OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE WILD : WEET BRIER.

I love the flowers that come about with spring, And whether they be scarlet, white or thue, It mattereth to me not anything,

For when I see them full of sun and dow. My heart doth get so full with its delight, I know not blue from red, nor red from white.

So netimes I choose the hily, without stain-The toyal rose sometimes the best I call, Then the low daisy, dancir g with the rain, Doth seem to me the finest flower of all; And yet if only one could bloom for me-thow right well what flower that one wou'd b

Ten so I think my native wilding brier, With bina Whithhis four leaves, and stem

Could, with ust sweetness, give me my d. sire, Ay, all my life long give me sweets en ugh ; For though she he not vaunted to excel, The in all modest grace aboundeth well.

And I would have no whit the less content, Because she hath not won the post's voice, To pluck her little stars for ornament,

And that no man were poorer for my choice Since she perforce must shime above the rest In fomely looks, because 1 love he. best !

When fancy taketh wing, and wills to go Where all selected glories blush and bloom. I search and find the flower that used to grow Close by the dopr-stane of the dear old house. The flower whose k itted roots we did divide For and transplanting when the mother died.

All of the early and the latter May, And through the windless heats of middle

June, Our green armed brier held for us day by day, The morning cool sees till the afternoon, And every bird that took his grateful share, Sang with a heavenlier tongue than other where.

And when from out the west the low sun - hone, ft used to make our pulses leap and thrill, To see her lift her shadow from the stone,

And push it in amoug us o'er the sill-O'erstrew with flowers, and then push softly in As'if she were our very kith und kin.

So, seeing still at evening's golden close This shadow with our childish shadows blend We came to love our simple four-leaved rose, As if the were a sister or a friend. And if my eyes all flowers but one must lose, Our wild sweet-brier would be the one to choose Alice Carey.

THAT TROUBLE WITH JACKSON.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

' Are you a Christian, please ?' a plainly-dressed but intelligent-lookang furmer asked of a stranger, who chanced to sit beside him on the low, pine-board seat-during the services at the Hatfield camp-meeting. mear the track of the Connecticut River Railroad, one afternoon last aummer.

The closing hymn had been wafted by the balmy breez s up through the thick interlacing branches of the whispering pines, the benedic-Cion-had been pronounced by a venerable, white-haired preacher, and each person interested in the gracious work going on had turned to epéak some awakening word to his meighbor.

"I don't really know,' replied the man thus kindly addressed. 'Somecinges I think I am, and sometimes I think I'm not. I try to be, but o apany annoyances in life cross my path, I lose my temper, and then 1 thick I have very little, if any, of

'At last 1 heard my break one who pretended to any religion. horn blow and 1 started for home. The relations of the characters were

As I went along up the meadow 1 of the most abnormal kind. telt so unstrung and heartsore 1 The scenes were sensational in said to myseli, 1 dun't henry I the extreme, involving for the most shall be avie to do a chore of work part a duel or a questionable interto-day." Just then something put view between the sexes. The enit into my head to run down to our depot, step into the cars which ghantly. There was no other object apwould be due in an hour, and go to the camp-meeting down at Hattield,

and see the folks and what fun might be going on. 'After breakfast I brushed up a ittle and went. I found tolks enough, but before I had time to see any fun, I became aware that I was interested in the preaching. The text was, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and every word of that sermon fitted right on to me. 1 thought the preacher must have heard about me and of my quarrel with Jackson, and had his discourse all prepared on purpose, so that, in case I should come to that meeting, he could let it off

at me. 'I tell you, it was harder than mowing short rowen or pitching clover, to sit and take such a dressing down as that minister gave me.

It was God's biessed word, too, every syllable of it. I felt small enough to crawl through a gimlet hole, and I sweat so that my linen

coat was wet through-and it wasn't a very hot day either. 'After the services closed I got

up and, without saying a word to any body, I started for the little station down there, for it was about train time. I got into one of the cars standing there, and as I went along in the aisle I came right face to face with Jackson. He was wiping the sweat off his forehead, and I saw that his linen coat was as wet

as mine. It seems he had got upon the same train I did to come down, but there was such a crowd of people on it we hadn't seen each other, no more than we had set eyes on one another at the meeting.

