

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

IN HARBOUR

I think it is over, over— I think it is over at last: Voices of foeman and lover, The sweet and the bitter have passed; Life, like a tempest of ocean, Hath outblown its ultimate blast.

I feel it is over, over— The winds and the waters surcease: How few were the days of the Rover That smiled in the beauty of yester! And distant and dim was the omen That hinted redress or release.

I know it is over, over— I know it is over at last: Down sail! the sheathed anchor uncover: For the stress of the voyage has passed: Life, like a tempest of ocean, Hath outblown its ultimate blast.

PAUL H. HAYES, in Harper's for July.

CHURCH HOMESICKNESS.

After Polly and I had got fairly settled in our new home, we found to our disappointment that there was no church of our own particular denomination within its precincts. Churches there were in abundance—high and low, broad and narrow, but none professing the faith in which we had been baptized.

"Well," said Polly bravely when I had made known the unpleasant discovery, "I'm truly sorry, but it can't be helped, and after all, it is but a little differing in a few non-essential forms—it is the same Lord. Perhaps," she added a little wistfully, "we may make a few friends in whatever church we may attend."

Not, be it understood, that Polly or I had or have any desire to use the church simply as a medium for acquaintance-making. Indeed, we are quiet, reticent people, living very much within ourselves. Our lives have been so filled with the enforced practice of that often unsatisfactory gymnastic exercise known as trying to make both ends meet, that we seem to have but little time for casual acquaintanceship.

"Or," Bro. B., good morning. An excellent sermon, wasn't it. A stranger? Oh, no; I have sat under Mr. Faithful's preaching for the last ten months; your face and name are perfectly familiar to me, so you must pardon the seeming liberty."

"Or," Sister C., I wish you'd shake hands with my wife. She, like myself, is a perfect stranger, and I think she would enjoy having said something to her about the weather or the sermon," etc., etc.

And in thinking it over, it has occurred to me that such a voicing of my thought might not be a bad idea to carry into actual practice. It would certainly have the idea of originality. Yet of what good to sing with unctious, if, as to our recognition of the stranger within our gates, we are tongue-tied? And I am not altogether sure but I shall astonish the members of the Second Denominational Church, on some future Sunday by breaking the ice myself. Would you?—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

many of its members by sight, and being ignorant of their names, have invested a few of them with ideal names. Not ideal either. Tracing a resemblance of feature or form to certain church friends whom we knew in other days, we speak of such certain ones as of our friends themselves.

"Was Mrs. Smith at church this forenoon?" Polly often asks—the lady thus indicated having the exaggerated Roman nose and majestic profile of a former neighbor.

"Yes," I answer, "she sat with Mary Fessenden and old Mr. Jones. Charley Gregory was there too," perhaps I add, and thus we derive a shadowy satisfaction in our make-believe recognition of our brothers and sisters in the Lord. I know it may seem rather childish fancy to the many, yet it is in part an outgrowth of the instinctive sense of isolation that we may feel even among the multitude.

Now I know full well that every one has his or her own particular interests and cares as well as friendships. Comparatively few think how the commonest courtesies may cheer a homesick heart. Fewer still, while bearing their own special burden, realize how easy it is to lighten for some one else the load of church homesickness by a gracious greeting or a hearty hand-shake in the church vestibule.

Then again, church people are hedged about with conventionalities. We often receive a bow of recognition from the sexton as we pass out or in, and that is something. But I often notice that one of the regular occupants of the pew in which we sit, sometimes gives me a half-hesitating bow on the steps, as though doubtful as to the propriety of recognizing a person to whom he has never been introduced.

And so Sunday after Sunday, Polly and I pass out of the Second Denominational Church, as utter strangers to those about us as when we first entered it. And I myself am conscious of a strong feeling of church homesickness, as I witness the friendly and neighborly greetings which go on about us, while we pursue our solitary way out of the house of our common Father.

Now this is no peevish cry emanating from the religious touchiness which, seeking notice, is ever on the look out for real or fancied slights. Dear me, no indeed! If my sabbatical feeling of homesickness should voice itself suddenly and unexpectedly in the vestibule of the Second Denominational Church, it would take no more aspiring form than something like this: "Bro. A., I've been attending this church for almost a year, and I know you very well by sight. I wish you would shake hands, just to see how it would seem."

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HOW A SMOKER GOT A HOME.

I began to chew at the age of twelve. A few years later I commenced smoking. The practice grew upon me till I was smoking a large portion of the time except when asleep. At length I united with the church, and very soon abandoned the filthy habit of chewing tobacco. I still, however, enjoyed the cigar.

