

Home Circle.

The Good Time Coming.

'Tis coming up the steep of time,
 And this old world is growing brighter ;
 We may not see its dawn sublime,
 Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter ;
 We may be sleeping in the ground,
 When it awakes the world in wonder ;
 But we have felt it gathering round,
 And heard its voice of living thunder.
 'Tis coming ! yes, 'tis coming !

Tis coming now, the glorious time,
 Foretold by seers and sung in story ;
 For which, when thinking was a crime,
 Souls leapt to Heaven from scaffold's glory :
 They pass'd, nor saw the work they wrought.
 Now the crown'd hopes of centuries blossom !
 But the live lightning of their thought
 And daring deeds, doth pulse earth's bosom.
 'Tis coming ! yes, 'tis coming !

Freedom ! the tyrants kill thy braves,
 Yet in our memories live the sleepers ;
 And tho' doomed millions feed the graves
 Dug by death's fierce, red-handed reapers,
 The world shall not forever bow
 To things which mock God's own endeavor.
 'Tis nearer than they wot of now,
 When flowers shall breathe the sword forever,
 'Tis coming ! yes, 'tis coming !

Fraternity ! love's other name !
 Dear, Heaven-connecting link of being !
 Then shall we grasp thy golden dream,
 As souls, full-statured, grow far-seeing.
 Thou shalt unfold our better part,
 And in our life-cup yield more honey ;
 Light up with joy the poor man's heart,
 And love's own world with smiles more sunny.
 'Tis coming ! yes 'tis coming !
 —Gerald Massey.

Will I Be Like You, Papa ?

Papa had come home, and the children were glad no see him: for he played delightful games with them, and told them wonderful stories. He loved his family, and though he had learned to look upon the wine when it was red, yet he was a kind and tender father to his children.

The family was in the sitting-room, and little six-year-old Freddie climbed on his father's knee and asked him all sorts of questions, and talked of what he would do when he was a big man, and asked if he would be like papa then; and finally, after looking long and seriously into his father's face, the boy inquired:

"Papa, when I grow up to be a man, will my nose be red like yours, and my face all swelled?"

The reddened face flushed yet redder, the tears started from the father's eyes, as he drew his boy to his bosom, and said in tones that thrilled the heart of the wife and mother with a strange new joy:

"No, Freddie, please God, you won't be like me when you get to be a man; and neither will your father, my boy, for from this hour he will lead a sober life."

A new light had dawned upon the father's mind. He had not thought of his little boy being like him; and that thought stirred his heart as it had not been stirred by sermon or oration, entreaty or exhortation. And yet whose example should a child follow if not his father's? Let fathers take heed to their ways, and walk in paths where their children may safely follow them. —*Christian Safeguard.*

Crossing The Bar.

[BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.]

Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea.

But such a time as ocean seems asleep,
 Too full for sound or foam,
 When that which drawn from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark.

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face 'o face
 When I have crossed the bar.

The Secret of Health.

Don't worry.
 Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

"Simplify!" "simplify!" "simplify!"
 Don't overeat. Don't starve. "Let your moderation be known to all men."

Court the fresh air day and night, "Oh, if you knew what was in the air."

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction.

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."
 Think only good thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is."

Avoid passion and excitement. "A moment's anger may be fatal."

"Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe. Trust the Eternal."

Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease."

"If you know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."—*Laws of Life.*

The Story of Rodgers.

A few years ago, on any sunny morning, a heap of filthy rags might be seen stretched on some of the lales of a paper warehouse in a neighboring city, with a strong smell of stale tobacco and whisky hanging about it. Turning it over, as you would a log, you would discover the swollen, purple face of what had once been a handsome young man; but there was little hope that the bleared eyes, or thick tongue, would give you an intelligent answer.