'He looked up at me surprised enough, and I held out my hand to him and said, "I'll take them chestnut plank of mine at the saw mill and fix up that bridge to-morrow.' Then Jackson shook my hand hard, and says he, " All right, John. 1'll take my oxen and go after the plank bright and carly and help you put them down. Then I've got a keg of spikes that'll be about right

along, too." 'Then we shook hands again, and

horns,' and went at it as never be- Feuillet, who is regarded as son of and their children's ruin. And let fore. Then, on that early morning, the most capable and by no means the guardians and purveyors of the

tire atmosphere was stifling and parent in the writing of the book than a temporary excitement of the imagination and the passions. As the fair young girl held it in her

hand, we could imagine it some French draught of intellectual and moral absinthe, drying up the dews of young innocence and even youthful feeling, and putting into the blood a fever which shall replace the blush of health with the hectic ot blight. We tangied that we could detect a sharpening and hardening of the facial lines, and an eager yet half-weary look in her keen and rescless eye, a manner betokening a premature knowledge of the world and of things which should not be so much as named among such as

she. It seemed to us, we would sooner have tolded the pale hands of a daughter in her baby-coffin, than to see her with that old and ennuied look turning these pages as one to whom they brought no seuse life. of novelty and hardly of sensation, and certainly none of repulsion.

It is not long ago that the attitude of conservative and evangelical relig-

ion was totally against novel-read ing. Wo can remember when it was put in the same category as the theatre, the card-table and the ballroom. The bow was strung too the tills of those two tavern keeptightly and could not be held together; so that when the string with her needle, and thus kept the broke, all constraint was removed. Whereas, no discrimination had been made in the prohibition, now none was exercised in the permission, Novel reading as such had been condemned as sinful, and now the novel per se seemed to have acquired a sort of canonicity, and passed unquestioned like one who had received a

sort of diploma or commission. But it is now high time that there was more vigilance among the sentries, and that it should no longer pass unchallenged ; time to ask, whether the point has not been reached where the fact of being a novel does not raise a presumption against, rather than in favor of a book. We believe that the universal, indiscriminate and unrestrained read-

of this generation is producing effects makes me shudder to remember, as transforming as they are subtile. upon our entire life and civilization. These may not be altogether misas you did." "Let's wait and go chievous, but none the less are they to the evening meeting,' said Jack- potent, and cumulative. The child son. "All right," I replied. So I amid the simple realities of its home lite is admitted to a tree of the knowledge of good and evil. It becomes prematurely "knowing," restless, even blase. The boys who would be pirates and highwaytold us that positively he had never men, that are constantly being returned to their parents, are but ex treme cases. Few who do not receive an abnormal development of knees that night, right up there by imagination, and an unreal view of that same preacher's stand, and it the world, which is consuming to the childs life now, and yet blighting to the growth of a true and wholesome manhood. Hence the lack of forgiveness, as we had privately of patience and perseverance in the earlier struggles of life, and of conbecome town talk, and we thought tentment with its later lot and achievement. Hence envy and in-"trigue, and the temptation to find all sorts of diagonal paths for the us at our depot that night in his feet. Hence an unreal and insincere young couples were married, and buggy, and as we drove up to his social life, the absence of high and pure relations between the sexes, the loss of the charm and art of home life, and the gradual extinction of the home itself, the era of divorce and matrimonial infelicity | derly drew me to her breast, and and non-marriage. Life is lit up with sham auroras at its very outset, only to make its actual colors faded and dull by contrast. Such, we hold, is the natural, necessary effect of a too early and unlimited introduction of the child into the realm of fancy, fiction, romance and sentiment. Of course, | an entire exclusion from this fairy

THE PUNISHED.

Not they who know the awful gibbet's anguish, Not they who while and years go by them, The sunless cells of sonely prisons languish, Dopofier fullest genalty for sign Tis they who walk the highways unsuspected Yet with grim fear for ever at their side. Who clasp the corpse of some sin undetected, A corpes no grave nos coffin did can hide, I 'Tis they who are in their own chambers hannted

By thoughts that like unwelcome successful and sit down uninvited and unwanted, And make a nightmare of the solitude. Ella Wheeler, in Galazy.

