#### OUR HOME CIRCLE.

" ENOUGH."

I am so weak, dear Lord! I cannot stand One moment without Thee;
But oh, the tenderness of Thine enfolding! And oh, the faithfulness of Thine upholding! And oh, the strength of Thy right hand! That strength is enough for me.

I am so needy, Lord! and yet I know All tulness dwells in Thee; And hour by hour that never-failing treasure Supplies, and fills in overflowing measure, My least, my greatest need. And so Thy grace is enough for me.

It is so sweet to trust Thy Word alone, I do not ask to see The unveiling of Thy purpose, or the shining Of future light on mysteries untwining : Thy promise-roll is all my own-Thy Word is enough for me.

The human heart asks love. But now I That my heart hath from Thee All real, and full, and marvellous affection; So near, so human! Yet Divine pe fection Thrills gloriously the mighty glow!

Thy love is enough for me.

There were strange soul depths, restless, vast, and broad, Unfathomed as the sea, An infinite craving for some infinite stilling; But no . Thy perfect love is perfect filling ; Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God, Thou, Thou art enough for me.

### SO AS BY FIRE.

Aunt Eleanor was sitting before the grate at the twilight of a winter's evening, with folded hands - something unusual for her. They were clasped above two letters. Her peaceful face was lighted up by a smile, and her eyes had a far-away,dreamy look, which spoke of the past, rather than the present.

"What is it?" I asked gently. "You look as though you had seen a vision.'

"I was thinking of my boy Frank," she replied, turning toward me.

Now Aunt Eleanor had been a widow and childless these many years, yet her heart and affections had never grown old or shriveled, because of her afflictions. Her "boys" and her "girls" were numbered by the dozen, who loved her kindly sympathy, who gave her full confidence, and were better all their lives for thus knowing her and giving heed to her wise counsel.

"Did I ever tell you of him?" she added after a pause.

" No, I think you never did." "Then I will now, if you like, for a short time ago I came upon two of his letters tied by themselves, which have stirred old memories like a review day. I found him when I was teaching school in S-, and boarding in a crowded, unhomelike boardinghouse. He was shy, and acknowledged kindnesses or favors in a surprised way that was quite touching. I was drawn to him, I suppose, because it was quite plain he needed help. Left motherless very young, and perhaps worse than fatherless, it is not strange that he went wrongformed bad habits. I knew he needed the Friend above all others to lift him up and strengthen him. My endeavor and daily prayer was to lead him to this Friend. After a while he appearner ever knocked in vain. At this critical time, business called him to live in a distant city. For to be a bona fide commercial house long interval of silence, came a Lloyd. No such house exists. dreadful letter. Something of the feeling of pain it gave me, it

Just listen to a few sentences:"

holy and happy. The reason of I am down now.'

Aunt Eleanor raised her eyes and said vehemently

"I wish I could shout these of some just dallying with evil, than those designated Lloyd's. and arouse them to a sense of their danger. Then, by God's of the Exchange, on your right grace, they might arise and free hand you perceive two of those themselves, before the deadly toils folding doors which are used in of a bad habit are fairly closed all public rooms, and which around them."

tinued, "to speak of a lovely and at the top of these, on a glass girt on whom I knew his fondest window of about one foot and a friendship of such as she and you Lloyd's in black paint. won't stimulate a man to pure and

supplication for cleansing his sculpture. prayer. Told him that Christ To the right of the Huskisson tion, any habit; that he seemed tains' Room," and the space be ters with my prayers, and rested | right-hand side of the lobby wall. the case with the Lord, who wil-

lay them upon him.' "Months, five or six of them, many a helpless, struggling soul | the direction of the wind. has appropriated — 'Take my heart, for I cannot give it to thee; brought me so much joy and devout thanksgiving as this. Glad, happy tears filled my eyes as I knelt to make grateful acknow-

and an-wers prayers.' "Where is he now, auntie?" I asked, as she relapsed into si-

ledgment to the God who hears

lence. prosperous business man, whose religion is for every-day use, and whose suburban home is a paradise of domestic happiness and ferred to. harmony. Unto the Lord be all the praise."—Selected.

# LLOYD'S.

Everybody who has seen a ship has certainly heard of Lloyd's

L'oyd's List is apparently the work of ubiquity. It is a compilation of facts gathered from every port in the world to which a British merchant sends his advened seriously to set about seeking | turous bark, laden with the proa new life. I felt that he was duce of British industry; the convery near to the kingdom at tents having been collected whose portals no repentant sin- through great enterprise and at great expense.