Just at this time I met a friend, who, with a countenance beaming with love, said, "It don't look well to see a member of the church smoking." "You are right," said I, and taking the cigar from my mouth threw it into the gutter. That was the last cigar I ever smoked. I was eman-

ated from a slavery worse than Egyptian bondage. I now deposited the money I had been so long squandering for tobacco, in the Seamen's Bank for Savings. I will tell the boys what I did with it, that they may see how unwise and inexpedient it is to commence the expensive, demoralizing habit of smoking or chewing tobacco.

We had long lived in the city, but the annual visit of the children to their grandfather's, made them long for a home among the green fields. I found a very pleasant place for sale. There were over two acres of land, with abundant shade and fruit trees, a good garden, a fine view of Long Island Sound—near the academy, churches and schools, and a convenient distance from New York. The cigar money was drawn upon to purchase the place, and it is mine.

I wish the boys who are tempted to smoke could see how the children enjoy their new home, as they watch the great steamers and vessels with their white sails as they course along the Sound. Sometimes over a hundred are seen at one view.

Just before or after a storm we hear very distinctly the roar of old Ocean. It is then that we think of the perils of the sea, and realize the dangers to which the children are also interested in the horse, cow, calf, and chickens. They enjoy their plays and sports on the green grass, which give them health and happiness.

My smoking was moderate compared with that of many, only six cigars a day at 6¢ cents each, equal to \$136.50 per annum, which, at 7 per cent. interest for forty-nine years, amounts to the small fortune of \$51,719.99. This has afforded means for the education of my children, with an appropriate allowance for benevolent objects.

Great as this saving, has been, it is not to be compared with improved health, a clear head, and a steady hand at the age of three-score and ten, and entire freedom from desire for tobacco in any form. L. P. Hubbard, 80 Wall street, New York City.

RESISTING EVIL.

I would not affirm that we ought to resist everything that is new. Evil does not always come in that form, nor are good things to be resisted because of their novelty. But we ought always to resist evil, because we take our stand upon the word of the living God, and the question ought always to be asked, when we are in doubt as to what course we are to follow or what view we are to adopt, "What is the teaching of the word of truth?" Whatever that teaching may be, it is incumbent on us, and however we may have cherished the plan that is opposed by the word, that plan must be opposed by us. Alas, that it is so common with men, that when the choice must be made between their own arrangements and God's arrangements, they will so often choose their own! The natural man that is in us will stand by the evil choice, and make it worse year by year. But some friends may ask, Are you sure you know everything that is in the word of God? No, we do not claim that we have got the full depth of the meaning of the word of God, but we are sure that that word is not contradictory. When a New England farmer strikes out into the far West he cultivates the soil, and by dint of untiring energy may at length amass means sufficient for the maintenance of his family and the education of his children. It may be that one of his sons has gone from home and has meanwhile made himself proficient in the science of mineralogy and metallurgy. Upon his return he finds a piece of quartz, and discovers that the farm will produce gold in paying quantities. The treasures that he reaped at first were his, and now the deeper hidden treasures are none the less his. So it is with this book. As we come day by day into fuller comprehension of its hidden riches, we shall treasure it more, but we shall never find it contradictory. So I say unto you, that we may go on more surely into the broad sunlight of God's truth, and that we may attain to a fuller comprehension of the infinite riches of His word, resist the beginning of perilous things.—Dr. John Hall.

NEITHER BRANDY NOR MORPHINE.

When the converts on the day of Pentecost began to tell what God had done for them, certain

cavilers present at the meeting sneered, and said it was "new wine" that ailed them. There are people enough now who will admit no better explanation of spiritual fervor and high religious sensibility. A Southern surgeon in the late war was candid enough, however, though an infidel, to see something more than artificial exhibition in a Christian's dying triumph.

One day, during the fighting around New Hope Church, three mortally wounded Mississippi soldiers were brought into the hospital together, who, by a strange coincidence, belonged to the same Church at home, and the same regiment in the field. What the surgeon could do for them was soon done, and they were left to the attention of the chaplain.

He went from one to the other, and found them all rejoicing in the sustaining love of Christ. Their happy frame of mind and dying utterances were so striking that he called the surgeon back to look and listen.

"Do you do account for that, Doctor?" he asked as they stood near the cot of one of the men. "O, that's the effect of a dose of spirits I gave him," replied the doctor.

"What is that?" asked the chaplain. "That's morphine. I gave him some an hour ago."

