for home. 'We've had a good meeting,' they all say. But, occasionally, he does differently. He pitches into the Church. He blames them because there are no conversions. He seems to hold this little band of disciples responsible for all the whiskey drinking, and dancing, and worldliness, and all the stony-heartedness of every evil-minded sinner in the place; he talks to them just as if the whole town was going to perdition, just through their neglect and their want of more piety. Poor smitten flock. They have got what little piety there is. They wish they had more, and wish they knew how to get it. 'I'm more clover was given to them, perhaps there would be more fleece. The minister dashes at them with a rod of Moses, cracking them over their heads right and left. Imagine a shepherd doing the same thing. Because there were some goats about, he ties a bandage over his eyes, and with a club in hand, springs in among his sheep, battering sheep and goats alike, without sense or discrimination. O preacher, O man of God, O graduate of a theological seminary, can you not discern between sheep and goats? Are you going to pound God's people for the sins of the devil's children? Now, face about. These that you are now clubbing are not the goats of the town. If you want to club goats go after them in their own browsing places.' Beatty's grumble was discussed in detail. Several relieved their minds, and then the grumble was carried by acclamation.—National Baptist.

UNDER THE SEA.

"Can you see under the water?" "Very seldom. I remember years ago going down to have a look at the wreck of the Forfarshire—the vessel Grace Darling and her father pulled to, not far from the windward of the island, but as the story says, from the lee side, where the cobble lay ready, and where the water was smooth. I dived just out of curiosity, and saw the old hooker plain enough. Off that same coast I have been down in water so bright that I've stood among weeds as tall as this room, a beautiful garden of them, and watched them with delight, almost forgetting the job I was down there for, and I saw all kinds of fish swimming about, and appearing quite close through the glass in my helmet, though if I put out my hand to them, I found them to be many fathoms away." "But, as a rule you can't see?" "No more than if I was looking through a London fog. And then take a ship; suppose you were to come into this room at night without a light—you couldn't see. So it is with a ship's hold under water. It's pitch dark; a man can only grope." "It must be dangerous work moving about among cargo under such circumstances." "Why, not when your used to it. A bit of sea above is often inconvenient by making the vessel roll on the surface roll, and tauten the tackle for heaving up the cargo, and so running up a mass of dead weight on a sudden, before you're ready, and then letting it come down crash, again. A ground swell—I mean the swell at the bottom—is also troublesome, for it will swing a man to and fro to a distance of seven feet, and more. But this is only on deck. It's always quiet enough in the hold." "Suppose such a swell should dash a diver against any thing?" "It wouldn't hurt him, sir. The dress makes him so light. I have fallen through many a yawn in a ship's decks, fit to break a man's neck and back, you might think,

for the depth of it, and have gone very softly, and have come up again just as quickly." "Can you converse under water?" "Yes; but very few know how it's done. If you were to stand up face to face with another man, each might burst himself with yelling without producing the faintest sound. Now how do you think we can hear each other?" "I can not imagine." "By lying down. You and your mate must lie down on your breasts—it must be on your breasts—head to head, or side by side, close, and in that position you'll hear one another as easily as you and I can hear each other in this room." "I suppose the sound is conveyed by the deck, or sand, or whatever you lie upon?" "Possibly; I only know it's true. When I found this out, I spoke to another diver about it, and he would not believe me. Well, one day we happened to go down to a wreck together. I told him beforehand what position to put himself in; and after we had been at work some time, we came together and laid down as agreed; and I said: 'Jim, are there any more casks left in the fore hold?' 'Hoaps,' he answered right off. 'And so you can hear me?' said I. 'Aye,' he answered, 'wonderfully plain.' 'And with that he laughed, and so did I; and we both heard each other's laugh, just as we heard each other's words.' 'How deep down were you at the time?' 'In about eleven fathoms.'—Lon. Tel.

WORSHIP.

Not forever on thy knees Be before the Almighty found; There are graces the true heart sees, There are burdens thou canst ease— Look around. Not long prayers, but earnest zeal, This is what is wanted here; Put thy shoulder to the wheel, Bread unto the famished deal From thy store. Not high sounding words of praise Sing to God 'neath some grand dome, But the fallen haste to raise, And the poor from life's highways Bring thou home. Worship God by doing good; Works, not words; kind acts, not creeds; He who loves God as he should; Make his heart's love understood By kind deeds. —Shelley Arm.

OLD MAIDS.

