

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

LENT.

Is it the Fast which God approves? When I swallow for fish eat fish, Changing my sandy dish For others no less good? Do angels smile and count it gain That I compose my laughing face To gravity for a brief space, Then straightway laugh again? Does Heaven take pleasure as I sit Counting my joys as usurers gold? This bit to give, that to withhold, Weighing and measuring it? Setting off abstinence from dance As being my eye of soul; Calling on right and shunning wrong, With devious countenance? Compounding for the dull to-day By projects for to-morrow's fun, Cheering off each set task as done, Grazing a short delay? I cannot think that God will care For such observance; He can see The very utmost heart of me And every secret there. But if I keep a truer Lent Not heeding what I wear or eat, Not balancing the sour with sweet Evenly abstinent, And lay my soul with all its stain Of travel from the year-long road Between the healing hands of God To be made clean again; And put my sword self away, Forgetting for a little space The pretty prance and eager race, The restless, striving day; Opening my darkness to the sun, Opening my narrow eyes to see The path and need so close to me Which I had willed to shun; Praying God's quickening grace to show The thing He bids, would have me do, The errand that I may pursue And quickly rise and go; If so I do it, starving pride, Fasting from sin, instead of food, God will accept such Lent as food And bless it Easter-tide. —N. K. Independent.

A DAUGHTER WORTH HAVING.

"Harvey Mills has failed!" said Mrs. Smithson one chilly spring evening, as she ran to see her next door neighbor and intimate friend, Mrs. James. "My husband has just come home, and he says that what we supposed to be a rumor only is a sad fact; the assignment was made yesterday. I threw on my shawl and ran right over to tell you. They are to keep the house under some sort of an arrangement, but they have discharged all their servants, and what in the world the Millses will do, Mrs. James, with Mrs. Mills's invidious habits, and Miss Helena with her dainty ways and refined bringing up, is more than I know; and pretty, shallow Mrs. Smithson looked at her nervous friend and neighbor with the air of an epicure regarding some favorite dish. "I heard all about it late last evening," said Mrs. James, adjusting the pink ribbon at the throat of her black silk dinner-dress; and this morning, I presumed upon our cousinship so far as to drive over and see how they were getting along. And really, Mrs. Smithson, you will be surprised when I tell you that, although I expected to find the family in great distress, I never saw them in such a comfortable way, and in such good spirits. The worst was over of course, and they had all settled into the new order of things as naturally as could be. My cousin, Mrs. Mills, was sitting as calm as you please, up there in her sunny morning room, looking so fresh and dainty as she ate her crisp toast and sipped her coffee. "Our comfortable and cozy appearance is due to Helena," said she. "That dear child has taken the helm. I never dreamed she had so much executive ability. We were quite broken down at first, but she made her father go over the details of business with her, and they found by disposing of Helena's grand piano, the paintings and slabs, and bric-a-brac her father had always indulged her in buying, we could pay dollar for dollar, and so keep the house. My husband's old friend, Mr. Bartlett, who keeps the art store, you know, and who has always taken a great interest in Helena, bought back the paintings, statuary, vases, etc., at a small discount, and Baker, who sold us the piano a year ago or so, and who is another old friend, and knew of course just how we were situated, took it back, deducting only \$25. "Helena had just gone into the kitchen. What she will do there, I don't know, but she says she needs the exercise, that she has not attended the cooking school here in this city for nothing, and that, so long as the meals are served regularly and properly, and the house is kept in good order, her father and I are not to worry."

