

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

UNKNOWN HEROES.

We see them and we know them not, So plain in garb and mien are they; So lowly is their thankful lot, We hear not what they do or say.

GEORGE HUMISTON'S EXPERIENCE.

Whenever my business takes me through Buffalo, I always try to stop a few hours with George Humiston. George and I were schoolmates and cronies, and have continued our friendship to middle life.

We are both inclined to be too reticent in regard to personal experience, but without that—and we did not quite leave that out—there was the general church work, and missions, and ministers to talk over; besides, we often held friendly discussions on the methods and customs of our respective denominations, for George followed his wife into the Presbyterian Church, while I honored my bringing up by becoming a Methodist.

At six weeks ago I was able to drop in on him unannounced to spend the night. They had just begun a quiet evening at home, but I received the welcome I counted on, and the usual round of talk commenced. I soon noticed a change in George. I do not know that he said anything that he might not have said every time I had seen him for the last three years; I don't know that he omitted anything—the change was indescribable; but he seemed to carry with him a presence, an atmosphere, a something which so impressed me with his character as a Christian man, that when we were left alone I ventured to speak to him about it.

ney, did more church work, made greater efforts to attend all the social meetings, and in time I came to speak oftener in them, but I could not pray, and that one little thing was the 'fly in the ointment.'

"I always thought you a happy, growing Christian." "Well, I was, on the whole, but there was always an unrestful, uncomfortable feeling somewhere in my heart so long as there was one thing which I was not willing to do. This discomfort was soon increased by the conviction that Jones, the journeyman who boarded with us, was shielding himself behind my example. Jones was a member of our church, a 'silent partner,' as he used to call the non-talkers. The words had a disagreeable sound to me even when my own 'quiet' ways were rather a source of pride to me than otherwise. Jones worked for me for three dollars a day, a part of which he returned for the privilege of a home. I valued him as a friend, and he was the most trusted hand in the shop, but I thought it would be a greater cross to pray before him than before any other man living, for he had a critical mind and a sharp tongue."

George paused, and I suggested,—"I suppose you brought yourself to a place where you were willing to pray?" "Yes." "How did you do it?" "I prayed." "For help—yes, I see." "Oh, I'd prayed for that, off and on, for a year. I had prayed for strength for the duty, but the Lord knew I was not willing to use it. I had prayed to be willing, but of course God did not make me willing. The only way for me to do a thing is to do it. Praying about it when I don't mean to act, is worse than nothing."

"Nothing in particular. I was thinking it over as usual one Sunday night. It had become an ever present subject in my mind, and if I drove it out, as I often threatened to do, I found I did not grow at all. For the thousandth time I was setting forth to myself how my great grandfather had left the Quakers supposedly because the Spirit moved, or did not move, him to speak; how my mother wanted to join the Methodists in her youth, but did not because she thought she never could go to class; how my grandfather would never join the church, and Uncle John would not even profess religion, though everybody believed him to be a Christian, all on account of that miserable self-consciousness which I inherited—when I turned round on myself and said: 'I don't care what my ancestors did; it is either my duty to speak and pray, or it is not. If it is, I'll do it; if it is not, I won't spend any more time discussing it.'

"You won't believe it took a whole week to decide the point, but it did. I argued that I had not been educated to it, which was true; neither had I been educated to giving away money. That I inherited a reluctance not only for this, but for public speaking generally, and for speaking at any time of my most sacred feelings, true too—but I inherited many propensities which I did not propose to gratify; that it was too late in life to begin—but that applied equally to my Christian life."

"At last I settled that I would take up this duty in the family if I was not able to say anything but 'Now I lay me down to sleep, and I would begin the very first time Uncle James went away. Perhaps it was cowardly to put it upon that contingency, but that is what I did, and within three days he started unexpectedly for Boston. When we were getting ready for tea the night after he went away, I said to Jenny: 'Would you like to have me conduct our devotions to-night?' 'Yes, of course,' she answered, without much show of interest. I don't suppose she thought I would do it. Then I told her I thought it was cowardly for me to put it on her, and if she wanted I should pray, I would do it if it killed me. She just cried aloud for joy."

"You will think me a fool, but when I spoke to my wife the blood thundered in my ears like a young Niagara, and I didn't have much appetite for my supper. Praying in the family is not the same thing for me that it is for a man who has only his wife and one or two small children in the house. Two well-grown boys and Ella, Jones and the domestic assistant,

made—well, a trying ordeal, and I own that I thought more of them than I did of the One to whom the prayer was supposed to be addressed, but God accepted the effort."

