

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

"HE CARETH."

What can it mean? Is it ought to him  
That the nights are long and the days are  
dim?  
Can he be touched by the griefs I bear  
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?  
About his throne are eternal calms,  
And strong, glad music of happy psalms,  
And bliss untroubled by any strife—  
How can he care for my little life?  
And yet I want him to care for me  
While I live in this world where the sorrows  
be!  
When the lights die down from the path I  
take,  
When strength is feeble and friends forsake,  
When love and music that once did bless,  
Have left me to silence and loneliness,  
And my life-song changes to sobbing pray-  
ers—  
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.  
When shadows hang over the whole day long,  
And my spirit is bowed with shame and  
wrong,  
When I am not good, and the deeper shade  
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,  
And the busy world has too much to do  
To stay in its course to help me through,  
And I long for a Saviour—can it be  
That the God of the universe cares for me?

O, wonderful story of deathless love!  
Each child is dear to that heart above:  
He fights for me when I cannot fight,  
He comforts me in the gloom of night,  
He lifts the burden, for he is strong,  
He stills the sigh and awakes the song;  
The sorrow that bowed me down he bears,  
And loves and pardons because he cares!  
Let all who are sad take heart again,  
We are not alone in our hours of pain;  
Our Father stoops from his throne above  
To soothe and quiet us with his love;  
He leaves us not when the storm is high,  
And we have safety, for he is nigh,  
Can it be trouble which he doth share?  
O rest in peace, for the Lord will care!  
—Marianne Farningham.

DIET AND DEVOTION.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

The Bible often reminds us that there is something better than medicine to prevent and cure sickness.

The celebrated French physician, Dumoulin, said on his death-bed, when distinguished men were regretting his departure: "My friends, I leave behind me three physicians much greater than myself." Being pressed to name them, each of the doctors supposing himself to be one of the three, he answered: "Water, Exercise, and Diet."

Another has said that the three best doctors are Doctor Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman. Longfellow said in one of his brief epigrams:

"Joy and Temperance and Repose,  
Slam the door on the doctor's nose."

Professor Chandler, Chairman of the New York Board of Health, in a recent address named the following as the best doctors:  
Pure Air, Pure Water, Wholesome food, Sufficient Clothing, Sunlight, Rest, Recreation and Watchfulness against contagious diseases.

Be sure, then, first of all, that you have the regular care of Dr. Diet, the Bible counts him so important even to religious people, that it makes 800 references to eating.

An old man, nearly one hundred years old, once said: "If you want to grow old slowly, eat slowly."

"A doctor is one whom we pay three dollars a visit for advising us to eat less and exercise more."

"Feed me till I want no more" may be allowable in a song about spiritual food, though of doubtful import even then; but surely it is not good physiology. Rather should we "always leave the table with an appetite that we may never sit down without one."

A New York man, when visiting at Boston, was invited by one of the people of culture to come to his home for a certain evening "to meet two minds." The New Yorker excused himself on the plea of a previous engagement to meet three stomachs. He preferred an "enterprise that had a stomach in it."

This reminds us that in many persons the animal nature is so much more powerful than the spiritual that the rattle of plates and dishes makes sweeter music than an anvil chorus. Even some Christians "over-eat their prayers." The ancient custom of fasting, certainly must, at times, be a valuable means of grace for both mind and soul to-day, since their relation to the body now is the same as when God so often commanded men to fast. In a slight sense of hunger from taking less food than usual men realize more fully their dependence on God, and in the lessening of digestive work, they are enabled to give the mind fuller and longer opportunity to think upon high and heavenly things. However, we would no more do all the fasting for the year in Lent, than all the praying. Both helps are needed all the year.

There can be no doubt that Englishmen and Americans eat more meat than is wholesome for

their moral nature. Nations which eat meat every day, and many of these people several times a day, are far more intemperate than others. Beef-tea is now found to be a stimulant for the sick, and is sometimes used in place of wine. So, excessive meat eating over-develops the passions, and leads often to wine or worse.

Dr. Oswald, in a recent series of articles on diet in the *Popular Science Monthly*, attributes the vices of boys in part, to this over-supply of animal food. He says tersely: "Hot-headed boys, especially, can be more effectually cured with cows' milk, than a cow's hide." If that is so, we shall believe the little girl who said in a composition, "A cow is the most useful animal in the world, except religion."

As to alcoholic drinks, the cold business statistics of the life insurance companies show that they punch out the years of our lives as a conductor does the miles from a mileage ticket. Strange that so many who would not commit suicide suddenly will do it slowly in this way! When Tom Sayers, the famous pugilist, was asked if he did not use plenty of ale and porter while in training for his prize-fights, he replied, "I'm no teetotaler; but when I have business on hand, there is nothing like cold water and the dumb-bells."