After she told me that, I drew my call to a close and ran down into my cousin's kitchen to see her dainty daughter there. And what do you think? I found the girl at the sink with her sleeves rolled up, an immense waterproof apron on, washing the kettle!" "Washing a kettle!" repeated Mrs. Smithson, holding both her soft, white hands in unmeasured astonishment. "Yes, Mrs. Smithson, washing a great black greasy iron kettle that had been boiled in, and had been left unwashed and gummy when the cook left. And, do you know, she was laughing over it all, and saying to her youngest brother, who stood nearest by, that she really liked it, for she now felt she was now making herself useful." "The idea! liking to wash kettles!" and the two fine ladies looked at each other in open-eyed wonder. "It seems to me as if Helena Mills was trying to make the best of her father's altered fortunes, and was simply doing her duty in the premises," spoke Miss Carlton, Ida James's new drawing teacher, who was that evening engaged in giving her pupil a lesson on the opposite side of the centretable. She spoke so earnestly and yet in a modest way, and it being the vogue in New City just then to patronize Miss Carlton, the pretty, accomplished graduate from Vassar, the two ladies looked at her amiably, and she went on: "Somebody must wash the kettles, and it is always best, when one has a disagreeable duty to perform, to do it not only at once but cheerfully." "Yes, perhaps," replied Mrs. Smithson, "but how could a young girl of real native refinement" (both sides of the Smithson family were of the "old stock") "take so kindly to washing pots and kettles? The fact of it is, people have been mistaken in Helena Mills. She never possessed that innate gentility she has credit for. But every one finds their own level sooner or later." These two women having thus summarily disposed of Helena Mills socially, they repeated their belief that the lovely and dainty young girl had now found her proper level, over and over in their set, until it was the common talk in New City. Miss Carlton, in her round of professional calls among the so called elite, was entertained in nearly every household with the information that Helena Mills had given up her studies even, and gone into the kitchen to work—"and, if you'll believe it, she likes it!" Then would follow reflections upon the natural ability and bias of mind of a young woman who was "fond of washing dishes." This sensible, accomplished little drawing teacher was the only one to be found, who mingled in the "upper circles" of New City, who said a word either in praise or defence of Helena Mills's new vocation. Miss Carlton always and everywhere protested that the young girl's course was not only praiseworthy, but beautiful. She maintained that every woman, young and old, high or low, who took upon herself the labor of elevating the much-abused as well as despised vocation of housework—upon which the comfort of every home depends—to a fine art, was a public benefactor. Miss Carlton's friends all listened and laughed, and then went on with their senseless and malicious tirade. She was heartily glad when her engagements in New City were ended, and she was no longer obliged to move in such "select" society, whose ideas were always a mere echo of opinions—no matter how trivial and foolish—which had been expressed by a few of its more wealthy members. Mrs. Dr. Forbes, nee Miss Carlton, had heard very little about New City society for five years, but having occasion to pass through the place on the cars lately, she treated herself to a little gossip-chat with the conductor, whom she had known as a New City gallant. "There is no particular news, Mrs. Forbes," said he, "unless it is the engagement of Helena Mills to young Lawyer Bartlett, son of Col. James Bartlett, you remember, owner of the big corner art store. A capital choice the young squire has made too. She's as good as gold, and everybody says she's the best girl in the city. She's a perfect lady, withal, and treats everybody well. Why,

