

Our Home Circle.

"THE BRIGHT SIDE." "There is many a rest on the road of life..."

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low, And to keep the eyes still lifted..."

There is many a gem in the path of life, Which we pass in our idle pleasure..."

Better to weep in the web of life, A bright and golden filling..."

A LIVING CHARACTER OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

Comparatively few people are aware that we have living in quiet retirement here in Oberlin, the original of a character in fiction that is known even where the name Ohio is never heard..."

"Oh, no," he said cordially, throwing wide open the door of his little sitting room and motioning me to a chair..."

Mr. Clark is an unselfish, kindly, jovial man of some sixty-six years of age. In personal appearance he is a light octogenarian, with gray hair and beard, and a little below the medium in height..."

"Pruning, sir, chiefly; but I do any other work to support my family, and even then I can't pay the rent on my house."

"And yet you're happy?" "Yes, sir! I'm happy as the day is long; there isn't a happier man in Oberlin..."

The facts elicited in the interview embraced the essential points of the lecture to-night, and considerable besides.

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also operated the machine invented by him, as described in Mrs. Stowe's work. He further showed me a sleeve, of which the material was corded by his sister, spun by his mother, and woven by his sister on the auction block..."

When Mrs. Stowe got her information from Mr. Clark, she did not tell him her purpose, and, indeed, afterward told him that she had no purpose at the time. Mr. Clark started for the North in his twenty-sixth year, taking with him a body slave, Isaac. The timidity of the latter, however, caused both to return, and Clark two weeks later, consummated his escape alone, promising to return for Isaac in a year..."

THE EVENING SEED THAT PROSPERED.

Half a hundred years ago, writes President Tuttle, for the first time I saw a human being die. It was an aged woman, whose benignant face was very familiar to me. I had often stood at her side, and seen the old Bible on the stand. As she read she would sometimes weep; but usually the expression of her face was one of "unspeakable peace..."

And she was dying. I can go to the very spot where stood the bed, and describe just how everything was arranged. On one side stood one daughter, and on the other side another. Other relatives were about the bed. All were in tears."

There were in the large family several striking persons, who in ordinary cases would have all commanded attention. But two in that group constituted its central figures—the dying woman, and the son with whom she lived. He was then in the prime of manhood, in spite of his plain attire a very handsome man; erect, square-built, and in full health; a manly man; and when you looked at his fine face, and then at hers, you saw at once that "he was indeed his mother's son."

The mother was dying. Her breathing was difficult. With no little effort she had said a farewell word to each one of her children present except this one. He stood there with bowed head. Not accustomed to weep, he now wept. He held his mother's hand in his with such gentleness that we knew how he loved her; and as the breathing became more difficult, she was looking into this son's face and trying to speak. First one daughter, and then another, tried to catch the almost inaudible words; and he repeatedly bowed his head to her lips to catch the message, but for what seemed a long time in vain. At last one of the daughters, listening in the painful stillness, heard the words spoken to him: "Ye must be born again."

In a little while the weary wrestler ceased to struggle, having won the victory through Christ. Death is sometimes "the angel of beauty," making that which was beautiful more beautiful. It was so that day with the aged mother as she "fell asleep."

The son has but recently died, lacking only a few days of ninety years. One day I ventured to ask him if he remembered what occurred when his mother was dying. He said in a subdued and tender tone, as if speaking of some Divine incident, "Oh, yes, I remember it all, and the words she spoke to me, 'Ye must be born again.' During many years of careless living there was no day when I did not seem to hear her words, 'Ye must; and often in the night I would wake up, and that voice would come back with the words, 'Ye must.' I know, after so many years, hope that her message has been heeded." "Ye must be born again."—Baptist Weekly.

GLUTTONY.