A HEART HISTORY. One day last summer a temperance lecturer was being driven from one town to another, where he was to hold a meeting in the evening. His friend, whose carriage he was riding in, and who was most zeal-

ous in everything associated with temperance, was asked, "How is it that you, who have never felt the she said nothing to him, but every day at that hour she told be so ready to make sacrifices for the Lord about her husband. the good cause ?"

He gave a quick, searching, telegraphic glance at the speaker. A tear gleamed in his eye as he said, One reason why I wanted to ride with you was to tell you the story of a most important crisis in my

"I was born in the year 1823. My father was a very intemperate The most of his time was man. spent in the tavern in my native town, or at a village/tavern three miles distant. We often suffered for the necessaries of life, while my father poured all his earnings into all through the house. At last My mother was quite expert ers. wolf at bay by her industry and had been left to us by my grand- asking forgiveness for his sins. father in such a way that my father could not deprive us of a shelter. We kept a cow, which furnished a large share of our living. The family consisted of myself and three misters:

"One day, when I was about seven years old, my father went to the tavern, and while taking his accustomed drink, discovered that some one had spoken of him as a common drunkard. He furiously demanded of the landlord the name of the person who had said this, and the fellow replied, "Your wife knows all about it." He came home infuriated with drink, and began abusing to hold them on; I'll bring them ing of novels by the young people my mother in language which it

"My poor mother stood there dumbiounded, and bursting into tears, walked into the house Early fore. Then, on that early morning, in the midst of our rich, broad fields of grain glistening with the refresh-ing dew, the fresh, sweet fragrance of the new-new hay iding the sex frion through a brief and breathless pouring forth meming praises to their Creater our toruge see set of the public sectors - Christian Intelli-grades the our toruge see set of the public sectors - Christian Intelli-toruge see set our toruge see set of the public sectors - Christian Intelli-toruge set on the set our toruge set of the public sectors - Christian Intelli-toruge set on the set our toruge set of the public sectors - Christian Intelli-toruge set on the set our toruge set of the public sectors - Christian Intelli-toruge set on the set our toruge set of the public sectors - Christian Intelli-toruge set on the set of the public sectors - Christian Intelli-toruge set on the set of the public sectors - Christian Intellia radical temperance man?

seems as if God's retribution followed that tavern keeper. He died whispered among them a poer, luathsome annikard, forsak-en of God and man. - New York Christian Herald. -

A WIFES FAITH.

In one of the towns of England there is a beautiful little chapel, and a very touching story is told in connection with iter Ite was built by an infidel. He had a praying wife, but he would not listen to her, would not allow her pastor even to take dinner with them, would not look at the Bible, would not allow religion even to be talked of. She made up her mind, seeing she could not influence him by her voice, that every day she would pray to God at twelve o'clock for his salvation. At the end of twelve, months there was no change in him But she did not give it up. " Six months

more went past. Her faith began to waver, and she said, "Will I have to give him up at last? Perhaps when I am dead he will answer

my prayers." When she had got to that point it seemed just as if God had got her where he wanted her. The man came home to dinner one day. His wife was in the dining-room waiting for him, but he didn't come in. She waited some time, and then searched for him she thought of looking into the little room where she had prayed so often. There he was praying at the same bed with agony, where she close economy. Our little home had prayed for so many months, And this is a lesson for you wives who have infidel husbands. The Lord saw that woman's faith and answered her prayers. --- Moody's Child Stories.

> MY MOTHER'S PRAYER. Once in my b whood's gladsome day,

My spirits ligh: as air, I wandered to a lovely room, Where mother knelt in prayer. Her hands were clasped in tervency, Her lips gave forth no sound ; Yet awastruck, solemuly I felt I stood on holy ground.

My mother, all entranced in prayer, My presence heeded not ; And reverently I turned away In silence from the spot.

He heard her when sue prayed.