bless you, Mrs. Forbes, when her father failed in '75, she took entire charge of the family, and she has managed the house ever since. "Her father is now in business again for himself, and employs more men than ever. Her mother, who had been an invalid for years, was forced by Helena's example to try and exert herself so as to share her daughter's burden to some extent. As a result of the new, active life she has followed, she lost all her ailments, and is now a happy, hearty, healthy woman. Helena's brothers have grown up to be fine, manly fellows, and the whole family are better off every way than ever before. "There was a great deal of talk at first among the big-bugs about Helena's 'pots and kettles,' and they used to say she had found her true 'level.' I always thought there was a spice of malice in their talk, for the girls envied her beauty and accomplishments. I am rather fond of telling them now that Helena Mills has found her 'level' in the richest, most influential and just the best family in New City." A THRILLING INCIDENT. In one of the Western towns two or three years ago resided a widow who had a son sixteen and a daughter eighteen years of age. There had never been a dram shop in the place until some three years before; the men petitioned the county organization to grant a license to open a dram shop. The women are never guilty of such outrages. One was opened, and the boy who had been an exemplary boy from childhood up, a regular attendant at the Sabbath-school, soon was led astray—went there to play cards. Let me tell you, I never knew a boy in my life, who was ruined by letting cards alone, but many a boy has been destroyed through the influence of cards. You older ones here to-night, you let me say, that it will do you no harm if you never play another card. If you do not, you will not set an example that may sometimes lead astray younger ones that look to you as patterns. This boy went into card playing and beer drinking, and from that to drunkenness, and in less than fifteen months, in a drunken spree, killed a comrade. He was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. The day of execution came on, and it found his sister at the State capitol before the governor, asking executive interference in her brother's behalf. The mother was in the prison cell, watching, praying, and comforting her boy as only a mother can. The hour of execution came on, and he was literally torn from his mother's arms as she fell fainting to the floor. He was taken to the gallows; the black cap was adjusted, the trap was sprung; the rope broke, and he fell almost lifeless to the ground. As they raised him and the blood gushed from his nose and ears, he, thinking of his mother last, said in a husky tone, "Oh, mother, for God's sake have them hurry, won't you, please?" He ascended the scaffold; the rope was adjusted, the trap was sprung, and his spirit was sent to God who gave it. Men of Des Moines, men of Iowa, for God's sake I ask you to "hurry"; do not open more of the places of iniquity, but "hurry" to blot them out, and drive them from your land. Be brave! Strike for your firesides and your homes. Strike for a higher and better civilization. From all the saloons of this city there never flowed a blessing, not one. Curses, and only curses, have come from them. How long will you thus continue to give them the sanction of the law.—From Gov. St. John's Des Moines Speech. While I am enabled to see that Jesus is my portion, every dispensation comes in a way of mercy. When my heart is under the assurance that my Lord is in it, it matters not what it is. His presence alone hath the wonderful property of converting crosses and pains into enjoyments and pleasures. Every affliction which comes directed by his hand hath the sure mark of affection folded up within the cover.—R. Hawker. An intelligent workingman who had declined to work on the Lord's day was asked by his employer, "Did not our Lord himself say that the Sabbath was made for man?" "Yes, sir," was his reply, "the Sabbath was made for man, and therefore, not to be taken from man."

SUNDAY. Bright shadows of true rest: Some shadows of bliss; Heaven once a week; The next world's goodness preposited in this: A day to seek; Eternity in time; the steps by which We climb above all cares; lamps that light Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich And full redemption of the whole week's flight. The pulvers unto headlong man: time's bower; The narrow way; Transplanted paradise; God's walking hour; The creature's jubilee; God's parlie with dust; Heaven here; man on those hills of myrrh and flowers; Angels descending; the returns of trusts; A gleam of glory after six days' showers; The Church's love feast; time's prerogative, And interest; Deducted from the whole; the combs and hive, And home of rest. The milky way chalked out with suns; a clue, That guides through erring hours; and in full store; The cost of the day; A taste of Heaven on earth; the pledge and cue Of a full feast; and the out-courts of glory.

THE WRONG PROFESSION.

Let me call attention to the profession you make, my unconverted reader. You say, "I make no profession," by that you mean to be understood as saying, "I do not profess to be a Christian." But in thus speaking has it not occurred to you that you do make a profession? The profession you make is, "I am not a Christian." Now I do not mean to say you make an untrue profession, for I suppose you are not a Christian, and it is but honest and right for you, since this is the case, to say so. You ought not to profess to be what you are not. That which leads me to say you make the wrong profession, is that you ought not to be what you are—you ought to be a Christian, so you could profess to be one. It is wrong not to be a Christian. You have seemed to think it to be a matter of indifference, and that you had a sort of right to decline to be a Christian. Have you this right? Do you do right to reject Christ and to give yourself to the service of the devil? Pardon me for speaking so plainly; but that is just what you are doing. You know that there are but two services—that of God, or Satan; and since you are not the Lord's, and therefore can not profess to be, you are in the devil's service, and profess to be. May the Lord open your eyes to see where you are. It is wrong for you, for your family, and for society to be where you are and to make the profession you do. Ought you not to be ashamed? The thoughtful person who reads these lines will think upon this matter. Why not be a Christian, and make the right profession?—Christian Companion.