"We had half an hour's work of repairing at the shop that night, and I started out at once. Jones joined me at the gate and said quickly, 'Mr. Humiston, I have not any family to pray with, but I will pray in chapel to-morrow night.' 'So will I,' said I, although nothing had been farther from my intentions; but we both held to it, and have ever since, and God has blessed us in doing it, abundantly."

"I suppose it was easy enough after the first time?" "No, it was not. It was hard for a long time. I could not forget the audience in the one Auditorium I was seeking; but God acknowledged every effort and blessed me, and there is, therefore, now no condemnation in my heart. I don't withhold anything or give anything grudgingly. I am a Christian man, John and I know it." "Do you think every man would get such a blessing from public prayer as you have, George?" "If it is the thing he hangs on, I do. Few men, probably, would halt at so small a thing. It was a family trait with me, but I hope I have stopped the entailment. My oldest son already takes his part in our home and chapel service, and I trust James will when his time comes."—Zion's Herald.

THE TIRED FOOT.

The potter stood at his daily work, One patient foot on the ground; The other, with never slackening speed, Turning his swift wheel round. Silent he stood beside him there, Watching the red-hot knee, Till my friend said low, in plying voice, 'How tired his foot must be!'

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

This term is so generally understood that any comment upon it is almost superfluous. It is however, no slang phrase, but one of the oldest of proverbial expressions, dating apparently as far back as the latter end of the eighth century. We are told that the Emperor Charlemagne, in his expedition against the Saracens in 778, was accompanied by two pages, named Roland and Oliver who were so excellent and so equally matched, that the equality became proverbial—"I'll give you a Roland for your Oliver," being the same as the vulgar saying, "Tit for tat," that is: "I'll give you the same [generally in a retaliatory sense] as you give me;" or the more classical one of *Quid pro quo*, to be even with one. Its proper adaptation, however, as understood at the present day, will be much better explained by a few humorous illustrations.

A very clever reply to a somewhat satirical remark was that given to Louis XV., by Cardinal Richelieu, who was a nobleman as well as a priest. A celebrated archbishop of Paris, Hardouin de Beaumont de Porefixe, was appointed preceptor to his majesty. One day he preached a notable sermon before the court of France which touched principally upon the duties of the nobility. "Ah!" said the king to Richelieu, "the preacher has thrown a vast quantity of stones into your garden to-day." "Yes, sire, answered the cardinal; and a few have fallen into the royal park." A fully amount of etiquette of expression is observable in this answer, with which we may presume that even royalty itself could in nowise be offended.

Equally as good is the following, in which we shall carefully note by the way that praise has different effects on different minds. The Emperor Alexander of Russia, during the occupation of Paris, was present at the anniversary of one of the hospitals Plates for contributions were passed round, and they were borne by some of the patrons' wives and daughters. The plate presented to the emperor was held by an extremely pretty girl. As he liberally gave his louis-d'ors, he whispered: "Mademoiselle, this is for your beautiful bright eyes." The charming little damsel politely courtesied, and immediately presented the plate again. "What!" said the emperor in amazement, "more?" "Yes, sire," said she, "I now want something for the poor."

On one occasion, an English gentleman, who possessed a keen wit, was at a brilliant assembly of the elite of Vienna, where a distinguished lady of that city frequently amused herself and immediate circle of friends by saying smart and rather uncourteous things, evidently for the purpose of annoyance. "By the way," inquired his fair interrogator, "how is it your countrymen speak French so imperfectly? We Austrians use it with the same freedom as if it were our native tongue." "Madame," retorted the Englishman in the blindest manner, "I really can not say, unless it be that the French army have not been twice in our capital to teach it, as they have been in yours."

One of the most distinguished incidents of Zimmermann's life was the summons which he received to attend Frederick the Great in his last illness in 1786. One day the king said to this eminent physician: "You have, I presume sir, helped many a man into another world?" Any ordinary person would doubtless have been scared by so momentous an inquiry, and it was, in fact, a somewhat bitter pill for the doctor; but the dose he gave the king in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery: "Not so many as your majesty, nor with so much honor to myself."

As all classes of individuals, from the highest to the lowest, are liable at times to meet with a Roland for an Oliver, we must not even exempt those shrewd men of the world termed lawyers. A seafaring man was called upon to stand as a witness. "Well, sir," said the lawyer, "do you know the plaintiff and defendant?" After a moment's hesitation, Jack declared his inability to comprehend the meaning of these words. "What! not know the meaning of plaintiff and defendant?" continued the energetic inquirer. "An intelligent fellow you must be to come here as a witness! Can you tell me where on board the vessel it was that that man struck the other one?" "Certainly I can," replied the sailor; "about the binnacle." "And pray," asked the lawyer, "what do you mean by that?" "Well, that's good," responded the witness; "you must be a pretty fellow to come here as a lawyer and don't know what about the binnacle means."—Chambers' Journal.

