OUR HOME CIRCLE.

TEACH ME TO LIVE.

Teach me to live! 'Tis easier far to die—
Gently and silently to pass away—
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
And waken in the realms of glorious day.

Teach me that harder lesson—*how to live*,
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life;
Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigor give
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

Teach me to live! Thy purpose to fulfil:
Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine;
Each day renew, remould this stubborn will;
Closer 'round *Thee* my heart's affections twine.

Teach me to live for self and sin no more;
But use the time remaining to me yet;
Not mine own pleasure seeking, as before,
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.

Teach me to live! No idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart employ.
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully;
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

Teach me to live! my daily cross to bear,
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its load.
Only be with me. Let me feel Thee near;
Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkest road.

Teach me to live! and find my life in Thee,
Looking from earth and earthly things away;
Let me not falter, but untiringly
Press on and gain new strength and power each day.

Teach me to live! with kindly words for all;
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom;
Waiting, with cheerful patience, till Thy call
Summons my spirit to her heavenly home.

—*Dublin Tract Repository.*

MOSLEM WOMEN.

An interesting account, illustrating the character of Moslem women in Syria, is given by Miss Rogers, sister of the British Consul at Damascus. Traveling in Palestine with her brother, she was obliged one night, near Nablous, to sleep in the same room with the wives of the Governor of Arrabeh.

"When I began to undress, the women watched me with curiosity; and when I put on my night-gown they were exceedingly astonished, and exclaimed, 'Where are you going? Why is your dress white?' They made no change for sleeping; and there they were, in their bright-colored clothes, ready for bed in a minute. But they stood around me till I said good-night, and then all kissed me, wishing me good dreams. Then I knelt down, and presently, without speaking to them again, got into bed, and turned my face to the wall, thinking over the strange day I had spent. I tried to compose myself to sleep, though I heard the women whispering together. When my head had rested about five minutes on the soft red-silk pillow, I felt a hand stroking my forehead, and heard a voice saying very gently, '*Ya habibi*;' that is, 'O beloved.' But I would not answer directly, as I did not wish to be roused unnecessarily. I waited a little while, and my face was touched again. I felt a kiss on my forehead, and a voice said, 'Miriam, speak to us; speak, Miriam darling.' I could not resist any longer, so I turned around and saw Helweh, Saleh Bok's prettiest wife, leaning over me. I said, 'What is it, sweetness? What can I do for you?' She answered, 'What did you do just now when you knelt down and covered your face with your hands?' I sat up, and said very solemnly, 'I spoke to God, Helweh.' 'What did you say to him?' said Helweh. I replied, 'I wish to sleep. God never sleeps. I have asked him to watch over me, and that I may fall asleep remembering that he never sleeps, and wake up remembering his presence. I am very weak. God is all powerful. I have asked him to strengthen me with his strength.'

"By this time all the ladies were sitting round me on the bed, and the slaves came and stood near. I told them I did not know their language well enough to explain to them all I thought and said. But as I had learned the Lord's Prayer by heart in Arabic, I repeated it to them sentence by sentence slowly. When I began, 'Our Father, which art in heaven,' Helweh directly said, 'You told me your father was in London.' I replied, 'I have two fathers, Helweh; one in London, who does not know that I am here, and cannot know till I write and tell him, and a Heavenly Father, who is here now, who is with me always, and sees and hears us. He is your Father also. He teaches us to know good from evil, if we listen to him and obey him.' For a moment there was perfect silence. They all looked startled, as if they felt that they were in the presence of some unseen power. Then Helweh said, 'What more did you say?' I continued the Lord's Prayer; and when I came to the words, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' they said, 'Cannot you make bread yourself,?' The passage, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us,' is particularly forcible in the Arabic language; and one of the elder women, who was severe and relentless-looking, said, 'Are you obliged to say that every day?' as if she thought that sometimes it would be difficult to do so. They said, 'Are you a Moslem?' I said, 'I am not called a Moslem. But I am your sister, made by the same God, the God of all, my Father and your Father.' They asked if I knew the Koran, and were surprised to hear that I had read it. They handed a rosary to me, saying, 'Do you know that?' I repeated a few of the most striking and comprehensive attributes very carefully and slowly. Then they cried out, 'Mashallah, the English girl is a true believer;' and the impressionable Abyssinian slave-girls said with one accord, 'She is indeed an angel.' Moslems—men and women—have the name of Allah constantly on their lips; but it seems to have become a mere form. This may explain why they were so startled when I said, 'I was speaking to God.'" She adds that if she had only said, "I was saying my prayers," or, "I was at my devotions," it would not have impressed them.