PROVISIONING A STEAMSHIP.

Three thousand five hundred pounds of butter, 3,000 hams, 1,600 pounds biscuit—not those supplied to the crew; 1,000 pounds of "dessert stores"—muscadels, almonds, figs, etc.—exclusively of fresh fruits, which are taken in at every port; 1,500 pounds of tinned meats, 1,000 pounds of dried beans, 3,600 pounds of rice, 5,000 pounds of onions, 40 tons of potatoes, 60,000 pounds of flour, and 20,000 eggs. Fresh vegetables, dead meat and live bullocks, sheep, pigs, geese, turkeys, guinea-birds, ducks, fowls, fish, and casual game, are generally supplied at each port of call, or replenished at the farther end of the journey, so that it is difficult to obtain complete estimates of them. Perhaps 2 dozen bullocks and 60 sheep would be a fair average for the whole voyage, and the rest may be inferred in proportion. The waiter has known 25 fowls sacrificed in a single day to make chicken broth. We therefore shan't starve, even if we are a day or two behind time, which is considered a great enormity now. The mention of chicken broth suggests sea sickness, and sea sickness conjures up the doctor, and with the doctor is associated medicine. His dispensary is as well furnished with drugs as any chemist's shop in a country town, and when we observe that, among other things, it contains 12 ounces of quinine, 4 gallons of black-draught, 20 pounds of selditz powders, a gallon of castor-oil, and half a hundred-weight of epsom salts, it is evident that if the sick people do not get well it is from no lack of physic. Four thousand sheets, 2,000 blankets, 8,000 towels, 1,000 pounds of various soaps, 2000,

pounds of candles—except in those vessels which are fitted with the electric light; 1,600 knives, 2,200 plates, 600 cups and saucers, 3,000 glasses—fancy what a handsome income an amount represented by annual loss from breakage would be!—800 table-cloths, 2,000 glass-cloths—all these are figures exhibited in the provendering of one ship alone. Think what they would amount up to when multiplied by the number of ships in each company's fleet, and then try to realize the fact that this department constitutes only one, and by no means the greatest, of their incidental expenses.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN. His cap was old, but his hair is gold, And his eye is clear as the sky; And whoever he meets on the lanes or streets, He looks him straight in the eye. With a fearless pride that has naught to hide, Though he bows like a little knight, Quite debonair, to a lady fair, With a smile that is swift as light. Does his mother call? Not kite, or ball, Or the prettiest game can starve His eager feet as he hastens to greet Whatever she means to say; And the teacher's depend on the little friend At school in his place at nine, With his lessons learned and his good marks earned. All ready to toe the line. I wonder if you have seen him too, This boy who is not too big For a morning kiss from his mother and Sis, Who isn't a bit of a prig; But gentle and strong, and the whole day long As merry as boy can be; A gentleman, dears, in the coming years, And at present the boy for me. —Harper's Young People.

PERFECTLY LOVELY.

Even worse than a spirited bit of slang with a grain of sense to start it is this universally used and senseless phrase—"It is applied to anything and everything. It seems to stand instead of ideas, of sentiment, of appreciation, and of common sense. Go into the rooms of the young ladies in our colleges for women, where you expect something better, and where something better should be heard. But listen! The first words that salute you are, "You are 'perfectly lovely' to come," and, "Isn't the day just lovely?" and, "Look at these ferns and bright leaves on the wall. Aren't they 'perfectly lovely'?" With these young women, everything that isn't perfectly "horrid" and "awful," is "perfectly lovely," from a statue of Venus to coffee jelly or a sausage, if it suits the appetite. I took a young girl last spring with me from Brooklyn to Central Park. She was bright, agreeable, pretty and animated. But her exclusive use of this phrase seemed almost intolerable before we had seen half the spring-time glory of that delightful place. The phrase destroys conversation more easily than a series of puns. It is an extinguisher of ideas. It certainly must eventually enfeeble the minds of those who allow it to express for them all they feel. Children catch it who cannot speak plain, and pronounce a doll or plaything "perfly lubly." Whenever I hear it, I always want to exclaim, "O girls, do stop! Better take up the forcible language of your brothers than weaken all you say by this meaningless, worn-out sentence." Girls ought to be able to talk well on current topics—books, new and old, and all that interests their brothers. But do they show a conversation that will stimulate and refresh those they meet? Good talkers never fail to interest and to charm; but a young woman whose ideas are only broad enough to be expressed in the words "awful," "horrid," and "perfectly lovely," will hardly be classed as one of them.—K. A. S., in Youth's Companion.