I was born two years before my friend is reported he was much better than I; yet he is now the weaker, by far. He uses tobacco profusely, and this, I think, is one thing that has hastened age. How much better it is to have after God's laws. God's laws govern the body as well as the soul. Indeed, they are interwoven and one. "Present your

bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." It is God's order that we should be healthy. We do not enough make this a matter of conscience. Our bodies and souls are intimately related to each other, so that what injures one injures the other. As with an over-gorged mosquito, a heavy meal brings us prostrate on the earth, and noble thoughts and feelings smoulder in the dust. Improper eating withers the energies. We cannot think well after eating injudiciously, any more than we can sleep well; and if we have not the use of our minds, where is culture? where is communion with God and with each other?

The stomach is a great hindrance to the progress of gospel truth, and of any other truth. Sunday is the great feast day with many, even Christians. They use their rest from other labor to devise extra dishes, and to gorge. This is doubly wrong. Preachers must preach to a dead weight of rich cakes, pies, biscuit, pork, preserves, etc. One minister used to say that he had to preach Sunday afternoon to about two bushels and a half of baked beans. Many congregations carry a heavier load, and a worse one. Is it any wonder that the truth is not heard, or, if heard is understood by so few? As long as people live to eat they can not well listen to live; and what a solemn thing to sit under the truth, and yet perish!

Just enough of proper food will not stupefy, but leave all the faculties clear and energetic, to be exercised in the nobler fields. Give me clear minds to preach to, and half the work is done; but give me minds clouded by stomach improprieties, and I will ever have much to do, and but little done. I wish that Christians were more generally convinced of the wrong of defiling the temple of God; then a better example would be set, at least on the Sabbath. Hereafter I shall preach temporal as well as spiritual things.

DECAY OF REVERENCE.

Any philosophical view of the condition of a nation will take into account both its excellencies and its defects, both its hopeful signs and menacing dangers, these being the lights and the shadows which constitute the complete picture. In any moral photograph of ourselves as a people which we may attempt by the help of the Highest Sun, the Light from heaven, we cannot fail to notice the inevitable combination of glory and gloom. One of the sombre shades of the moral picture, as it now presents itself to us, is what we may name "the decay of reverence." We think that we can see signs of that decay in the attitude of children towards their parents. Percepts in the revolt from the strict and needlessly severe discipline of the Puritanic times, we have gone to the opposite extreme of indulgence in the training of our young. Certain we are that the veneration of young men and women for their parents, such as ought to be exhibited in all stations of life, is becoming a virtue so rare, that we are afraid it will appear to the next generation as an exquisitely beautiful flower, admired not only for its intrinsic beauty but also for its scarceness. Is not the language now used by young men about their fathers and mothers more in the tone of a careless savage than of the cultured Christian? Does it not reflect a state of heart from which manly reverence has almost departed? And does it not suggest the possibility that that vain, proud, unreverential spirit may so penetrate and permeate the character as to make that character incapable of religion? As far as many young people are concerned, the Fifth Commandment might be abrogated and Paul's words, "Children, obey your parents," might be tortured and twisted into "Parents obey your children in all things, for this is right." In our streets we have evidence of the same spirit in the flippant way in which the holiest Name falls from blaspheming lips, and in the unblushing disregard of what is vaguely called "public sentiment." Time was when the lad in his "tutus" would have been ashamed to walk the street with a pipe in his mouth; is he ashamed now? Time was when the publican would have been startled if a troop of boys had walked up to his counter and ordered drink; is he startled now? Time was when parents belonging to the working class would have shuddered at the thought of their children entering succens of devils, such schools of corruption, as open their doors to thousands in our large towns every night from eight to ten o'clock; do they shudder now? We are afraid not.—London Methodist.

Benjamin Huntsman, a native of Leicestershire, was the inventor of cast steel. The discovery was kept a great secret, and as the success it obtained was very great, many efforts were made to find out how it was prepared. One cold winter night, while the snow was falling in heavy drifts, and Huntsman's manufactory threw its red glare on light over the night ground, a person of the most abject appearance presented himself at the entrance, praying for permission to share the warmth and