"NOT NOW"

men from the East passed by on

their way to find the infant Christ,

guided as they were by the star go-

ing before them in the sky. "Come

with us." they said ; "we are going

to find the heavenly child; come

with us." "I will come," she re-

plied, " but not just now; but I will

follow very soon and overtake you

and find him." But when her work

was done the wise men had gone

An orphan wanderer far from home, In alter time I strayed : pt me, and I feel

What a fragile little thing he Tooked, lying there in the evening twilight, so pale and thin, with his golden curls pushed away from his temples, and his large eyes gaing out of the window ! Everybody knew Claude Davenel

SUNDAY

TAR SAVE

Jeans appe the disciples ing of the da

of setting at

His resurred

anot final

ready given

He entered

19), with th

" Peace be

when they

water, were t

opirit. Toe

them on taes

fuars, and she

feet-in which

mails as pro

vince them, I

Him, to feel

bones such as

Their doubte

cepting such

der buw this

plete the pro-

left was ons t

was abundan

(John xx. 24

the testim.

witnesses, wh

most unlike

whose chara

that they others. The

tion rests on

tempts of uni

able to move.

really risen, h

of the Scrip happened was

mission to t them that He

but he now of ings what ha

inscrutable sa

thet he brea

" Receive ye

xx. 22 ; as an

pouring to ta by which they

tual perception

the prophecie nature of His

The great p

expressly set

nature of H

of sins ;" 2.

before.

Having con

Emmaus.

"No, dear."

was dying; he knew it himself, and his mother knew it as she sat then childhood, do you wonder that I am watching him. All the villagen knew it, and many an eye was wet as the name of little Claude we He was everybody's favorite in was the pet of the schoolman.

and of the boys too; he was the clerzyman's favorite, and not on boy in the choir envied him sweet voice.

Claude had, taken his illness on chilly autumn evening, when choir was practising in church. On of bis companions, Willie Dates complained of a sore throat, so that he could not sing, and he sat down cold and sick in his own place Claude took off his comforter and wrapped it around his friend's new and when the practising was one he ran home with him, and then put on his comforter again as he was back to his own home.

Willie was sickening for the scar let fever, and poor Claude caught it too. Willie recovered ; but Claude had taken the disease in its work form, and though the fever had let him, he had never been able to re cover his strength, and had grown weaker and weaker, and wasted away.

And so it was that on this cain Sunday evening, he had been drawn up close to the window, to listen to the church bells slowly ringing out and calling people in.

Claude could from his window plainly see the church he los. ed so well, there in the centre of the village, and towering over the cot tages as if it would protect them from every evil. He could see the steeple rising up to the deep blue sky, topped by the lazy weather cock. He could see the ivy-colored belfry, with its tiny window pop ing out of the green. The bell stopped, and Clauder eyes grew more wistful as the sound of the organ fell on his ear. The stopped too, and then all was still He closed his eyes until he heard h

again; and then he opened them, listening intently. " You are sure you are not tired,

Claude ?' "Oh, quite sure, mother." "They will be coming out of church in a few minutes, and then you must go to bed. I think the doctor would scold me if he ar vou here."

He put out his wasted little hand to take hers, and gently stroked it. "They are coming out now, mother," he said after a minute's pause.

-implying d Name;" 3. T tion, "preach "among all m salem. At first si though verse evening ; but some later int here is to tar of the day He lee; where

XXVIII. 7 : M

gives us som .

between Jesu

ples there (cl

they returne

Jesus appeare

1. "What

ther of which

beautiful disee

have been del

to his crucifi

founded on th

contained in t

ets (Isa. xi

was in fulfi

ises that Jest

ciples, before

another Gom

He was about

acond time, a

again reminds

leave them con

26 : xv. 26)

sh wn in the

ASCEDSIOU.

the grace of God in my heart. Have you always been a Christian, sir ?'

