

Our Home Circle.

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

BY FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.—Psalm xiv. 14.

Just to let thy Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still;
Just to follow hour by hour,
As He leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth.

Just to trust Him, this is all!
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, what's ever befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to let Him speak to thee
Through His word,
Watching that His voice may be
Clearly heard.

Just to tell Him everything
As it rises,
And at once to Him to bring
All thy surprises.

Just to listen and to stay
Where you cannot miss His voice,
This is all! and this to-day,
"Communing, you shall rejoice."

Just to ask Him what to do
All the day,
And to make you quick and true
To obey.

Just to know the needed grace
He bestoweth,
Every bar of time and place
Overfloweth.

Just to take thy order straight
From the Master's own command.
Blessed day! when thus we wait
Always at our Sovereign's hand.

Just to recollect His love,
Always true;
Always shining from above,
Always new.

Just to recognize His light,
All unfolding;
Just to claim its present might,
All upholding.

Just to know it as thine own,
That no power can take away;
Is not this enough alone
For the gladness of the day?

Just to trust and yet to ask
Guidance still;
Take the training of the task
As he will.

Just to take the joy or pain
As He leads it;
Just to take the loss or gain
As He sends it.

He who formed thee for His praise,
Will not miss the gracious aim;
So to-day, and all thy days,
Shall be moulded for the same.

Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things;
All we cannot understand,
All that stings.

Just to let Him take the care,
Sorely pressing;
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing.

This is all and set the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best;
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of His promised rest.

A DROVER'S EXPERIENCE.

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and live miles and miles away, upon the western prairie. There wasn't a house within sight when we moved there, my wife and I; and now we have not many neighbors, but those we have are good ones.

One day about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as I ever saw. I was to buy some groceries and drygoods before I came back, and above all, a doll for our youngest, Dolly; and she never had a shop doll of her own, only the rag babies her mother had made her. Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the gate to call after me to "buy a big one." Nobody but a parent can understand how my mind was on that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in a paper and tucked in under my arm, while I had parcels of calicoes and delaines, and tea and sugar, put up. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning; but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about the doll she was so anxiously expecting.

I was mounted on a steady-going old horse of mine and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down as dark as pitch while I was in the wildest bit of road I knew of. I could have felt my way through, I remembered it so well, and it was almost that when the storm that had been brewing broke, and the rain pelted in torrents, five miles, or may be six from home, too. I rode on as fast as I could; but suddenly I heard a little cry, like a child's cry. I stopped short and listened; I heard it again. I called and it answered me. I couldn't see anything. All was dark as pitch. I got down and felt about in the grass; called again, and again I was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid; but I was known to be a drover, and to have money about me. I thought it might be a trap to catch me, and then rob and murder me.

I am not superstitious—not very—but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, and at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of a coward that hides itself in men showed itself in me then, and I was half inclined to run away; but once more I heard that piteous cry, and said I: "If any man's child is bereft, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it lie here to die."

I searched again. At last I thought me of a hollow under the hill, and groped that way. Sure enough, I found a little dripping thing that roaned and

sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and it came to me, and I mounted, and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mammy. It seemed tired to death, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom.

It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake; but when I got into the door-yard, I saw something was the matter, and stood still with dead fear of heart two minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbors, and my wife amid them weeping. When she saw me she hid her face.

"Oh, don't tell him she said, 'it will kill him.'"

"What is it, neighbors? I cried. And one said, 'Nothing now, I hope. What's that in your arms?'"

"A poor lost child," said I. "I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint." And I lifted the sleeping thing, and saw the face of my own child, my little Dolly.

It was my darling, and no other I had picked up upon the dark drenched road.

My little child had wandered out to meet "daddy" and doll while her mother was at work, and they were lamenting her as dead. I thanked God on my knees before them all. It is not much of a story, neighbors, but I think it of often in the nights and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road—the little baby cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp.—*Christian Woman.*

WHAT IS THE HARM?