The title of Old Maids, and the ridicule once attached to the condition of elderly female singlehood, are rapidly passing away together. The world is becoming enlightened upon many subjects. It no longer tolerates old evils; and, among others, the idea that women, unless married, are useless and neglected, querulous and fault-finding busybodies: this idea is being swept away with other dust and rubbish of the past, amid the general clearing for the "good time coming." In society where good taste prevails we now seldom hear the term of "old maid"; the milder appellation of "single woman" being substituted. This is as it should be; for wherefore brand, by what has, from association, become a ridiculous nickname, a respectable class of females who are in nowise inferior to their married sisters—nay, who are, in many cases, a thousand times better; for is not your old maid of ten one who has to deny the dearest impulses of her nature, and to stifle all her natural yearnings for a love and a home of her own, for the sake of others, devoting her life a living sacrifice to those who may be perhaps all the while unperceptive of ungrateful for, burdens and her cares for them? Oh, if these women be happy, persist in being happy, notwithstanding their utter renunciation of self, and the lingering prejudice against their condition, why rob them of the smallest portion of their tranquillity by a silly jest or sneer? It is a pitiable fact that young women, especially in the middle classes, often marry without love, without even esteem, for him with whom they wed, solely for the purpose of escaping the stigma attached by the ignorant and unthinking to the state of old maidhood. Are we far wrong in referring to this dread of remaining unmarried the numerous devices of vanity, the flirting, and dressing, and visiting, which retard the growth of many a rational brain, and cause the fathers of the gay, expensive daughters to sigh over their rapidly diminishing

means, and half regret the day when they rashly took upon themselves the cares, and risk, and burden of a family? We know we are not. When old maids shall be invariably treated with the respect and consideration which are their due—when the last joke at their expense shall have vanished into the Lethal of forgotten absurdities—then will husband-hunting be at its last gasp, and matrimony again be a sacred thing. Old maids' pets have furnished occasion for many a graceless sneer, for much bitterness and affected disgust. And wherefore? Surely those to whom circumstances, or their own sense of right, have denied the station of wife and mother may expend a portion of the stifled love throbbing within their womanly hearts; and which, had they married, would have formed an inexhaustible provision of tenderness for some sweet infant, or may be, a whole rosy little troop of boys and girls—surely they may at their pleasure bestow this objectless affection upon a faithful dog, intelligent parrot, or gentle, domestic cat. Their friends are unbound to like these pets, nor even to approve of them; but that is no reason why our single sisters should be ridiculed for loving objects which, though others may see nothing to admire in them, touch their lone hearts, and are perhaps the means of preserving in its living and purifying flow the wells of sweet waters therein. —Anon.

HOW WESLEY PREACHED.

Some of the gatherings to hear Wesley were immense. Let us try to describe one of them. It was at Gwennap Pit, a vast excavation on a hillside, supposed to be the work of ancient miners. The day is fine, and thousands have already assembled, standing about in groups, busy in conversation, or sitting silently on the rocks and green sward. Mothers are there with their babes; fathers leading by the hand their little ones; old men and women bent with the weight of years, the countenance of some telling of sorrow and sin and care. Miners are there just as they have come from the pit, and their grimy faces tell of many a day of toil and many a scene of danger. Rough men with weather-beaten faces are there from the seashore, too, with women little less toil-worn and hard-fetured; for some of these could tell tales such as only wreckers can. And then there are farmers and their work-people and families, who have left their various avocations, and some of them their house without a caretaker, and all to hear "Parson Wesley." All is expectation. Presently there appears a man in clerical attire, rather below than above the middle stature, his neat dress and the large silver buckles on his shoes suggesting the idea of a city gentleman rather than a field preacher. This is "Parson Wesley," as calm and self-possessed as if he were in a city church. In a few moments all is hushed attention. His prayer is the utterance of a man who knows what it is to walk and converse with God. The sermon begins, and every eye is riveted on his benevolent face. The grand scenery around is forgotten, and all else save the message of salvation and the thoughts and feelings it awakens. He tells of man's wandering, of his lost condition, of the Good Shepherd's love, compassion, and diligent searching for the strayed ones, and of how He purchased their redemption with His precious blood. He tells of the wrath quenched, of the sentence of death cancelled, of the ransom paid, and of the way to the Kingdom of heaven opened for all who enter in through Christ the door. He invites everyone to return to God. He beseeches all to accept the free offer of salvation, to believe and live; yea that moment to flee for refuge. While he speaks, mighty influences are silently at work. Tears are coursing down many a grimy face, and many a dark-browed listener is convulsed with grief. Like stricken deer, some are silently mourning over their sins; but others are unable to restrain their emotions. They speak out, some softly, some in loud tones, and some in piercing cries. Presently the whole multitude seems aroused and alarmed, and the preacher's voice can hardly be heard for the weeping. Then some lift their voices in