Even about the common place dollar of the United States there is already a shadow of romance. A dollar appeared last winter in Philadelphia, which created quite an excitement. It bore the date of 1804, and was held at two thousand dollars.

TREASURE TROVE.

Dollars of that date are so rare that each one has a pedigree or series of affidavits to prove it genuine. The reason for the scarcity of this coin is said to be that almost the whole silver coinage of that year was sent into Africa to defray the expenses of the United States expedition against Tripoli. Another statement is that it was sent to China to pay for a cargo of tea. Whatever the reason may be, it is certain that if any boy should find one of these coins, he would have sufficient capital to pay for his education.

Other American coins are still more rare. Of the five-dollar gold piece struck in 1815, there is said to be but a single one in existence; this is owned by the king of Sweden. The Southern Confederacy had struck just four half dollars when the mint in New Orleans was seized. These coins are held at fabulous prices.

A glamour of mystery of romance also hangs about certain hoards of buried dollars along the coast. Kidd, the pirate, is supposed to have buried large stores of coin, church-silver, etc., which have never been discovered, although search has been made for the stolen treasures from Maine to Virginia. Lafitte, another pirate, is believed to have buried his treasures in Petite Ance Island in the centre of a square formed by four trees. The negroes from the neighboring towns of New Iberia have, of course, dug holes wherever four trees grew near together, and there are many educated white men who have grown old and poor in seeking this visionary treasure. An odd contrast to their course is offered in the story of a Louisiana planter, who, in the same neighborhood cultivated a few sterile acres. Nothing grew prosperously for him but children, and the wild cayenne papaver plant. In his efforts to devise a way to support the children, he turned to the cayenne. It was a weed, but he in his opportunity. God does not send even a weed in vain. He experimented, succeeded in extracting the juice and in introducing it to the market without middle-men. His wife and children helped him; the little family manufactory became famous, and its owner rich, while his neighbors grow gray in vain searches for Lafitte's spoils. The real treasure trove lies before every man on some chance, and in his skill in developing that chance.

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BE SOCIAL.

A young man comes to your church; he is a perfect stranger to the majority of those he meets; his home is far away; his church he has left behind. He listens attentively to the service, and is pleased and profited by what he hears. The service over he goes out. Although many know him to be a stranger, yet no one extends a friendly hand or in any manner notices him. He is somewhat discouraged, a little homesickness steals over him, but he resolves to go there once more. He goes, with the same result. Discouraged he seeks another sanctuary where the warm grasp of the hand, information about the evening meeting, invitation about the Sunday-school, and the interests taken by the members of the church in his welfare, at once decides his course. The result is, a zealous worker is gained by one church and lost by the other, and simply because the young men were social.

Young men and young women of our churches, never let a stranger go away without notice, never let that chilling feeling of loneliness come over any person in the house of God. It should be your pleasure to make every stranger at home. Try it, and your reward will be speedy.—Zion's Watchman.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A LITTLE BOY'S TROUBLE. I thought when I learned my letters That all my troubles were done, But I find myself much mistaken— They only have just begun. Learning to read was awful, But not like learning to write; I'd be sorry to have to tell it, But my copy-book is a sight! The ink gets over my fingers; The pen cuts all sorts of shins; And won't do at all as I bid it; The letters won't stay on the lines, But go up and down and all over. As though they were dancing a jig— They are there in all shapes and sizes, Medium, little and big.

FOUND AT LAST.

A little girl stood by her mother's death-bed, and heard her last words: "Jessie, find Jesus." When her mother was buried her father took to drink, and Jessie was left to such care as a poor neighbor could give her. One day she wandered off with a little basket in her hand, and trudged through one street after another, not knowing where she went. She had started out to find Jesus. At last she stopped, from utter weariness, in front of a saloon. A young man staggered out of the door and almost stumbled over her. He uttered the name of Him she was seeking. "Can you tell me where He is?" she inquired. "What did you say?" he asked. "Will you please tell me where Jesus Christ is? for I must find him."

The young man looked at her curiously for a minute without speaking; and then his face sobered, and he said in a broken, husky voice, hopelessly: "I don't know, child—I don't know where He is." At length the little girl's wanderings brought her to a park. A woman, evidently a Jewess, was leaning against the railing, looking disconsolately at the green grass and the trees. Jessie went up to her timidly. "Perhaps she can tell me where He is," was the child's thought. In a low, hesitating voice she asked the woman: "Do you know Jesus Christ?" The Jewess turned fiercely to face her questioner, and in a tone of suppressed passion exclaimed: "Jesus Christ is dead!" Poor Jessie trudged on, but soon a rude boy jostled against her, and snatching her basket from her hand threw it into the street. Crying she ran to pick it up. The horses of a passing street-car

trampled her under their feet—and she knew no more till she found herself stretched on a hospital bed.

