

THE HOME CIRCLE.

HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.

Beneath the hot midsummer sun
The men had marched all day;
And now beside a rippling stream,
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle josts,
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said;
"The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"There's none but true men here;
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm.
"Am I a soldier of the cross
A follower of the Lamb?"

"And shall I fear to own his cause?"—
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song, the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, my friends; good night,
God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us one more," the captain begged;
The soldier bent his head,
Then glancing 'round with smiling lips,
"You'd join with me," he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air,
Sweet as the bugle call,
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall.'"

Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell,
As on the singer sang.
Man after man fell into line,
And loud the voices rang!

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But ah! the depth of every soul
By those old hymns is stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip,
In whispers soft and low,
Rises the prayer the mother taught
The boy long years ago

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

WITHOUT RELIGION.

From an after-dinner speech by James Russell Lowell, following an address of a noted infidel:

"I fear that when we indulge ourselves in the amusement of going without a religion, we are not, perhaps, aware how much we are sustained at present by an enormous mass all about us of religious feeling and religious conviction, so that, whatever it may be safe for us to think, for us who have had great advantages, and have been brought up in such a way that a certain moral direction has been given to our character, I do not know what would become of the less favored classes of mankind if they undertook to play the same game

"Whatever defects and imperfections may attach to a few points of the doctrinal system of Calvin—the bulk of which was simply what all Christians believe—it will be found that Calvinism, or any other ism which claims an open Bible and proclaims a crucified and risen Christ, is infinitely preferable to any other form of polite and polished skepticism which gathers as its votaries the degenerate sons of heroic ancestors, who, having been trained in society and educated in schools, the foundations of which were laid by men of faith and piety, now turn and kick down the ladder by which they have climbed, and persuade men to live without God and leave them to die without hope.

"The worst kind of religion is no religion at all, and these men living in ease and luxury, indulging themselves in the amusement of going without religion, may be thankful that they live in lands where the gospel they neglect has tamed the beastliness and ferocity of the men who, but for Christianity, might long ago have eaten their carcasses like the South Sea Islanders, or

cut off their heads and tanned their hides like the monsters of the French Revolution.

"When the microscopic search of skepticism, which has haunted the heavens and sounded the seas to disprove the existence of a creator; has turned its attention to human society, and has found a place on this planet ten miles square where a decent man can live in decency, comfort and security, supporting and educating his children unspoiled and unpolluted; a place where age is revered, infancy protected, manhood respected, womanhood honored, and human life held in due regard, when skeptics can find such a place ten miles square on this globe, where the Gospel of Christ has not gone and cleared the way, and laid the foundations and made decency and security possible, it will then be in order for the skeptical literati to move thither and then ventilate their views. But so long as these very men are dependent upon the religion they discard for every privilege they enjoy, they may well hesitate a little before they seek to rob the Christian of his hope and humanity of its Saviour, who alone has given to man that hope of life eternal which makes life tolerable and society possible, and robs death of its terrors and the grave of its gloom."

ACTS ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

BY REV. GEORGE B. SAFFORD.

CHAPTER

- I. Ascension promise.
- II. Blessing at Pentecost.
- III. Causing lame man to walk.
- IV. Defense of Peter before Sanhedrim.
- V. Earliest persecutions.
- VI. Formation of order of deacons.
- VII. Glorious defense and death of Stephen.
- VIII. Home church dispersed.
- IX. Instant conversion of Saul.
- X. Jewish exclusiveness rebuked.
- XI. Keeping at work in Antioch.
- XII. Liberation of Peter by an angel.
- XIII. Missionary tour of Paul and Barnabas.
- XIV. New churches revisited and organized.
- XV. Ordinances set aside by council.
- XVI. Paul's second missionary journey.
- XVII. Questioning Athenians taught.
- XVIII. Reasoning with Corinthians.
- XIX. Silversmiths' riot at Ephesus.
- XX. Taking leave of Ephesians.
- XXI. Uprising against Paul at Jerusalem.
- XXII. Vindicating himself before the mob.
- XXIII. Warned and dispatched to Cesarea.
- XXIV. Examined by Felix.
- XXV. Yielding his case to Cæsar.
- XXVI. Zealous preaching to Agrippa.
- XXVII. Imperiled by shipwreck.
- XXVIII. Imprisoned at Rome.

THE PRICE OF A MAN.

BY H. L. HASTINGS.

Greece legalized piracy and made captives slaves. Rome edified emperors and degraded the people. In classic Athens, when Demosthenes was pronouncing his eloquent orations, you could buy a man for thirty dollars, half the price of an ordinary horse. Plato was exposed for sale in the slave market. Æsop, whose fables you read and study, was a slave. In Rome, when Christianity dawned upon the earth, a slave was worth about ninety dollars. That was the price that Rome, with all her wealth, splendor, palaces, strength and victories, put upon a man. You can not buy a man in Rome for that price now. What has raised the price of humanity? "Oh," says one, "it is the progress of the ages that has made the difference." Very well. A friend of mine was in the Fiji Islands about 1845. They have had just as much time to progress there as any one, since they started from the monkeys, as some of our skeptical friends claim to have done. What was a man worth there, eighteen hundred years this side of Rome? You could buy a man for a musket, or for seven dollars. Put ordinary infidels on sale in the Fiji market fifty years ago and they would have brought seven dollars a-piece. But you can not buy a man there now for seven dollars, nor for seven million dollars. Why not? Twelve hundred Christian chapels tell why