shelter which it afforded. The humane workmen found the appeal irresistible, and the apparent beggar was permitted to take up his quarters in a warm corner of the building. A careful scrutiny would have discovered little real sleep in the drowsiness that seemed to overtake the stranger; for he eagerly watched every movement of the workmen while they went through the operations of the newly discovered process. He observed, first of all, that bars of blistered steel were broken into small pieces, two or three inches in length, and placed in crucibles of fire clay. When nearly full, a little green grass broken into small fragments, was spread over the top, and the whole covered with a closely fitting cover. The crucibles were then placed in a furnace, and after a lapse of from three to four hours, during which the crucibles were examined from time to time, to see that the metal was thoroughly melted, the workmen lifted the crucible from its place on the furnace by means of tongs, and its molten contents, blazing, sparkling, and spurting, were poured into a mould of cast iron. When cool, the mould was unscrewed, and a bar of cast steel was presented.

The uninvited spectator of these operations effected his escape without detection, and before many months had passed the Huntsman manufactory was not the only one where cast steel was produced.

THE LITTLE ONES.

We have heard of Indians who took their new-born babes and plunged them into the cold water. Those that endured the ordeal lived; those who died were not thought worth raising. We have seen Christian parents and Church members who seemed to have acquired similar notions of Christian nurture. Often have we been pained at the stern and critical attitude of parents, whose chilling words would repel the loving confidence of a child as a June frost would blight an opening bud. Often persons profess an utter lack of confidence in the genuineness of the conversion of children; forgetting that older converts backslide and go astray; that they themselves are "prone to wander;" that the lack of Christian nurture and Christian example on their part, is a fruitful cause of children becoming cold; and that after all a large proportion of the most faithful and eminent Christians were converted in their early days. Surely there can be no good reason why little children, such as Jesus took in his arms, should now be driven away from his presence, and taught that they must live in sin and serve the devil for years before they will be old enough to understand the way of salvation, seek the Lord, and devote themselves to his service. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven; and if some who despise and grieve them were more like 'little children,' they would be more like the children's Lord. Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, in the S. S. Teacher writes: "A little boy came home from Sunday school and said to his mother: 'Mother, I've begun to be a Christian.' The superintendent asked all of us who would try to serve Jesus to come forward, and I went forward with another boy, and we knelt down, and asked God to take us and help us to be Christian boys. Aren't you glad, mother, because I'm never going to disobey you or make you any more trouble?" "Did the mother put her arms about him and thank God, and ask him to help and keep and teach the child? She only said, 'Well, we shall see how long you will hold out.' "In the course of the day the boy flew into a violent passion, as he had often done before under a slight provocation. Did the mother tell him with all tenderness that his fiery temper was one of the foes that he must fight, and that Jesus would help him to conquer it? Not at all; she said: "'That is the way you are going to be a Christian, is it? That is about what I supposed it would amount to. For my part I don't believe in getting children to make pledges that they do not at all understand.' "To the mother that was an illustration of the folly of expecting children to comprehend what they were doing in joining the church. Was it not rather, an illustration of how little fathered Christians bear in mind the Master's warning: 'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones?'"—Christian.

Our Young Folks.

A LITTLE BOY'S SERMON.

"Eddie," said Harry, "I'll be a minister, and preach you a sermon."

"Second, Be kind to mamma, and do not make her tell you to do a thing more than once. It is very tiresome to say, 'It is time for you to go to bed' half a dozen times over."

"Third, Be kind to baby."

"You have left out, be kind to Harry," interrupted Eddie.

"Yes," said Harry, "I didn't mean to mention my own name in the sermon. I was saying, Be kind to little Minnie, and let her have your 'red soldier' to play with when she wants it."

"Fourth, Be kind to Jane, and don't scream and kick when she washes and dresses you."

Here Eddie looked a little ashamed, and said, "But she pulled my hair with the comb."

"People mustn't talk in meeting," said Harry. "Fifth, Be kind to Kitty. Do what will make her purr, and don't do what will make her cry."

"Isn't the sermon most done?" asked Eddie; "I want to sing." And without waiting for Harry to finish his discourse or give out a hymn he began to sing, and so Harry had to stop.—Children's Record.

TRIFLES.