I have heard many young people ask the question, "What is the harm in dancing?" and perhaps some of you may be asking the same question today. I would that I might answer it in such a way as to make you see and understand the danger that lies in the seemingly innocent pastime.

My dear young friends, you have listened to the call of the Saviour, accepted him as your atonement, and have felt a new, blessed love spring up in your heart. You have felt that you must come out from the world, and be numbered among God's people, and so have publicly consecrated yourself to the Lord; but when the first surprise and joy is over you find that the work of grace is not complete in your heart, do you not? There lingers a love of worldly pleasure, and you cling to it; you cherish it, questioning what can be the harm in mingling with the same gay companions in the social dance and other amusements.

Let me ask you a few questions, and will you not candidly consider them, and let your best judgment answer? Do you find that these things tend to draw you nearer to the Saviour? Are you daily growing in Christian grace, and in the knowledge and love of God? Do you think that you can take Christ with you into the ball room? and is it any place for the Christian where his presence is not desired? Do these things help you? If not, they must hinder. And even if you can do it without harm to yourself, which I do not believe, think of the influence it may have on unconverted ones. Perhaps you have some friend whom you would see on the heavenly road; perhaps you have been conversing with that one, and trying to persuade him to accept Christ. Do you think he should meet you next in the dance room the guest of the gay, perhaps? Would your influence over him for good be deepened by it?

I know of a young lady who, at one time was seriously concerned for her soul's welfare, and was seeking the way of salvation. About the same time the young people of the place commenced a series of dances, to which she was invited, and which she attended. What was its influence upon her? There were several professed Christians—church members—among the number; and led on by their example, and her own love of dancing, she recklessly gave herself up to the pleasures of the season, cast aside the convictions of her soul, turned a deaf ear to the pleadings of her conscience, and to-day she is drifting on the sea of life, with no anchor for her sin-tossed soul. Would you stand in the place of one of those young Christians? And yet you may, by your example, be a stumbling block in the way of some soul. Oh, my dear friends, I would that I might make you see the evil of indulging in these worldly pursuits, as I have seen it!

It draws us away from God, and destroys our relish for purer, holier things. It is of the world, worldly; and are we not told, "Be not conformed to this world," but "come ye out, and be ye separate from the world," being "in the world, but not of the world?"

Does the "world" think the better of us for it? Nay, verily, they look with scorn and contempt upon the inconsistency of such an one—seeking to serve the world and Christ. Ye can not do it—can not serve God and mammon. If we are to serve the Lord, let

us do it with our whole souls; if the world, then let us give our energies to its service. Do not let us be half-way Christians.

Do you realize in any measure what your Saviour has given up for you? and will you not for the sake of Christ, whom you profess to serve, lay yourself at his feet, and give up all—even this?

DIPLOMACY AS A PROFESSION.

Mr. H. S. Northcote, M. P., opened the winter session of the Exeter Literary Society with an interesting lecture on "Diplomacy as a Profession." The true function of a great diplomatist, he said, was to prevent the occurrence of any great question of quarrel. It was his business, being on the spot, to observe when the question threatened to come to a quarrel, and to prevent that quarrel breaking out; he had to avoid the creation of mole hills into mountains; and for that purpose the presence on the spot of a man who had seen the origin of a quarrel, who knew local feeling and opinion, and knew whether the quarrel was a real or a sham one—the presence at a Court of such a man was of incomparably superior value to the presence of the ablest European statesman who had not the same local knowledge. Discretion and reticence undoubtedly were qualities of the first importance.

How to hold his tongue was the diplomatist's first lesson. He would also have occasionally to make a little knowledge go a long way, in which he would not be very singular. But he had never known a case in which a lie did the smallest permanent good. If a man of high moral character were to stoop to use a lie he might obtain a temporary advantage, but his credit and reputation, and his chances of future usefulness, would be ruined. Therefore, on the simple ground of self-interest, a diplomatist, like other men, although he might occasionally hold his tongue and not say all he knew, would always find it the best plan never to say one word that was not strictly and absolutely true.