"Next morning, on waking, Miss Rogers found that the women from the neighborhood had come in to hear the English girl speak to God; and Helweh said, 'Now, Miriam darling, will you speak to God?' At the conclusion, she asked them if they could say amen; and after a moment of hesitation they cried out, 'Amen! Amen!' Then one said, 'Speak again, my daughter, speak about the bread.' So she repeated the Lord's Prayer with explanations. When she left, they crowded around affectionately, saying, 'Return again, O Miriam, beloved.'"—*Domestic Life in Palestine.*

THE BUSY LIFE OF JESUS.

Of all the instructive instances of busy lives we have, that of our Lord is far the most remarkable. It is only when we pay minute attention to the notices of his labors that we can understand what a crowded life he led. Galilee alone, through the whole of which he made several circuits, embraced, according to Josephus, two hundred and four towns and villages; and besides Galilee, we read of his visiting the remote north, at Cæsarea Philippi, the remote northwest, in the coast of Tyre and Sidon; we know of his passing through Samaria, of his being on the east of Jordan, and of his being in and near Jerusalem. Throughout every part of this wide district he not only preached, taught and healed, but he had numberless collisions with opponents; he lived under a constant apprehension of attack; he carried on the training of his apostles, and in their slowness of heart, forgetfulness, want of faith, and personal strife, he encountered a serious addition to his burdens, although it would be harsh to suppose that, on the whole, their company did not cheer and refresh him. The strain on the bodily energies in a life involving so much physical movements and labor must have been very great; the strain on the nervous system where there was so much excitement, and where such vital interests were at stake, must have been even greater. And yet he appears to have gone through all his labor with marvelous calmness and self-possession. From the narrative of his life, nothing is more remote than the air of bustle and hurry; it has indeed quite a wonderful aspect as of Oriental calm and leisure. Owing to his systematic way of working he was always beforehand, always ready. His discourses have a marvelously finished air, as if they had all matured before they were spoken. His very answers to casual objectors were marvelously clean cut and finished. He never found himself in a situation in which he was disconcerted, or at a loss how to act. And in his mind, one thing was never allowed to jostle another, however full it might be of projects, or however burdened with responsibility. The last scenes of his life exemplify this orderliness and business-like composure of mind in a wonderful way. And what we have already adverted to as chivalrous in busy men, when turning aside to care for others—

> The mind at leisure from itself
> To soothe and sympathize,

was singularly beautiful in him! The farewell discourse, the intercessory prayer, the healing of Malchus, the look turned on Peter, the word to the daughters of Jerusalem, the prayer for his murderers, the promise to the thief, the commending of his mother to the beloved disciple—what wonderful consideration for others did all these imply, in the midst of his own great agony! How well he knew how to conquer the snares of overwork, and turn everything to the highest ends of life! How wonderfully the divine shines through the human, without overlaying it in that unexampled career

CHRISTIAN UNION.

Let our hearts, uniting, bury
All our idle feuds in dust,
And to future conflicts carry
Mutual faith and common trust;
Always he who most forgiveth in his
Brother is most just.

From the eternal shadow rounding
All our sun and starlight here,
Voices of our lost ones sounding
Bid us be of heart and cheer.
Through the silence, down the spaces,
Falling on the inward ear.

Know we not our dead are looking
Downward with a sad surprise,
All our strife of words rebuking
With their mild and loving eyes?
Shall we grieve the holy angels! Shall
We cloud their blessed skies?

Let us draw their mantle o'er us
Which have fallen in our way;
Let us do the work before us,
Cheerily, bravely, while we may.
Ere the long night-silence cometh, and
With us it is not day

"CHURCH TRAMPS."

This designation was suggested to us by meeting a company of people this week in search of Spurgeon. They thought the renowned pastor was in Philadelphia, and when we explained that his son was in Brooklyn, the reply of an enthusiastic sister was, "We want to see anything that looks like him!" The curiosity in the present case may be excusable, but it is suggestive of the fact that there are in every church uneasy elements always in motion from their own unrest. Hungry and half wolfish in appearance, they run themselves poor in trying to keep up with sensation mongers. They have a taste for ecclesiastical curiosities. They are in the church what that class is in society which runs itself after five-legged calves. Religious nondescripts have a warm nesting place in their affections. Now they are Perfectionists, and then again Spiritualists. They live serenely above sin and its fears. Their favorite hymn is, "Free from the law, O happy condition;" and some have proceeded to verify their happiness in a way that disturbs the old-fashioned ideas of the regulars. They keep up with all the advertisements of the startling lights just come to the cities. They want to see how they look, and whether they have volubility in emptying their small stock of religious vagaries, and to denounce the men who study as being stupid and prosy and old fogies. Under such exercises they go heartily into the "hallelujah chorus" until they see on Saturday morning another more startling new-comer advertised.