That reminds us of Dr. Exercise. We should be better Christians, more joyful and vigorous, if we were obedient to his prescriptions. Dyspepsia is a poor pedestrian; walk rapidly for an hour a day and you will soon leave him behind, and with the dyspepsia much of our spiritual despondency and consensiveness. Many a bearish Carlyle in the church needs a better stomach as well as a better heart. Lord Palmerston once said, "The outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man." He meant not only the liver and blood, but also the mind and soul, and he was right.

Dr. Repose is also an important physician in this exciting age. It is said that every fit of anger cuts off a year of life. Perhaps it does not always cut off as much as that, but tapping a nerve is well nigh as exhausting to the vital forces as tapping a vein. On the other hand Dr. Repose offers us "length of days." John Wesley on his 86th birthday, "his eye not dim nor his natural force abated," wrote in his diary that the three chief causes of his unusually prolonged vigor were: First, his life-long habit of early-rising; second, his habit of being much in the open air; third, his Christian repose of mind. "I dare no more to fret," he said, "than to curse and swear."

Dr. Pure Air is no less important than those I have mentioned. Mr. Beecher says that the school children of Brooklyn get only twenty-five feet of air when they ought to have two thousand. It is doubtless as bad in many of our cities. Professor Chandler says that the dangers from sewer gas are not exaggerated. That was a capital discovery that pouring oil of valerian into a wash basin in the upper story and elsewhere would reveal a sewer-gas leak in the plumbing, if there were cats about, as they are very fond of the strong odor of valerian, and will be sure to hasten to any point where it is escaping. Dr. Pure Air also teaches us to breathe through the nose, and thus filter the air of its impurities before it reaches the lungs.

Dr. Merryman is not to be forgotten in our health consultation. "A merry heart doth good like a medicine." One who lived almost a century gave this advice to those who would have a long life: "Go to your occupation smiling. Keep a good nature and a soft temper everywhere."

When one kills himself with food, or drink, or vice, or neglect, it is said that his time has come, and he was taken away by a mysterious Providence. Nonsense! He died by suicide before his time through a mysterious stupidity, or a deliberate disregard of the laws of health, or perhaps he was murdered by a plumber, or contractor, who to save a few dollars made a death-trap instead of a health-trap in the cellar. There are Herods who slaughter the innocents not by swords, but by imperfect sewers.

A great surgeon stood before his class to perform a certain operation which the elaborate mechanisms and minute knowledge of modern science had only recently made possible. With strong and gentle hand he did his work successfully, so far as his part of the terrible business went; and then

he turned to his pupils and said: "Two years ago a safe and simple operation might have cured this disease. Six years ago a wise way of life might have prevented it. We have done our best as the case now stands; but Nature will have her word to say. She does not always consent to the repeal of her capital sentences." Next day the patient died.

In order that we may serve God better and longer than we shall otherwise, we need to keep in mind that God's laws for the body are as binding upon us as those of the soul, and that deliberate disobedience to God's physiological command is as wicked as breaking the ten commandments. "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." (Rom. xii. 1).—*Christian at Work.*

THE BLIND POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

It is a remarkable fact that the extended and complicated details of the Post office Department of Great Britain are controlled by a gentleman who would seem to be disqualified for the position on account of blindness.

Prof. Henry Fawcett is one of the most extraordinary men who ever took part in an English administration. He is totally blind, having lost his sight, when a young man at Cambridge, by the explosion of a gun. Notwithstanding this painful drawback, which would have incapacitated most men from taking part in public life, Mr. Fawcett has shown a power of study which has resulted in his being one of the best informed men of his time. He is a distinguished political economist, a profound mathematician, and widely read in all matters of history and literature. Perhaps the most singular of his accomplishments, considering the fact of his being a blind man, is his dexterity as an angler, he being able to handle the rod and fly with extraordinary success. In the House of Commons, he is greatly respected by all parties. An attendant guides him to the door, and there ready hands are always to be found to direct the sightless minister to his place. He is a sound and lucid, if not a very attractive, speaker, having a wonderful command of facts and figures, which thanks to his acute memory, he masters with marvelous rapidity and retentiveness. Mr. Fawcett has of course many devoted friends to help him, and is also blessed with a peculiarly accomplished wife, whose attainments in literature and science are almost as great as his own.