He defended the service from the charge that it was a "close preserve for the younger members of the aristocracy," by showing that only men with large private fortunes could afford to adopt the profession. A junior secretary, after working two years for nothing, was paid \$750 a year. After four or five years' additional service he became a second secretary with \$1,500 a year, and at the end of twenty years he might be made a secretary of legation or embassy, with \$3,500 a year—just enough for a single man to live on. If the country could get men of ability and intellect to serve it on these terms he did not think that the bargain was a bad one—on the side of the country. After ten years' additional service the diplomatist might at last be made a Minister, with from \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year; but after thirty years' service in exile, the prize was not an extravagant one, especially when they reflected that a Minister at a foreign court was supposed to keep "open house" for his countrymen.—*London Times.*

FARM LIFE.

There is a vast amount of sense in the following. Listen:
"On a recent Sunday evening the Rev. Washington Gladien had a talk with the boys of Springfield, Mass. By way of preparation he sent out a circular to one hundred of the most conspicuous business men, inquiring about their homes during the first years of their lives. He received eighty-eight answers, and of these seventy-four replied that they had the training of a farm life. It is a hard life, but it is an independent life; it is favorable to religious growth and a cultivation of Christian graces; and what is of less consequence—it is the coming aristocracy of the profession of the country. Corporations fail, manufacturing becomes dull, store-keepers cease to do business, and the hum of the factory is stilled; stocks go down and the banking houses close; but throughout panic and disaster the earth yields its fruits to the frugal and industrious laborer. There is a narrow tendency manifested by those engaged in professional life to underestimate the importance of life on a farm; it is considered a half-alive and dead sort of existence, but what can be dearer than the impecunious, hard-worked clerkships in the city, with exacting duties and little or no time for letters or recreation? The hope of the country next to religion, lies in its small farms, and consequently in bringing up the rising generation to work the farm. Two remarks in conclusion: We have enough high schools and colleges—it is better to strengthen those that remain than to establish new ones, save in a new country; secondly, bring up your children with just ideas of the independence, the resources, the utility of life on a farm. Farm life means hard work, but there is always time for rest and recreation, such as is offered by no other occupation. If we could turn half our lawyers, doctors, clerks, and some ministers into farmers, the country would be the gainer every year.—*Dirigo Rural.*

"GODLINESS WITH CONTENTMENT GREAT GAIN."

"It is no use talking to me," said a lady to a friend who was urging upon her the duty of contentment with her lot in life; "just see how I have to live in this dingy, dirty street, in this mite of a house, and even this, small as it is, not half furnished. Don't talk to me about going to church and social gatherings; I've got nothing decent to wear, indeed I have not. I should be ashamed to be seen beside my sisters, and you even, kind as you are to call on me and try to get me out, would not like to introduce me as 'your friend.' Thinking how it used to be, and how it is now, comparing my situation with sister Mary's and sister Jane's; is it any wonder that I am discouraged and have lost all ambition? No, I do not think myself to blame; I can not help it, and it's no use to try."

This was a very discouraging case to deal with, but the Christian friend who had searched her out, and called upon her, was not easily discouraged. She had the best of reasons to hope and work, for her heart was strongly drawn toward her, both in sympathy and earnest prayer, and she believed God would answer the prayer he himself inspired. So she labored on, calling often, saying pleasant, cheering words when such seemed to be specially needed, at another urging upon her the claims of Christ, and her great need of having him as her friend and advocate. At last her reward came. Going to the little home one day, what a change was there! Christ had entered in and made the place glorious.

"Oh, my friend," said the now joyful woman, "I can not tell you how happy I am! My home is so comfortable, my husband so very kind and thoughtful; how dreadfully I must have tried him with my fretful complaining. See how my plants are thriving, and how the sun shines into my kitchen in the morning, and how pleasant my little parlor is in the afternoon! Why, it seems as if I had gained everything with Christ! A new heart, a new home, new eyes and new ears!" Yes, contentment came with godliness, and was indeed great gain.—*Selected.*

STORY OF AN ICEBERG.