Then the chaplain took him to the third. This soldier had been a man of marked piety, and his joy as he met death was nothing less than a devout ecstasy. There was a foretaste of heaven on his face, and his last words were hymns of victory. This time the unbelieving surgeon had no reason of his own to give. He gazed long at the helpless but happy patient, and shook his head.

"Well, chaplain," said he, "I must say this time that I don't understand it. That man puzzles me. I couldn't make him take morphine or spirits. He said he wanted to die in his right mind. I tell you, chaplain," he continued with tears in his eyes, "I have no faith in your religion, but when my time comes, I'd give all I'm worth to be able to die like that."

That was about what Balaam said more than thirty-three hundred years ago. It is the involuntary prayer of all who despise the gospel, but covet its last blessing.—Boston Watchman.

HOME MISSIONARY WORK.

It was a gray, windy afternoon—such a one as March dispenses frequently—splendid for kites and welcome to the boys, but not so agreeable to ladies who wish to go out and make calls. Mrs. Ellis felt quite justified in undertaking some work which she had been deferring until she should have an afternoon free from many interruptions. She was clever and popular, and her house was conveniently placed for the running in of callers, and therefore her leisure was liable to be invaded.

"I'll just go over those accounts and straighten them out," she said to herself, "answer Sister Katie's last letter, write to Jennie Wells about the formation of an Auxiliary at Briarhedge, and rip my brown silk apart, so that it shall be ready for the dress-maker."

Books and papers spread upon the desk, the inkstand open, the pens in order, and Mrs. Ellis, who had an aversion to such work, fairly in the midst of it, when the door-bell rung. Presently Miss Sparks was announced. Miss Sparks, of all people. The duldest, slowest, most monotonous of women, always going over the same story of sickness, of neglect, of discouragement. Always complaining that the minister never came to see her, and acknowledging that his wife did, but that wasn't the same thing you know; a body wants to see her pastor, and talk of experimental religion and receive advice and sympathy, and really Mr. Ames did not cross her door once a year, and old Domine Riker—he, when a-live, used to come every few weeks and never left without praying with her; but she knew she wasn't situated as she was when dear father was living and could pay for one of the best seats the sanctuary, etc., etc. Always telling how badly the young people of this generation behave, and how much flirting there was in the choir, and how probable it was that Cleanthe Dingwall's engage-

ment to Squire Holden's grand-son would be broken, etc., etc.

Mrs. Ellis sighed when she heard her visitor's name. The wind came howling around the corner of the house, and the blinds rattled as if they had the ague. The bronze clock on the mantle, with its sweet far-away cathedral chime, struck the hour of three. The fire was burning cheerily in the grate, a red glow at its heart, and light blue flames playing over its top. Mrs. Ellis said:

"Here's an end of my afternoon," and felt cross. But presently a better thought stirred in her mind. "This neighbor of mine is not a happy woman. She is lonely, she has few resources, she is growing old, and she has not many to love her. I will accept what has come in my way, and try to make her hour with me a pleasant spot in her day."

So the round-faced, cheery, sunshiny lady, went to meet the sharp, angular, sour-visaged lady, with a cordial hand and a welcoming smile. And though the accounts were not balanced nor the letters written nor the brown dress ripped that afternoon, so long did the visitor stay, yet I think it was home missionary work which Mrs. Ellis did, and fairly to be counted among that which the Lord will recognize when He shall say, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."—Christian Intelligencer.

HER ONLY ONE.

"Good dame, how many children have you?" Then, with a loving and troubled face, Sadly she looked at an empty place: "Friend, I have two."

"Nay, Mother," the father gravely said: "We have only one; and so long ago He left his home, I am sure we know He must be dead."

"Yes, I have two; one, a little child, Comes to me often at evening light; His pure, sweet face and garments white, All undefiled."

With clear, bright eyes and soft, fair hair, He climbs up on his mother's knee, Folds baby hands and whispers to me His evening prayer."

"The other, he took a wilful way, Went far out West, and they link his name With deeds of cruelty and shame. I can but pray, And a mother's prayers are never cold; So, in my heart the innocent child And the reckless man, by sin defiled, The same I hold."

"But yet I keep them ever apart; For I will not stain the memory Of the boy who once prayed at my knee, Close to my heart."

The man he grew to will come again; No matter how far away he roams, Father and mother will bring him home— Prayers are not in vain."

The stranger stood in the broader light, "Oh, Mother! oh, Father!" he weeping said, "I have come back to your side, to tread The path that's right."