Mr. Fawcett has displayed remarkable vigor ever since he was appointed to the office of Postmaster General. His policy is one of solid, practical reform; and in his own person he represents, perhaps more than any other public man now living, the strong, enlightened common sense of the English nation. No minister who ever had charge of the Post office has, in the space of time during which he has been in power, effected so many useful changes in his department as Mr. Fawcett has done. He introduced a new system of money-orders, or checks for small sums, which has proved of great advantage to the public; and not less valuable has been the plan by which the Post-office receives stamps as deposits in savings banks, an innovation successfully introduced in order to carry out Mr. Fawcett's favorite and excellent idea of offering to the poor every possible facility for practicing the virtue of thrift. He is also contemplating cheaper telegrams, and a new and improved parcel post.—*Christian Weekly.*

TRUE WISDOM.

A man may know all about the rocks and his heart remain as hard as they are; a man may know all about the winds, and be the sport of passions as fierce as they; a man may know all about the stars and his fate be the meteor's, that, after a brief and brilliant career is quenched in eternal night; a man may know all about the sea, and his soul resemble its troubled waters, which cannot rest; a man may know how to rule the spirits of the elements, and know not how to rule his own; a man may know how to turn aside the flashing thunder-bolt, but not the wrath of God from his guilty head; he may know all that La Place knows, all that Shakespeare knew, all that Watt knew, all that the greatest geniuses have known; he may know all mysteries and

all knowledge, but if he does not know his Bible, what shall it avail? I take my stand by the bed of a dying philosopher as well as of a dying miser and ask of the world's wisdom as of the world's wealth, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

I despise not the lights of science; but they burn in a dying chamber as dim as its candles. They cannot penetrate the mist of death, nor light the foot of the weary traveller on his way in that valley through which we all have to pass. Commend me, therefore, to the light which illumines the last hour of life; commend me to the light that irradiates the face of death; commend me to the light that, when all others are quenched, shall guide my foot to the portals of that blessed world where there is no need of the sun, and no need of the moon, and no need of any created lights; for God and the Lamb are the light thereof. Brethren, leave others to climb the steeps of fame; brother, sister, put your feet upon the ladder that scales the sky; nor mind though your brows are never crowned with the fading bays, if you win, through faith in Jesus, the crown of eternal life.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

A FRIGHTENED SAILOR.

Many a jolly tar who would be a brave hero should be called to stand to the cannon's mouth, will grow pale at the sight and sound which suggests a supernatural visitor.

In the year 1847, on a dark and windy night, the American barque *Croton* was leaving Havre, France. An order was given to haul out the earing of the main topsail. As this was the duty of the first mate, that officer came forward with alacrity. He had, however, gone but half-way up the rigging when he suddenly turned and ran down to the deck. Pale and trembling he stammered out,—

"Cap'n, I—I—can't! there's something—a voice there talking to me!"

Surprised, but incredulous, the captain sent the second mate to do the job. But he had gone scarcely farther than his superior when he too beat a retreat. It began to look a little serious, and the captain called, "Come boys, who'll go? Any one of you?"

None volunteering, he turned to a quiet fellow, the youngest sailor of the crew, and asked,—

"William, do you dare go up and haul out that earing?"

"Yes, sir," said William "I'll do it, sir."

William went! but when not more than half-way up the ladder he heard a deep, loud voice, apparently directly above his head, say,—

"It blows! It blows hard, don't it?"

The brave boy wisely arguing that so long as the ghostly intruder did not lay hands on him, he was safe, continued up the rigging. He let the earing go, and heard the "That's well," from below. Making all secure he was nearly ready to make the descent, when again he heard the voice, which seemed to say right by his head. "It blows hard, don't it?"

Peering up into the darkness, and holding fast with his left hand, he reached with his right in the direction of the sound. To his surprise he seized something that cut his forefinger so that he felt the blood flow down his wrist and sleeve.

The voice screeched, growled and groaned; something scratched and flapped at his face. But holding it fast and descending as best he could with but one hand to help, and such a struggling companion, he reached the deck.

His captive was an old African parrot, gripping with her beak the hand of poor William.

Poll had been a stow-away in the rigging, and had heard the sailors say to one another, when the relief at the wheel came round early after dark,—

"It blows hard, don't it?"

The Captain when this mystery was unravelled, said, "Well, William, if you don't want old Poll, I'll give you ten dollars for her."

William, having enjoyed enough of her company, willingly struck the bargain.—*Youth's Companion.*

SWEET MINDED WOMEN.

So great is the influence of a sweet minded woman on those around her that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort; one soothing touch of her kindly hand works wonders in the feverish

child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister do much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business, and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cosy sitting room, and sees the blaze of the bright fire, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences which act as the balm of Gilead to his wounded spirit, that is wearied with combating with the stern realities of life. The rough school boy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with its own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast; and so one might go on with instance after instance of the influence that a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

GRANDMA'S SUNDAY.