When the doctors came that night they knew that she could not live until morning. In the middle of the night, after she had been lying very still for a long time, apparently asleep, she suddenly opened her eyes, and the nurse, bending over her heard her whisper, while her face lighted up with a smile that had some of heaven's own gladness in it: "O Jesus, I have found you at last!"

Then the tiny lips were hushed, but the questioning spirit had received an answer.—Old Colony Herald.

YOUR EYE ON THE MARK.

A light snow had fallen, and the boys of L— desired to make the most of it; and as it was too dry for snowballing and not deep enough for coasting, they thought it would do very well to make tracks in it. Near by there was a large meadow, and it was proposed that they should go to a tree which stood near the centre of the meadow, and that each one should start from the tree to the boundaries of the meadow. The proposition was assented to, and they were soon at the tree. They ranged themselves around the tree with their backs toward it, and started, each one retracing his steps to the tree. After they had returned, they each looked back to see how straight the tracks were.

"Whose is the straightest?" said James Allison to Thomas Sanders, who was first at the tree. "Harry Armstrong's is the only one that is straight at all," said Thomas. "Why," said Jacob Small, "how could we all contrive to go so crooked when the meadow is so smooth, and nothing to turn us out of the way?"

"How happened you to go so straight, Henry?" said Thomas. "I fixed my eye upon that tall pine-tree on the hill yonder, and never looked away from it till I reached the fence," answered Henry. "I went as straight as I could without looking at anything but the ground," said James. "So did I," said another. "So did I," replied several voices at once. It appeared that no one but Henry had aimed at any particular object.

They attempted to go straight without any definite aim, but they failed. Men cannot succeed in anything good without a definite aim. General purposes, general resolutions will not avail. You must do as Henry did—fix upon something distinct and definite as an object, and go steadily toward it.—Young Pilgrim.

THE FIRST STRAWBERRIES.

A little girl once had a bed of strawberries. Very anxious she was that they should ripen and be fit to eat. The time came. "Now for a feast!" said her brother to her one morning, as he picked up some beautiful ones for her to eat. "I cannot eat these," said she, "for they are the first ripe fruit." "Well," said her brother, "all the more reason for our making a feast, for they are the greater treat."

"Yes; but they are the first ripe fruit." "Well, what of that?" "Dear father told us that he used to give God the first out of all the money he made, and that then he always felt happier in spending the rest; and I wish to give God the first of my strawberries, too." "Ah! but," said her brother, "how can you give strawberries to God? And even if you could, he would not care for them." "O, I have found out a way," said she. "Jesus said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me; and I mean to go with them to Mrs. Perkins' dying child, who never sees a strawberry, they are so poor.'"—The Pansy.

Since I have known God in a saving manner, painting, poetry, and music have had charms unknown to me before. I have received what I suppose is a taste for them; for religion has raised my mind, and made it susceptible of impressions from the sublime and beautiful.—Henry Martin.

THE Get, if permit to me and verses latter which clench a war, and ed some which indeed, he was vi statesman word for v of Bishop told him, before. Encour bring a re definitely subject. too, to g some littl In all o sciously o to the Lo and the O lessons, 2 or his wor utilitary he ordere eal, reque in a Bibl give his l tone." N tunity of Christ's s that he is all our t tion upon built; tha to every l makes i srs teach nee no Christ's s —the grea sible exp and in his only per Prayer tak only as th we ca only as b but also a Teacher, its use. I found its of Him, dep being a di necessity t verging to Life. A tion had le dry style o Sunday m pit, a slip with the t 21—878 own conso tion of t thought a solved by t more clear he took fo "Then we they saw men of hot ed Chinese tell us of the And now us expect to young lady costful in Christ, was secret of h was, "If I it is that I teach with some futur come Chr as I so tang became gre ly, I asked suits. Sim expectation result in p nothing bu Mag. HOW TO Several v ture given horse-train he claimed could be co of the prop I learned fr more than many years York. Ra follows: E ness is all lines are o to drive with to keep the for any eme as you find away, with armjerk the of the neck, ing to the le to jump. A ly jerk the side of the n sition to the fringe. Hept strength, and the horse m der this treat him to pres quickly, so a to straighten around. I several times Rarey's plan ARRANG The Art i useful; v iments expres which mean indeed. Stu the combin of diary, tures. Alw ed, but let ev of sociabil, mediately af have left it an