praise to God, for redeeming grace has broken their fetters, or the whole multitude join in a loud "Amen." Here and there, too, men as well as women fall to the earth, as if struck by some irresistible power, and some are borne away, convulsed with an agony of distress because of their sins. The sermon ends, and the whole congregation join in singing— Jesu, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly, etc. The old hills ring again. There is a gladness in many a heart, for salvation has come to it; and there is joy in heaven among the angels of God, for sinners are bowed in penitence, and souls by hundreds have been plucked as brands from the burning.—From the Quiver.

ST. BERNARD DOGS.

If a St. Bernard dog which had seen service in the Alps could write out his adventures, what a thrilling narrative of hair-breadth escapes and perilous undertakings would there be to read. An American, who visited the St. Bernard monasteries recently, says the most pains are given in training the dogs. The training begins when they are mere puppies. At meal time the little animals are required to sit in a row, each having before him a tin dish containing his food. Grace is said by one of the monks, the dogs, meanwhile, sitting with bowed heads. Not one of them stirs until the amen is spoken; if some young puppy, not well enough schooled in table-manners, happens to begin to eat before the proper moment, he is reminded by a low growl or a tug at the ear, that he is mis-behaving. After a severe snow-storm, or an avalanche, two dogs are sent out from the monastery. Around the neck of one is fastened a flask of cordial, and to the back of the other is bound a heavy blanket. Should a traveller happen to be buried in the snow, their keen scent soon enables them to find the place. They then search for the spot where the snow is the softest, for they know that the traveller's breath must have made it soft, and therefore that his head must be just beneath. They scratch away the snow, and with their powerful paws, smite the man on the chest, barking meanwhile, to arouse him from his stupor. Recovering his wits, the half-dead man drinks the cordial, revives, and to his great joy, finds himself shortly under a friendly roof. Do you ever try to realize what it means to you that God is watching over you all the time? How often we talk about his care for us. You slipped on that piece of orange peel yesterday, and your fall has not even lamed you, but more than a few men have fallen just like that and have been injured for life. That avalanche of snow last Winter only grazed your shoulder and spattered your garments with mud and slush, but in it there was a lump of ice larger and heavier than that which killed a man instantly a few days later in another city. How do you account for your many escapes? You cannot fairly and fully without attributing them to the loving protection of your Heavenly Father. Do not forget to thank him for them.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

NOT FIT TO BE KISSED. TO MY DEAR FRIENDS. "What ails papa's mouf?" said a sweet little girl, With a laugh revealing her teeth white as pearl. "I love him and kiss him, and sit on his knee, But his kisses don't smell good when he kisses me." "But mamma!" and her eyes opened wide when she spoke, "Do you like nasty kisses of 'bacca and smoke?" "They might do for boys, but for ladies and girls, I don't think them nice!" and she tossed her bright curls. "Don't nobody's papas have moufs nice and clean?" With kisses like yours, mamma, that's what I mean! I want to kiss papa, I love him so well, But kisses don't taste good that have such a smell." —Selected.

BORROWED RAIMENT.

"Of what are you thinking, dear mother, that you look so grave?" asked little Anna Vernon of her mother one evening. "I will tell you," said her mother, "though it may not inter-