Some of these peculiar people have a great fear of being called exclusives. So they go about promiscuously and encourage all. They never have pews or any place in a church, for they are too uneasy to sit in them, and they believe in a free gospel. They employ themselves as table-weights are used in the counting rooms to hold the papers down; they keep the cushions of the various churches in their places. Noonday prayer-meetings and union prayer-meetings are places of frequent resort. Here they get lively views of the Gospel from spiritual cranks—the crankier the more edifying. They are never at the church prayer-meeting—they are quite beyond this. The preacher is dry, and is wanting in spirituality; and they cannot bear the old orthodox prayers of the regulars. They do not need anything higher than religious titillation. Homeless souls, stunted by a food that has no nourishment in it.

They generally belong to the Church somewhere, but have gone beyond the possibilities of certificates. Their names are on the reserved rolls. The churches to which they once belonged have become tired of being taxed for them. What place they will be fitted for in heaven is a marvel which eternity will answer; but while we abide within the limits of time the great question will be how to classify these religious tramps.—*Presbyterian.*

DOUBLE PROVIDENCES.

Nothing is so much needed, in these days of abounding skepticism, as the direct manifestation of God's hand in answered prayer. When, as in the story of Paul and Ananias, of Peter and Cornelius, and of Philip and the eunuch, we see the two ends of God's work, his double acting, it gives us a powerful impression of His direct intervention. God never makes half a providence any more than a man makes half a pair of shears. If He moves upon one of His children to pray for a blessing, He moves upon another to bestow that blessing. We give the following sample of the double movement for the encouragement of the Christian's faith:

I. Not long ago an engineer brought his train to a stand in a little Massachusetts village where the passenges have five minutes for lunch. A lady come along the platform and said:

"The conductor tells me the train at the junction in P———, leaves fifteen minutes before our arrival. It is Saturday night, and that is the last train. I have a very sick child in the car, and no money for a hotel, and none for a private conveyance, a long, long way into the country. What shall I do?

"Well," said the engineer, "I wish I could tell you."

"Would it be possible for you to hurry a little?" said the anxious, tearful mother.

"No, madam; I have the time table, and the rules say I must run by it."

She turned sorrowfully away, leaving the bronzed face of the engineer wet with tears. Presently she returned and said, "Are you a Christian?"

"I trust I am," was the reply.

"Will you pray with me that the Lord may in some way delay the train at the junction?"

"Why yes, I will pray with you, but I have not much faith."

Just then the conductor cried, "All aboard." The poor woman hurried back to the deformed and sick child, and away went the train, climbing the grade.

"Somehow," said the engineer, "everything worked like a charm. As I prayed I couldn't help letting my engine out a little. We hardly stopped at the first station—people got off and on with wonderful alacrity—the conductor's lantern was in the air in half a minute, and then away again. Once over the summit it was dreadful easy to give her a little more, and then a little more, as I prayed, till she seemed to shoot through the air like an arrow. Somehow I couldn't hold her, knowing I had the road, and so we dashed up to the junction six minutes ahead of time."

There stood the other train, and the conductor with the lantern on his arm.

"Well, said he, "will you tell me what I am waiting here for? Somehow I felt I must await your coming to night, but I don't know why."

"I guess," said the brother conductor, it is for this poor woman, with her sick and deformed child, dreadfully anxious to get home this Saturday night. But the man on the engine and the grateful mother think they can tell why the train waited.

II. A lady who had gone to Florida in search of health, taking a friend with her, and one who had reached that sublime spiritual condition, the life of faith in God, had spent all the money she had with her, and as she began to feel that the time was drawing near for her to come North, she asked the Lord, if it was best, to send her twenty-five dollars. After waiting several days, she found that a pair of shoes was needed; and so when next she prayed (for she "*waited* on the Lord") she asked for fifty dollars.