Lloyd's is commonly supposed a while occasional letters told he | under the management of some was doing well, and then, after a | wealthy merchant prince named

patronymic, was the keeper of a annual subscription, which enawakens now, as I think of it. coffee house in Cornhill, where titles them to the privilege of shipowners, merchants and others She drew from its envelope interested in commerce, used to one of the letters she held and convene and insure each other's vessels against those casualties of writers. Assistants to any of the "'I've all gone to the devil, fortune to which men who trust soul and body. I've forsaken God, their property on the sea are so home, friends, and everything liable. This was a mere mutual which helps to make a man pure, protection club. It was not until early in the eighteenth century this is that I formed slavish, de- that it assumed an organized form, basing habits in my youth which and became the foundation of one have become my masters in later of the most imposing corporations years. I have prayed over them in London. Although the reason and tried to overcome them; at did not exist for the coffeehouse times I have almost succeeded, but | keeper's name being in any way connected with the society, it has always been retained.

There are few fairer buildings in the great city than the Royal sentences from the house-tops, Exchange, and few more imposing that they might startle the ears rooms under its imposing roof

As you enter the eastern gate swing backward and forward as "He went on farther," she con- the in-comer or out-goer pleases; hopes centered, adding, 'when the half deep, you see the word

Passing these, you find your noble actions, he ought to go to self at a grand staircase, up and sweet life. Plant the crabapple toys. He is well now, but he of the laws of woman's nature, a the one you have given me- behell. I can't express the con- down which busy, bustling gent- where you will, it will never bear never forgets the Mission of the greater injury to her physical and cause God says we mustn't." lemen, with hands full of papers, pippins.

"For days, some of these vio- and placid, smiling, fat gentlemen lent expressions seemed written with umbrellas under their arms. in the air; I could read them on are continually moving. The the walls of my room, and they stair is capacious, being nine feet would ring in my ears in the broad, and consisting of three darkness of night-'all gone to flights of steps, at the top of the devil,' 'ought to go to hell,' which you are confronted by etc. Most fervently did I plead another glass door, which opens before God for this sin-sick soul. into a spacious lobby on the right-I knew there was help in none hand of which stands the colossa other, save in the name of Jesus. statue of Mr. Huskisson, erected That the young man so evidently in honor of that minister for his felt the defilement of sin instead commercial policy, by the memof glorying in it, made his case bers of the mercantile interests more hopeful. I could not give represented at Lloyd's. Vis a vis him up. In a few days I wrote with that of the British minister The tireless hands are at rest at last, him, and I firmly believe that the is a statue of Prince Albert, Lord took my pen, as I asked him awarded to him for laying the to do, so weak and helpless did I foundation stone of the New Royfeel in myself. I told Frank in al Exchange. It is a beautiful my letter, to take the 51st Psalm, work of art, and much admired by and on his knees make David's those who are connoisseurs of

was stronger than any tempta- statue is the door of the "Capnow to be in the 'far country' youd that again has been railed where the prodigal was when he off and converted into a portmancame to himself, and that like the teau, walking-stick, cloak and hat prodigal, he should arise and go receptacle, filled with brass hooks to his father. I followed the let- arranged along the rest of the

Right in front of the grand enlingly bears all our burdens if we trance is the door of the "Merchants' Room," and in the centre of the left-hand side is the passage passed before any response came leading to the "Underwriters' from my boy, and then it was only Room." The lobby is somewhat a line which said, 'I am doing enlivened by the presence of two better.' In reply, I sent him that clocks, one pointing out the hour little prayer of Fenelon's which of the day, the other indicating

The captains, merchants and underwriters constitute the memkeep it, for I cannot keep it for | bers of Lloyd's, and when we enter thee; and save me in spite of my- | into the inner apartments we see self, for Jesus Christ's sake.' A | these gentlemen in all the bustle few weeks later came another let- and importance of business. A ter which told that indeed he was | little beyond the door of the "Una free man in Christ Jesus, that derwriters' Room" you are met by the help of a loving Saviour | by a railing called the "bar," he had been enabled to break the beyond which strangers are not fetters which bound him to indul- allowed to pass, unless under the gences he loathed, that now he protection of a member. When a was a rejoicing, trusting child of stranger wishes to converse with the kingdom. He seemed to ful- a member he gives his name to a ly realize that the work was not porter, who immediately calls it "Nature well known no mystery remains," his own, that in himself there was out; it is then repeated by anno might. No other letter ever other officer, who walks up and down the room, and the gentleman, if present, comes to meet the person who seeks him.