"No,' said the first speaker. was far enough way from the Lord until I was converted right here in this spot at the camp-meeting dast year. I will tell you how I got upon the right track : 'L had been having a good deal

of trouble with Jackson, my nearest neighbor, about a division farm road and the bridge belonging to it. We used it a great deal in common, for it ran through our meadows and over the Blue-flag Brook to our pastures beyond. My father built the bridge, but it was on Jackson's tather's land, and the road was partly on our land and partly on the people and asked each other's his.

'To tell the truth, Jackson's wife is my only sister. I thought at first a wouldn't own up to that ; but I shall have to in order to have you understand what a miserable quarrel we came to have. After we two the two farms were divided up and set off to Jackson and his wife and me, it was understood that we and her boys : should have an equal right to that road, although nobody thought to put the provision into the deeds.

At first we got into a muss about repairing the bridge. Jackson fenced up the road one day, and the next I tore the fence down. Then we went to law and acted like two foolish, malignant boys generally. Our wives didn't speak, and our children quarrelled and bandied opprobrious epithets at school. I jumped over the fences more than once and went across lots to avoid aneeting my own sister.

'So, you see, the foolish, abomiaable, petty quarrel kept apart with bitter lines two heretofore happy, peaceable families that, before its beginning, had been just like one family, eighteen miserable months. It makes me groan, even now, when Lthink about it.

'Things went on in this miser-

he said, "How did you come down?" "On the cars," said 1, " the same sent worl home by a neighbor that we shouldn't be back till the 10 o'clock train got along. 'Jackson and I had a talk with

the preacher that evening, and he heard a word about either of us before. Well, to make my story short, Jackson and I got down on our wasn't long before God heard our cries. Then we got up before all

each other before. Our quarrel had it no more than right that we should make our contession a public one. 'Jackson's oldest boy came for door we found my wife and girls over there singing with my sister

> Halleluj-h ! 'tis done ! I believe on the Son : I am saved by the blood Of the crucified One !'

We both joined the dear ones in the singing, looking over the same book; and I tell you, my friend, the songs of the redeemed have been in our hearts as well as on our lips ever since.'

THE NOVEL.

On the scat before us, in one of our "ecent " transits" from city to suburb, a young girl of about eighteen was reading a "Seaside" novel. She held it in such a way, and the type and even the play of our children, so was so large, that we could not help do we need to regulate their airier seeing what it was and catching the and more imaginative, as well as drift of the story-a short one of about twenty pages—as she rapidly The early appetite for novel-reading consumed it, leaf by leaf. The nov- grows by what it feeds on, so that els of the "Seaside Library" are

neither better nor worse than the able way till, one pleasant summer average of such literature. In fact, morning, Jackson and I happened it contains a large proportion to meet as we were driving our of the very best and even classic cows to pasture. As usual, when works of fiction, and steers clear of our paths crossed we had a 'jaw,' what are considered the very worst. But on this occasion we 'locked This particular novel was by Octave

world would be against nature, and close an inlet of pure joy as well as ground and with our cow we did an outlet of rich growth. But as not suffer for food. My mother raised a flock of turkeys also, with we limit the sugar-plums, the toys the sale of which she hoped to obtain means to purchase our shoes and other necessary clothing for winter. There was to be a mili more enticing, mental excursions. muster near the village. The la lord of the little tavern I spoke the taste becomes blunted and the | came to purchase our turkeys that occasion, offering a good pri intellectual habits unsuited for which my mother gladly accept severer and more practical studies. Let parents not wait till, like He put them in his cart, and has Prince Bismarck, they are forced in ed my mother a bill which shame and anguish to hold Emile father had contracted at his bar, wistful eyes to his mother as he same hymn, at Claude Davenels Zola and the French novelists re- and jumping into his cart, drove spoke. "I'm not nearly tired yet, grave on the evening of the day on sponsible for their family disgrace away as fast as his horse could go. mother : are you ?"

she protesting that she did not know anything about it. Finally, his face purpled with passion; he dealt my mother a terrible blow, which prostrated her bleeding and insensible to the floor."