The following wonderful story of the iceberg comes in connection with the terrible narrative of Captain Hall's expedition in the "Polaris":

One more effort was made to reach the Polar Sea. When that failed, the "Polaris" started for home. A few days later (in August, 1878) she was beset with ice and drifted to latitude 77 degrees and 35 minutes. Here a portion of the crew left her. There seems to be a suspicion that they deserted, but according to their own story they were employed getting provisions out upon the ice, in expectation that the ship must go to pieces in a gale, when the ice broke up and the Polaris was driven from her moorings and disappeared in the darkness. It is a wonderful story of the nineteen persons left on the ice which the telegraph brought us at the time. For more than six months they drifted southward through the Arctic night. Occasionally they launched the boats they had with them, and tried to pull toward the Greenland coast, but they were driven back to the floe. A portion of their provisions had been saved, and they eked them out by killing occasionally a seal or a few birds. Snow huts gave them a little shelter. The fat of the seals fed the fires and lights. The ice upon which they floated was five miles in circumference when they parted from the ship on the 16th of October. It was reduced in April to a little fragment of twenty yards in diameter, when they were picked up by the Tigriss, forty miles from the coast of Labrador. How terrible this icy voyage had been we may imagine by a glance at the map. They were driven from a ship far up Baffin's Bay, somewhere near the entrance of Lancaster Sound. They were rescued well out in the open ocean, about the latitude of Liverpool. Of the fate of the Polaris, in which were Captain Fuddington, chief navigating officer, and thirteen others, nothing yet is known.

THE BEST PROFESSION.

There is many a Christian student now in our colleges who, if he will decide to enter the "high calling" of a laborer for souls, will keep a hundred thanksgiving days for having chosen the better part. The more a minister loves his work the more he enjoys it. We see the sad and depraved sides, and we are kept in contact with the most rich and soul-elevating truths in the universe. Yes, we are brought into the daily fellowship of the Divine Teacher, the Elder Brother, the Holy Comforter. Jesus comes to us in our studies. His countenance shines on our Bibles. He glorifies by his smile the bluest cabin in which a frontier missionary is preparing his message of heavenly love. To save a soul is a luxury Gabriel might covet. "Your heaven is two heavens to me," said Rutherford to his spiritual children whom he had led to the Saviour.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

The Rev. Dr. Deems relates the following story as illustrating the exhortation "Let your light so shine." He says that the Rev. Mr. Compton, an earnest English preacher at Boulogne, on a voyage to India, sat one dark evening in his cabin, feeling thoroughly unwell, as the sea was rising fast, and he was but a poor sailor. Suddenly the cry of a "man overboard" made him spring to his feet. He heard a tramping overhead, but resolved not to go on deck, lest he should interfere with the crew in their efforts to save the poor man. "What can I do?" he asked himself, and instantly unhooking his lamp he held it near the top of his cabin and close to the bull's eye window, that its light might shine on the sea, and as near the ship as possible. In half a minute's time he heard the joyful cry, "It's all right, he's safe," upon which he put his lamp in its place. The next day, however he was told that his little lamp was the sole means of saving the man's life; it was only by the timely light which shone upon him that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him.

Dear brother, put your light where it will shine beyond your own little cabin.

When the by-law for abolishing "Shops" or grocers' licenses in Canada was being discussed in this town, preparatory to taking the vote which resulted in its adoption, much stress was laid by those dealers upon there being no provision for compensation. This was evidently having weight at a public meeting called to discuss the question at issue, when a white haired Methodist minister arose and asked, "Who is to compensate the widows and orphans, or the parents made childless by the traffic? Who is to compensate me for my blue-eyed boy?" That settled the question.—*Church of England-Mag.*

Our Young Folks.