Straws show which way the wind blows, and trifles indicate the bent of character. I saw Hettie reading the other day in a borrowed book, and when her mother called her she laid it carelessly open, face downward, on a chair. It happened that Hettie did not return immediately, and before she had done so the baby had pulled the book by one corner to the floor, and Hettie running hastily in, had trampled upon it. Its condition would certainly be unrepresentable when it should be sent back to its owner. My own impression of Hettie, who had seemed to be a very amiable young lady, was that she was unfaithful in small things. Had she closed her book and placed it on the table before leaving the room, it would not have been injured. When I see a young girl with a torn dress, slippers down at heel, and a general lack of neatness in her home toilet, I am doubtful of her genuine love and respect for dear home friends. When I know that Lucia is always late at church, I begin to wonder if she is not tardy everywhere else. When I hear Sarah scolding Mattie for some small fault, I consider her on the road to become a termagant. Don't neglect trifles, girls.—Christian at Work.

WILLINGNESS AND GOOD FIGURES.

"Can you give me any work, please, sir?" said a neat but poorly clad boy of twelve years of age to a New York merchant.

"Got all the help I need," was the short and sharp reply of the busy city merchant.

"It's hard," replied the disappointed lad, "that a boy that is willing to work can't get a job in this large city."

"Why did you come to this city, my boy?" asked the merchant, glancing at the despondent lad.

"Because I want to earn enough to help support my mother and sister."

This reply, with the peculiar manner of the boy, somewhat moved the harsh merchant, and he asked:

"What are you willing to do?"

"Anything, sir. Anything in the world, that I can do well."

"Well, go and take hold, and pile up the empty boxes and pick up the loose papers, etc., down in the cellar."

In less time than it takes me to tell it the boy was hard at work picking up the loose papers, and piling up the empty boxes, and cleaning up in general. During the day the merchant asked the for-man:

"How is that strange lad working?"

"Like a beaver, sir. He is killing himself with work."

When night came the work-worn lad was offered one whole dollar for that day's wages.

"No, sir!" said the boy; "give me one half a dollar. It's all I think I've earned, and will buy me a supper and a lodging."

This the merchant thought was uncommon honesty, and pleased him so much that he told the lad to come the next morning. He was there long before any one else was, and in that way showed his promptness. During the day, when the foreman was out, he marked the weight on some samples he had been weighing. The next of a firm happened to notice the figures, and they were so correct, and in such a grand way, that he inquired as to who made them. When he learned that the new boy had made them, he sent for him to come down to the office. When he came in to the office he was asked to show a specimen of his writing by copying an article. His writing was so beautiful that he decided to re-him for an office clerk. So this boy, that was once very poor, obtained a permanent situation and a good salary by his willingness to do any work that was given him to do; also by taking pains with his figures and writing.

All boys must read the above narrative carefully, and learn from it, by taking pains with every thing they do, no matter whether or not that you do is of such importance or not, if it is as well as possible.—Lancet Protestant.

Few people in front stores a tropical luxuriant article of gold; and, acre of banana for a man's lot. It is the only growth that is easy to get, and easy to come lazy and that is needed

LESSON VIII

JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS.

JUDAH'S AID. (The charge as expressed deter to keep him a prisoner himself surety 9); therefore on his behalf, scene which is to the scholar's sternation and bling with term unbending—utterance, etc. path's, and it produced the ep's heart, the Judah. They said, and so Harry had to stop. It was at his into slavery. 7 years he had father, and no part that he y. And now he is tage. He is f father, and d Benjamin's re bondsman in t this appeal— all the circum father's grief a his anxiety a the consequen they returned word of it wen It is no wonder refrain himself Joseph's heart, he had in view to these sever The effect was ed to produce, when it would himself to the

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III. THE I of ordering th confinement, death, as they they expected invitation. Co have astonish elation. An brother proce quiet their a how God had duet for good that they had had sent him lives of mult have died of their lives a Here we see fied—God had l dged the L an example of forgiving sp eva does J brethren pres ing for our L whole chapte and seeing h them. Had h tun to their reserved it Benjamin, it But he incli tions and ness more ful of Joseph w most instruct It is only ex life of our L