est you. I was thinking of a little girl whom I saw to-day walking before me in the street." "Who was she, mamma? Do you know her name? How was she dressed?" asked Anna. "Listen and I tell will you. She had on what seemed a new silk dress, to judge from the anxious glance she cast at it every few minutes; and new shoes too, I should think from the manner in which she tripped along as though it was a condescension to touch the earth at all; while nothing less than a new hat and feathers could have caused her to hold her head so high as though she would say to all, 'If I am not as good as you are I am certainly finer.'" Anna's head was low enough now, and crimson blushes covered her face, while her mother continued: "I have just been reading a favorite French author, and I thought to myself why should this little girl be so proud of a dress composed of cast-off clothing of animals which browse in the meadows or insects that crawl beneath our feet? There is scarcely one from which she has not borrowed a portion of its covering. Her grandest and richest attire is composed of threads stolen from the sheep and the silkworm. Yesterday this little girl was mild and amiable; to-day she is rude and haughty. What has created this change? Nothing, only she has on her head a feather plucked from the tail of an ostrich? How proud that ostrich ought to be, which has so many more, and all its own! "And then, too, her shawl, made of the hair of certain goats from Thibet—goats which I have seen, and which really do not appear anything like so proud of this hair as the little girl who had borrowed it of them. "And that dress, whose great value induced such satisfied looks, is nothing but the web in which a large worm, called the silk worm, wrapped itself—a web which it abandoned with disdain as soon as it had become a white and plain moth!" Anna looked at her clothes with dismay. "I think they are very pretty mamma, if insects did make them," she said. "So do I, my dear," answered her mother, "and I do not object to your thinking so; only to your acting as if they added to your worth. It is not the clothes which people look at, but the temper of the wearer. A happy, good-humored face will attract, even in rags, and a discontented one repel, though clad in gayest attire, which, after all, is but borrowed from beasts and birds and insects; and even then, our Saviour tells us, we cannot rival the lilies of the field. We should rather feel gratitude to the humble contributors of our apparel and awe at the wonderful ways of the Creator, who has decreed that nothing is too small to be of use."

BEGINNING AND END.

The progress of dishonesty is not hard to trace. The only safety of character is in resisting the beginning of evil. There are three hundred and sixty degrees in the circle of a cent as well as in the circle of the equator—and so is there as much dishonesty in a boy's theft of a cent as in a man's theft of a thousand dollars. Two pictures below will illustrate this. Here is the beginning: A schoolboy, ten years old, on lovely June day, with roses in full bloom over the porch, and the laborers in the wheat fields, had been sent by his Uncle John to pay a bill at the country store and there were seventy-five cents left, and Uncle John did not ask him for it. At noon this boy stood under the beautiful blue sky, and a great temptation came. He said to himself, "Shall I give it back, or shall I wait till he asks for it? If he never asks, that is his look out. If he does, why I can get it again." He never gave back the money. The ending: Ten years went by; he was a clerk in a bank. A package of bills lay in a drawer, and had not been put in the safe. He saw them, wrapped them up in his coat and took them home. He is now in a prison cell; and he set his feet that way, when a boy, years before, when he sold his honesty for seventy-five cents. That night he sat disgraced, and an open criminal. Uncle John was long ago dead. The old home was desolate, the mother broken hearted. The prisoner knew what brought him there.—School Jour.

Ver. 1.—The Some think that some in Arabia, traditions of a Solomon; it is queens was not ion. "The Queen by our Lord will Matt. 12: 42.) to be generally satisfies the con- tive better than is very similar t. The gifts the natural prod famous for bal (probable) pro- bea affords a the rumors o reached her. "The fame of the Lord." The pleisplendor wo- wonder and cur 8: 16, 17, 18. might be theri- name of the Lo- My name. "The questions." "The exercise among those days. The purpose of testi- asking question in the discove- of both question stimulated in the more acute. It here that whe- age of twelve ye in the midst of "both hearing t questions." 2.—"She came long journey of, journey in those be practically m. The distance, a mer times, is ex 42. "She can parts of the ear- ed, Revised t- mmed with him, setting verbal p indicate a seriou- which she obtain- 4. 5.—EveryU- der. First and wisdom. Forth of his wisdom, s where mention v-erbs, his songs of natural histor- next excited by t- tectural and dec- house which he palace, evidently been thirteen y Kings 7: 1.) S- magnificence and One day is given "His ascent." Chronicles, "the- ing up," by w- from his palace Chron. 26: 16) spirit in her." Sh- astonishment. 7.—The Queen an example to truth of the "G- of the city of G- are incredulous- tle of the troub- look, and they- has not been t- the Queen of t- judgment to co- 9.—These wo- cognition of Je- Queen. We ca- ference of her- words of our l- Still there is- which warrants believed in and- havah, although Israel. Such a- of and prayed t- eatory Prayer, lesson last week very appropriat- ha. "Concern- not of Thy peop- out of a far cou- sake; when he toward this hou- on Thy dwelli- ording to all th- eth to thee for, 10-13....Sole- of gold was 66- 14): so that he- more than equ- the sum total r- in a year. A- mate the sum w- and a quarter: about £720,00- palatines." Th- instrument, tho- of the Hebrew- a modification- classes of gifts- tioned: those v- "of his royal- which were ind- The conclusio- suggestion for- Abridged from P- BROK- A doctor sho- for in most ca- determine the- ture of an arm- case of childre- yet brittle—m- green twig, pa-