A little beyond the bar are two large manuscript folio volumes, standing open, with an account of there. all the daily ship arrivals, and a description of all the accidents | men and women who swarm our | his work, and by prayer and sup-"Living in a Western city, a ing taken place at sea, and from and girls—and introduce them which is published the arrival deshipping intelligence already re- them when they have ripened in-

The "Underwriters' Room" is a spacious and splendid chamber, about one hundred feet long and forty broad, having an arched roof, through the glass of which the light falls softly. The floor is occupied with chairs and tables boxed off in tap-room fashion; one row of which boxes runs up the centre of the room, and two others along the walls. Four or five hundred men can sit comfortably here and transact business. The men who chiefly frequent this room are of a mixed character, being merchants, insurance brokers, and underwriters. The underwriter pays an entrance fee and an annual subscription, besides signing the trust deed, which renders him responsible for his share of the company's debts, before he can obtain a proprietorship in Lloyd's. Merchants and Mr. Lloyd, the original of the insurance brokers pay only an his mother, "and I will write a transacting business in that assume the functions of under- in a nice basket. members of Lloyd's can be introduced by the payment of the established subscription into the "Underwriters' Room."

The under writer's business consists in insuring ships and cargoes against all the risks which they run in their transit from shore to shore; that of the insurancebroker in effecting insurances upon his own property, or that of some merchants for whom he acts as agent. The merchant subscribes to this establishment that he may have ready access to all the mercantile information which is so accurately and abundantly supplied by this active, busy corporation. In the afternoon, from two to four o'clock, every man is in his place in the great room, and business is at its height.

The man who gets drunk for the third time in Sweden, is deprived of his right to vote.

A sour heart will never make a

### THE FARMER'S WIFE.

The farmer's wife sits beside her loom, In the fading eventide; The shadows deepen around the room, But her heart is aglow with pride, For her husband to-day has taken the prize From the lord of the manor's hands, For the tenant whose land the fairest lies, And whose home the brightest stands.

And she knows that the farmer's toil alone Could never the prize have won, Though the seed was sown, and the crops

Had she had not her own share done. The little ones all are sleeping now, And never a care has she,

As she watches her husband's tranquil brow,

With the sinile he loves to see The loom for a time is still. As her mind reverts to a stormy past, That was calmed by a firm, strunch will-Her husband's will, and her love sublime,

His dauntless heart and her own,

Have enabled them many a hill to climb,

That neither had scaled alone. And he knows it well, for he says at length " Ah! Mary, the cares of life Are easily borne if we have the strength That comes from a faithful wife. And she blushes and smiles, as in days gone

And she gives him the hand he won When she was a simple maiden shy. And he was a peasant's son.

# CHILDREN AT WORSHIP.

The question is often asked. how shall we get the masses to attend public worship? The answer may be supplied by an incident of my toyhood.

On the mantle shelf of my grandmother's best parlor, among other marvels, was an apple in a bottle. It quite filled the body of the bottle; and my wondering inquiry was, how could it have been got into its place?

By stealth I climbed a chair to see if the bottom would unscrew, or if there had been a joint in the glass throughout the length of the vial. I was satisfied by observation that neither of these theories could be supported, and the apple remained to me an enigma and a mystery. But as it was said of that other wonder, the source of the Nile,

so was it here. Walking in the garden I saw a vial placed on a apple, which was growing within the crystal. Now I saw it all. The apple was put into the bottle while it was little and it grew

which have been reported as have streets—we call them boys plication sought mercy and life. within the influence of the church, partment of the celebrated list of for alas! it is hard indeed to reach to carelessness and sin.—Spurgeon. | in his power and grace.—N. Y.

### THE MISSION FOR THE SICK.

Roger Deland was sick. He was just sick enough to be cross His picture book fell off the bed. His play things hid under the bed-clothes, and Roger cried. His mother read aloud to him, but he did not like the story. Then ers. Ministers are degraded, and she told him the true story about the "Mission for the Sick."

"Kind ladies met in a hall," she said, "and took with them fruit, flowers, and good things for sick men and women, and dear little children." Roger was pleased. He thought about the mission some time. Then he said, "I wish I could send my rose" bush in the little red pot.