Here the relater broke down completely, bursting into tears. After a moment, he said : "I hope you will pardon my emotion; but now, after a period of nearly fifty years, I cannot refer to this picture. without the sad, suffering face of my mother, who is now a saint in heaven, rising before me. My sister shrieked, " Oh, father, you have killed my mother !" Affrighted, I sprang from my bed, and ran to the barn and hid myself.

and the star in the heavens had "When daylight came, and all disappeared, and she never saw the was still in the house, I crept back infant Saviour. It is but a story, to find that my grandmother had gone to seek a doctor, who finding and warning; for a similar story my mother in a critical condition, could be told of thousands of human told my father, whe had just risen hearts and confirmed by the characfrom his drunken slumber, that he ter and destiny of thousands of would certainly be punished for his human beings. The call to come to violence. He gathered what few Christ sounds in our ears, but we clothes he had, together, and abare too busy with on daily work sconded, leaving us to get along the to heed it now. We have no time best way we could. When my father iust yet for the Bible, or the closet, had left the house, my mother tenor the serious thought, or for harkening to the voice of conscience and with the tears streaming over her the whispers of the Holy Spirit. We cheeks, made me promise never to are like the Duke of Alva, who, drink a drop of liquor while I lived, when asked to look at a remarkable and sealed that promise with a pasappearance in the skies, replied. " I sionate kiss, which left an indelible am too busy with things on earth to impress upon my heart. For neartake time for looking up to the ly fifty years I have kept that heavens." We are pressed with our pledge. That summer we got along. comfortably. "With the help of our neighbors

business, or building our homes, or looking after the needs of our children, or laying up wealth for the we cultivated the little patch of future, and the time for seeking Christ is delayed, and by the delay we have missed him forever.-Presbyterian.

OUR YOUNG POLKS.

itia		
ind-		1
of, for		
ice,	ed ?''	i
ted.	"Tired, oh, no! not tired !" The	t
nd-	child spread his weak fingers out	(
my	upon the coverlid, and raised his	1

" Lift me up a little, mother of I want to see them. I can hear the Home Life in Song. boy's footsteps on the gravel-lift me a little higher, mother-therare coming this way. I can't see A story is told, among the Russian them, but I can hear them-the peasants, of an old womah who was are coming down the street. Moth at work in her house when the wise er, put your hand out and wavemy

> handkerchief to them." She did as he desired her, and waved the handkerchief once of twice and then drew her hand in. The trampling of feet had stop-ped under his window, and there was a low murmur of voices. Another moment and there was a gentle tap at the door, and Willie Dalton slipped in.

" Mrs. Davonel, we want to sing to Claude."

The question had been whispered, but Claude heard and caught at but one that is full of instruction | it eagerly.

"Oh, do! do ! Mother, let me hear them-just once more.' The poor mother nodded her head

sadly. "It cant't hurt him. Willie, and he likes it."

The boy cast a loving glance upon his friend, and then went quietly out of the room.

There were a few minutes of silence below, and then the choir boys sang Claude's favorite hymn:

My God, my Father while I stray Far from my home in life's rough way, O teach from my heart to say "Thy will be done."

He listened intently when it ame to the fourth verse, If thou should'st call me to resign

What I must prize, it ne'er was miss, I only yield The what is Thing of "Thy will be done."

He clasped his hands together and gently began to join in. When the hymn was ended his mother bent down over her son. His head had fallen back upon the pli-low; and the color had fled from his

cheeks. "Mother," he said, write 'Thy will be done !' over my grave when

I am dead.' So the little chorister died. He is buried in a spot near the path to the choir vestry; and till those choir-boys had given place to others, they used to sing each year the which be died .- Children's Prize.

of the Father. with power fro striking and for the gift of Old Testamen of the power of CIV. ; IAH. XXX dry boues, &c Father was to manifestation fuifilment it in Jerusalem er ?" Becat s success in the commission. ceived the per sus needed thi all other mins When was it of Pentecust (a mighty rash appearance of were striking terms of the on high." power was seen in the full illu as evidenced i gift of moral were so lack on Peter's hea the glorious re Much that to miraculous and tial gift-" the was intended t never been wit (Acts ii. 39). to us to be our forter, our San of individual (lective church power from ou Only St. Lu of the ascensio be the author tles, he gives u 9-11). St. M