Tell you about the Sundays,  
When I was a little girl?  
When my hair, like yours, was golden,  
And hung in many a curl?  
In those old-fashioned days, dear,  
The Sabbath seemed begun  
On Saturday, for resting came  
Near setting of the sun.  
The house was clean and peaceful,  
And all the work was o'er;  
The very broom was hanging up  
Behind the kitchen door.  
And then when Sunday morning came,  
'Twas not like other days:  
The sun seemed shining down on us  
With softer, brighter rays.  
And did we go to Sunday school?  
Oh, yes, and had to say  
Much longer Bible-lessons  
Than children have to-day;  
Whole chapters we would "learn by heart"—  
(I see your eyes are wide)  
We did not stop at Golden Texts—  
And catechism beside.  
Then to the meeting-house we went,  
In sunshine or in shower;  
And we must sit the sermon through  
The long, old-fashioned hour.  
And that was God's own house to me,  
A sacred, reverend place—  
I think, my dear, that children now  
Are lacking in this grace.  
I think that I was glad to hear  
The fervent, last Amen;  
But I thought our minister the best  
And holiest of men.  
And when we turned us home again  
(The elder folks before),  
We spoke not of the music,  
But the sermon was talked o'er.  
Oh, yes, it all was different,  
And not like modern ways;  
But I know we kept the Sabbath,  
In those old-fashioned days.

ARCHIE'S PRACTICAL GEOGRAPHY.

Forty years or more ago, a little curly-headed boy used to listen eagerly while his mother told him stories of the sea, which she had heard from her sailor-cousin, Horace Smith. It was better than any story out of a book. Horace had actually sailed around the world!

"I think it ought to say something about him in the geography," said Archie. "It asks, 'who sailed around the world?' and the answer is 'Capt. Cook and Capt. King.' Why don't it say Horace Smith, too?"

"Oh!" replied his mother, "the geography can't tell of all who have done it. It only speaks of some of the first ones."

"Well," persisted Archie, "I want folks to know that some of my relations have done it, too." And if all the boys and girls in school didn't know it, it was not because Archie didn't tell them often enough.

He went on a journey with his father and mother, and the cousins where they visited were in school, so Archie went with them. He was a smart, bright scholar, and the teacher invited him to recite with the others.

The geography class were in the same lesson he and his mother had talked about, and he was fairly delighted when the question came to him, "Who sailed around the world?" In a loud, clear voice, that all in the school-room might hear, he answered it—

"Capt. Cook and Capt. King, and mother's cousin, Horace Smith.—*Youth's Companion.*"

"MY SMOKE-HOUSE."

A man who lives in Albany, and whose business is that of a clerk, said that he had lately built a house that cost him three thousand dollars. His friends expressed their wonder that he could afford to build so fine a dwelling.

"Why," said he, "that is my smoke-house."

"Your smoke-house! What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that twenty years ago I left off smoking, and I have put the money saved from smoke, with the interest, into my house. Hence I call it my smoke-house."

"Now, boys we want you to think of this when you are tempted to take your first cigar. Think how much good might be done with the money you are beginning to spend in smoke. What would you think of a man who, to amuse himself, should light a paper twenty-five cents and watch it burn? Is it any more sensible to take for your quarter a roll of old, dry, brown leaves, light it, and see it smoke?—*Exchange.*"

"Then you understand it my child? Tell me what it means to have a meek and quiet spirit."

"To be 'meek' means to be gentle when people are rough to you, just as Jesus was when the soldiers and people were cruel to him. Don't you remember he was just as lovely as ever?"

"And what is it to have a 'quiet spirit,' Annie?" said I.

"To have a 'quiet spirit,' I suppose, is to take just what God sends. If he lets the sun shine so I can go out to play, its all right; and if he makes it rain so I can't, it's all right; and if I'm sick, it's all right; and if I'm well, it's all right, too."

"Is it easy to feel so my child?" said I wonderingly, longing to have more of the same childlike trust myself, as I looked at the sweet, contented child-face.

"O, yes, sir; it's easy ever since I knew how much God loves me. If you think he doesn't care about you, it's so different!"

"But you think God can't hurt any one whom he loves, child?"

"O, no, sir—any more than you or I could; and a great deal less too, for God is always loving and good."

"But does he never make any mistakes, Annie?" said I, wishing to hear what answer she would give.

"I shall never forget the look of wonder upon the dear little face as she answered: 'He wouldn't be God, sir, if he ever did wrong or made any mistakes.'"

I bade her good-bye, and rode along the road carpeted with white daisies and golden buttercups, with Annie's simple, earnest words ringing in my ears all the way:

"God wouldn't be God if he ever did wrong or made any mistakes."—*Well-Spring.*

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