CHILDREN CAN SERVE CHRIST.

The boy that carried the five loaves and two fishes was of some service to the benevolent and wonder-working Saviour.

A little boy once said to his mother "I should like to have lived in the time of our Saviour that I might have done something for Him."

His mother smiled, and said: "What could a child of your years have done for Him to prove your good will?"

The little boy thought a moment, and then said: "I would run everywhere doing His errands."

Now this boy could still serve Christ by giving his little savings to translate, print and circulate Bibles and Testaments. The Lord Jesus could still see him do it and still remember all he did for heathen boys and girls.

LITTLE MATTIE.

She was about four years old when I first knew her. A broad forehead, large blue eyes, straight nose, a sweet, quivering mouth, and a skin so transparent that you felt you could look through and see the soul, of which you caught a glimpse in the eyes.

Poor little Mattie had a drunken father. Her mother went out washing and working to support the family, and her brother and oldest sister (for there were seven children) worked in a mill, when the owner could find anything for children to do. Many a time, when out of work, they went to bed without having eaten anything the whole day.

When Mattie's father had been drinking, he would come home and beat his children cruelly. After awhile he was taken ill, and the doctor said he would not get well. He was ill for months and her mother had to stay home and nurse him; so she could not earn money. What her brother and sister earned had to be taken to buy her father medicine. There came a time when the children had been a week without anything to eat, and Mattie, dear little Mattie, cried pitifully, "Mamma, Mattie wants some bread, Mattie's so hungry!" The mother, who had sorrowed over her starving children, could not withstand this piteous appeal, and went to a neighbor's to ask for food.

The father died and was buried, and their mother went diligently to work. But it was too late. Mattie, the fair, frail little flower, drooped and faded. Starvation had done its work. "The doctors said she hadn't enough to eat," as her sister mournfully said in relating it. Five years old, and started to death! Think of that, children in your comfortable homes. Little Mattie had slept under a grass-covered mound for five years, but there are thousands like her around you, probably at your very door. "Too proud to beg, too honest to steal," their mothers would be glad to get work.

Children, will you not save the piece of bread you throw away, or wastefully crumb up at the table, to give to such? And at night when you kneel by your mothers to pray, after thanking God for your comfortable homes, ask a blessing for the dear little children whose mothers have no bread to give them.—*MARY F. LATHROP in Christian at Work.*

Sunday School

LESSON VIII.—

JACOB AND PHAROAH

I. Joseph's Recount His meeting with Pharaoh in graphic terms in Gen. 29: 80). His out-tending the tender affection towards his father's separation. But receive his brethren's love shows that every possible resource was not exhausted. They were very busy with his own poor uncultured people with whom he was called to be a father; but he did not neglect the nobility of his times leave the home, or some life, until their claims are very near relatives always act like humble friends? We see a sign of a weaker foolish pride to origin or of his any of us be very despising or of old friends, elder, worse class selves. Joseph—the centre of culture in those ashamed to accept brother of sinners and to present to make the face court.

II. Pharaoh was what might be called a good and wisely. He was a prime minister, a distinguished man, the most perfect in his day, and what did he do for his origin was? He was called for to be honored for his service, but he doubted the worth of that which was the great blessing of his life. But more than the deep gratitude of his country—repay—but he doing something for him. He felt that too good for the world, and how much he loved his brethren, Pharaoh for them; he was a Pharaoh. Let us learn from friends respect them as

III. The Pharaoh—doubt we dwell in leading such a braiding him and probably old a man. old art very pilgrimagedicating his that his day had been of which we heard words are his acter which himself to grims soj try—and tcription of New Testa patriarch the king of which Phara accepted. ing a ene, tive of the be held by Jacob wit was more of true friendline look that fore him, the sorrow the wrink years; the true-heart And the paid simp more than kindness upon Ph respect at envious, boundless had show

IV. Th did not and breath taking of himself to see the new home supplied diction of mission son and nishes up of filial us ende painted who hav ing to p