"You can if you wish," replied note for you." Roger's eyes grew bright. His mother wrote, "Roger Deland sends this rose to some room. Of course they cannot sick child. Then it was sent away

> Three days after the flower was sent the postman brought Roger a note. It said:

" Dear Little Boy,-I am lame. I can never walk. My mother goes out washing. I am alone all day. I used to cry. I never cry since the rose-bush came. I sit in my chair and watch it. I thank you, and mother does too. I learned to write before I fell down on the ice. My mother cannot write, but she will ask God to bless you. She can work better, for the rose keeps me company. Mother used to cry, too, when I was left all alone.

"The rose will grow for ever, she says. I hope it will not die. "My mother says if it does not

die in the pretty pot, the goodness will keep growing. I shall not let it die.

#### "Your friend, MARY BRENNAN."

When Roger's mother finished reading the note, her little boy Sick .- Our Little Ones.

# MARTHA.

Yea, Lord! Yet some must serve, Even at thy dear feet. Wrapped in devotion sweet May sit apart !

Yea, Lord! Yet some must bear The burden of the day, Its labor and its heat, While others at thy feet May muse and pray

Yea, Lord! Yet some must do Life's daily task-work; some Who tain would sing must toil Amid earth's dust and moil Where lips are dumb!

Yea, Lord! Yet man must earn, And women bake the bread, And some must watch and wake. Early for others' sake. Who pray instead ! Yea, Lord! Yet even thou

Hast need for earthly care,

I bring the bread and wine

To thee, a guest divine-Be this my prayer.

NEAREST WAY TO HEAV-EN.

When Mr. Whitefield was preaching in New England, a lady became the subject of divine grace, and her spirit was particularly drawn out in prayer for others. She could persuade no one to pray with her but her little daughter about ten years. After a time it pleased God to touch the heart of the child and give her the hope of salvation. In a transport of joy, she then exclaimed: "Oh, mother, if all the world knew this! I wish I could tell everybody. Pray, mother, let me run to some of the neighbors and tell them that they may be happy and love my Saviour." "Ah, my child," said the mother, "that would be useless, for I suppose that were you to tell your experience, there is not one in many miles who would not laugh at you, and say it was all a delusion." 'Oh, mother," replied the little girl, "I think they would believe me. I must go over to the shoemaker and tell him; he will believe me." She ran over and found him at work in his shop. She began telling him he must die, that he was a sinner, and she was a sinner, but that her blessed tree, bearing within it a tiny Saviour had heard her mother's prayers, and had forgiven all her sins, and that now she was so happy she did not know how to tell it. The shoemaker was struck with surprise, and his tears flowed Just so must we catch the little down like rain. He threw aside The neighborhood was awakened, and within a few months more

# PRINCIPLE PAYS.

Observer.

than fifty persons were brought to

a knowledge of Jesus and rejoiced

The devil makes sharp bargains. and persons who attempt to cheat him are likely to get outwitted. No matter what he offers or promises, in the long run those who deal with him are sure to be loschurches and societies are disgraced, by selling themselves to the world for pattry gain. And while they may secure a temporary advantage, they are sure in the end to lose much more.

Some parties in Pittsburg, Pa., who were interested in a Sunday concert, thought to give popularity to their enterprise by advertising that a part of the proceeds would be given to a certain benevolent society which the ladies had organized for the improvement of the poor. The concert was held, and the shekels were gathered in, and subsequently \$100 from the promptly declined to receive mon-tions.

ey obtained in any such way. One of the ladies afterwards told her husband what the managers had done, and asked his opinion on the subject. Turning to his desk, he wrote a check for a thousand dollars, and turning to his wife said, "That is what I think of your action. Hand that to the treasurer of the society." This is about the way sensible business men look at the subject. And the sooner churches and ministers and Coristian workers of all kinds wash their hands of these blessed trauds and humbags, and put away from them the gains of looking meekly up at her mother, unrighteousness which they have too often been ready to accept, the sooner will they have the blessing of God, and the hearty support best reason that can be given. and co-operation of his servants. What God commands we are -Christian.