And so the answer to prayer was won; And the father wept glad tears of joy, And the mother kissed and blessed her boy, Her only one. Mary B. Burnett, in Independent.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A SHORT PRAYER. Jesus, Saviour, bow thine ear, Deign a little child to hear. I am sinful, frail, and weak; Make me humble, lowly, meek; Purify my little heart, Make me holy, as thou art, That, from evil passions free, I may live to honor thee. Selected.

THE MEN WHO WIN, BOYS.

It is not the men of great talents often who do the great work of the world. It is the men who have trained their working powers the best. The great-est engineer in England was a man of only medium talents; but he was a giant in principle. He gave himself wholly to it when a task was to be done. If a mountain was to be pierced and a roadway made through its heart; if an "impracticable and impossible" bridge was to span a chasm or valley, he would shut himself up for a few days in his room, and scarcely eat or sleep while he turned the matter over and over in his mind. At the end he would come out smiling with his plans all clearly laid and his hand ready to set to work and carry them out. Those who wish to be great men and women, in the truest sense, must learn to be great workers, both with brain and hand. The two must go together, or they will accomplish nothing of importance to themselves or the world. Train the working power to its utmost capacity if you desire to make your mark in the age in which you live.

DOING AND BEING.

A young girl had been trying to do something very good, and had not succeeded very well.

Her friend, hearing her complain said:

"God gives us many things to do, but don't you think he gives us something to be, just as well?" "O, dear! tell me about being," said Marion, looking up. "I will think about being, if you will help me."

Her friend answered, "God says: "Be kindly affectioned one to another."

"Be ye also patient."

"Be ye thankful."

"Be not conformed to this world."

"Be ye therefore perfect."

"Be courteous."

"Be not wise in your own conceits."

"Be not overcome of evil."

Marion listened, but made no reply.

Twilight grew into darkness. The tea-bell sounded, bringing Marion to her feet. In the fire-light Elizabeth could see that she was very serious.

"I'll have a better day to-morrow. I see that doing grows out of being."

"We cannot be what God loves without doing what he commands. It is easier to do with a rush than to be patient, or unselfish, or humble, or just, or watchful."

"I think it is," returned Marion.—India Watchman.

ONLY A PIN.

"Only two or three days ago an overseer in the mills found a pin which cost the company about three-hundred dollars!"

"Was it stolen?" asked Susie. "I suppose it must have been very handsome. Was it a diamond pin?"

"Oh, no, my dear, not by any means. It was just such a pin as people buy every day, and use without stint. Here is one upon my dress."

"Such a pin as that cost three-hundred dollars!" exclaimed John. "I don't believe it."

"But mamma says it's a true story," interposed Susie.

"Yes, I know it to be true, and this is the way the pin happened to cost so much. You know that calicoes, after they are printed and washed, are dried and smoothed by being passed over heated rollers. Well, by some mischance, a pin dropped so as to lie upon the principal roller, and indeed became wedged into it, the head standing out a little way upon the surface.

Over and over went the roller, and round and round went the cloth, winding at length upon still another roller, until the piece was measured off. These were not examined immediately, but removed from the machinery and laid aside.

When at length they came to be inspected, it was found that there were holes in every piece throughout the web, and only three-quarters of a yard apart. Now in each piece there were from thirty-five to forty-five yards, and at twelve cents a yard that would count up to about five hundred dollars.

Of course, the goods could not be classed as perfect goods, so they were sold as remnants, at less than half the price they would have brought had it not been for that hidden pin.

Now, it seems to me, when a boy takes for his companion a profane swearer, a Sabbath-breaker or a lad who is untruthful, and a little girl has for her playmate one who is unkind or disobedient, or in any way a wicked child, they are like the roller that took to its bosom the pin. Without their being able to help it, often the evil influence clings to them, and leaves its mark upon everybody with whom they come in contact.

That pin damaged irreparably four thousand yards of new print; but bad company has ruined thousands of souls for whom Christ died. Remember 'one sinner destroyeth much good'; therefore avoid evil companions.—Child's Treasury.

Duff, the African missionary, was about to begin a gospel service in a Boer farmer's house, when he noticed that none of the Kaffir servants were present. To his request that they might be brought in the Boer replied roughly, "What have Kaffirs to do with the gospel? Kaffirs, sir, are dogs." Duff made no reply, but opened his Bible and read his text, "Yes, Lord; yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs." "Stop!" cried the farmer; "you've broken my head. Let the Kaffirs come in."