THE LITTLE PRISONERS.

People are not fond of rats, as a general thing, but they have some sensible ways, sometimes, which one cannot help admiring. It is well to recognize merit wherever you see it. Difficulties, too, seem to have the same effect on rats that they do on people. They sharpen their wits. Some boys found a whole nestful of little rats one day in a board pile, and put the poor things in a cage, to see what the mother would do when she came back. By and by she was in, and oh, what trouble she was in! Her house destroyed and her babies in prison! She walked around and around the cage, thinking, no doubt, "How near, and yet how

far away!" She called and called and called, but they could only wail in reply. Finally she stood still, and waited until one came to the bars. Instantly she seized him through the wires, without any regard to his feelings, and bore him off to a new hiding-place. Then she went back for another and another. They cried out pitifully, but that made no difference with her. She preferred pinching them some to losing them altogether. I think the poor mother had fairly earned her right to live and bring up her family away in that board-yard, where she could not do much mischief to anybody.

RESPECT FOR PARENTS.

If children could realize but a small portion of the anxiety their parents feel on their account they would pay far better respect to the parental wishes. A good child, and one in whom confidence can be placed is one who does not allow himself to disobey his parents, nor do anything when his parents are absent, that he has reason to believe they would disapprove were they present. The good advice of parents is often so engraven on the heart of a child, that after-years of care and toil do not efface it; and in the hour of temptation the thought of a parent has been the salvation of a child, though the parent may be sleeping in the grave, and the ocean may roll between that sacred spot and the tempted child. A small token of parental affection, borne about the person, especially a parent's likeness, would frequently prove a talisman for good. A Polish prince was accustomed to carry the picture of his father always in his bosom, and on any particular occasion he would look upon it and say, "Let me do nothing unbecoming so excellent a father." Such respect for a father or a mother is one of the best traits in the character of a son or daughter. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that it may be well with thee is the first commandment with promise," says the Sacred Book, and happy is the child who acts accordingly.

"SAY NO."

A boy's success in this world, and his salvation in the world to come, depend largely on his power to say "no." Man fell because he could not say "no" when temptation assailed him, and men are falling every day for the same reason. The men who have conquered the adversary and triumphed in the midst of temptation are the men who have power to say "No," and to stick to it when they have said it. Moses, refusing to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; Joseph, purging the temptations which assailed him; Daniel, who could not drink the wine of Babylon, though it came from the royal table;—these are the men who have proved more are held in everlasting remembrance. Learn to say "No," at the proper time, and let your no be like that of the woman whose boy, when advised to tease his mother to consent to something which she had refused, said: "When my mother says no there is no yes in it." Many a person says no, but there is, after all, a yes inside of the no. Let your yes be yes and your nay nay.—Christian at Work.

"Oh! ho! Afraid, hey! Plenty of grapes and too much of a coward to get them." "I'd rather be a coward than a thief, any day," and Harry Denton passed on. Not ten minutes after you might have seen a hatless boy dodging around the corner, sneaking away under an old shed, and peeping through a knot-hole to see if Dr. Burt had passed on. Which was the coward?

THE PERSE 1.—The Sappho... 2.—The pr... 3.—The charges...