# FASHIONABLE WOMEN.

Fashion kills more women than looked very happy. After that toil and sorrow. Obedience to he sent little Mary some of his fashion is a greater transgression let your answer be the same as mental constitution than poverty | Selected

at her tasks will live and grow old and see two or three generations of her mistresses fade away. The washerwoman, with scarce a ray of hope to cheer her in her toil, will live to see her fashionable sisters die all around her-The kitchen maid is hearty and strong, when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby. It is a sad truth that fashion-pampered women are almost worthless, for all the ends of human life; they have but little force of character: they have still less power of mental will, and quite as little physical energy. They live for no great purpose in life; they accomplish no worthy ends. They are only doll forms in the hands of milliners and servants, to be dressed and fed in order. They write no books: they set no rich examples of virtues and womanly life, If they rear children, servants and nurses do all save give them birth, and when reared, what are they? What do they ever amount to but weak scions of the old stock? Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child exhibiting any virtue or power of mind from which it became eminent? Read the biographies of our great and good men and women. Not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprang from a strong-minded woman, who had about as little to do with fashion as the changing clouds. The trite saying, "A man may say too much, even on the best of subjects," will answer here. "If I had not lifted up the stone you had not found the jewel.'

and neglect. The slave woman

### OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WHAT ARE YOU GOOD FOR?

"Children," said Mr. Brown what is my watch good for?" "To keep time," the children answered.

" But suppose it can't be made o keep time, what is it goodfor?" "It is good for nothing," they eplied.

And what is this pencil for?" "To mark with," said the children.

"But suppose it has no lead, and will not n.ark, what is it good

"Good for nothing." "Well," said Mr. Brown, "what is the use of my knife?" " To cut," answered the little

"Suppose it has no blade," he asked again, "then what is the knife good for ?"

" Gool for nothing." "Tell me now," said Mr. Brown, 'what is a boy or girl' good for ? What is the chief end of man?" "O, that's catechism," cried Willie Brown. "To glorify God,

and to enjoy him forever.' "Very well; if a girl or boy does not do what he or she is made for, what is he or she good for?" And the children all answered. without seeming to think how it would sound, "Good for no-

thing." Dear boys and girls, if you are not seeking "to glorify God and to enjoy him forever," is it not just as if you were good for nothing? -The Christian.

# GOD SAYS WE MUSTN'T.

As a mother sat reading to her three children, she came to a story of a naughty boy, who had stolen apples and pears from an orchard near his father's cottage. After reading part of the story, accordproceeds was presented to the lady ing to her usual practice, she managers of this society, who made a pause to put a few ques-

> "William," she said, "why ought we not to do as this naughty boy did? Why ought we not to steal apples and pears?"

> "Oh!" replied William, "because they do not belong to us." "And what do you say, Robert?"

> "I say, because if they caught us, they would be sure to send us to prison.'

'And now, Mary, it is your turn to give a reason. Say dear, why ought we not to steal apples and pears, or anything else?

"Because," said little Mary, because God says we mustn't."

"Right, love," said her mother, "that is the true reason, and the bound to do; and what he forbids we are bound to leave undone. 'Thou shalt not steal,' are his own words. If ever you are asked, by any one you know, why you should not do what is wrong,

PAULS

ACTS After sp or two year to Syria, h Landed at C went up to to Antioch he started sionary jou years), as lesson,

Apollos.

Alexandria disciple of ted in the e faith, but e 54, during t Paul, he wa doctrines and Priscil ed with gre at Corinth. the care of Cor. 3: 6. he was the to the He Greeian car by and nam Great, B. C the island seven wond had one of ()00 rolls) city was a about 120 city of Cairo tant city of 2 significant of which follow introductory ed by Christ baptism of th of John's rise ciples now Christ, v. 5, by the desc Ephesus, a C the East; car Asia; situate sea; in Paul ted buildings ana, one of t world. (2) the largest of out of rock u Orion; built of holding 50 Stadium or e 200 feet wid wrestlings, fi etc. Ephesu

Departed, o journey, In and in succes they be carr Mighty in the \*ament : lear the letter and the prophets. as far as he ki knew all th work of Chris to have know Christ or of th Spirit on the heard, they and perceive knowledge. ble, willing t ful and read " minded" fine specime recommendat the hardest t coasts, old hence, "inh Acts 18: 23. receive the since'] ye be have, etc., or did not hear t. given, as the gitts. John's after him, Joh fairly implies did not of nee bestowal of with tonques. phesied, preach 2:17.

THE

Readingtwo The Independe what I did to dying calla Visiting one of daying out of d keg in the mor er to be cared As it is one o was given me. as much as and kept it in spring, when held six quart dirt and water grew nicely. tered it with deed, I gave that is till th the end of each five blossoms in the fall, be plants in the he son it was pu ly. The leav tender they ha long sticks to breaking them I thought I wo did, give it a r like bush, but down. It was ever it rained. the calla thri when we pay than in summe to February, a

Li has twenty !