A lady of means, in Brooklyn, had the impression that she must give away fifty dollars, but it was not plain to whom it was to be given, and, as was her habit, she asked direction of the Lord, and for a day or two received no satisfactory direction. She then concluded to give only twenty-five dollars, but immediately her conscience smote her, and she opened the Bible at 2 Cor. ix. 6th verse, and resolved upon giving the amount first thought of; and this conclusion reached, the name of the lady then in Florida was immediately brought to her memory, and to her was forwarded the sum of fifty dollars—enough for her to return northward and supply her necessities. Who can deny the work of the Spirit in this instance, "who brings all things to our remembrance?"—*Watchman.*

TOO TRUE.

'Am Brudder Stepoff Johnson in de hall dis evenin'?' asked the President as he arose and looked up and down the aisles.

'Yes, sah.'

Brother Johnson appeared to labor under the impression that a medal was about to be presented to him, and his face wore a broad grin as he stood at the desk.

'Stepoff Johnson,' said Brother Gardner in his most solemn tones; 'I was in de back room of a grocery on Beaubien Street de odder night to bargain fur ten bushels of 'taters, an' I heard your voice as you cum in to order fo' pounds of buckwheat flour, an' to remark dat your ole woman was ravin' erazy wid de toofache.'

'Yes, sah, dat was me.'

'De ole man Climax soon dropped in, it wasn't five minutes befo' you had a hot dispute 'bout de aige of de airth."

'He doan' know nuffin, sah.'

'You called him a fool."

'An' he called me a liar!'

'You said he was a bigot.'

'An' he said I was a humbug!'

'I heard it all, Brudder Johnson, an' now I want to talk with you a little. In de fust place, what do you know 'bout de aige of de world?'

'I—I—well, sah, what does de ole man Climax know 'bout it?'

'Dat's it—what do either one of you know about it? Nuffin'—nuffin' 't all. Dat's whar de trubble cums in. Two men will dispute harder ober what dey doan' know dan ober solemn facts. De worst enemy I eber had was a man who got mad at me bekase I wouldn't believe in ghosts. What we doan' know we often try to make up fur in argyment. What we lack in argyment we try to make up fur in blab. It am easier to call a man a fool than to produce facts and figures to convince him dat he am wrong. It am safer to call an old man a liar dan to wink at a young man's wife. Let me say to you,—

'What you believe wid all yer heart may, arter all, be wrong.

'De man who draps argyment fur epithet has no case.

'It am only de fairest-minded men who admit their ignorance of what dey doan' know.

'Abuse may silence a man, but it won't convince him.

'It am only de bigot who prides himself on his cast-iron opinyuns.

'It am only de fool who believes assershuns am true bekase he asserts 'em.

'Now, Brudder Johnson, you drap back to yer bench an' sot down an' stay sot, an' de nex' time you h'ar somebody boldly announce dat this world am fifty millyon y'ars old you pick up your buckwheat flour an' walk home wid de reflecksbun dat it wouldn't establish de facts in de case if you an' him war' to gouge an' bite an' kick an' claw till dere wasn't a rod of sidewalk left in Gardnerville.'

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

JOHNNY ON GRAND-MOTHERS.

Grandmothers are very nice folks:
They beat all the aunts in creation,
They let a chap do as he likes,
And don't worry about education.

I'm sure I can't see it at all
What a poor fellow ever could do
For apples, and pennies, and cake,
Without a grandmother or two.

Grandmothers speak softly to "ma,"
To let a boy have a good time;
Sometimes they will whisper, 'tis true,
T'other way when a boy wants to climb.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea.
And pies, a whole row in the cellar,
And they're apt (if they know it in time)
To make chicken-pie for a "feller."

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racketing noise,
They only look over their specs,
And say, "Ah, these boys will be boys;

"Life is only so short at the best;
Let the children be happy to-day,"—
Then look for awhile at the sky,
And the hills that are far, far away.

Quite often, as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers sing hymns, very low,
To themselves, as they rock by the fire,
About heaven, and when they shall go.

And then, a boy stopping to think,
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what will come at the last;
For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray,
For a boy needs their prayers every night;
Some boys more than others, I s'pose,
Such as I, need a wonderful sight.

CURING HIMSELF.

"You'll be a man before your mother," used to be said to boys who were a trifle too smart. The stripling who paraded himself in the scene below was rather worsted by somebody else's mother.

"Don't you know it is very wrong to smoke, my boy?" said an elderly-looking lady, in a railway waiting room, to Young America, who persisted in puffing a cheap cigarette, much to the old lady's discomfort.

"O, I smoke for my health," answered the boy, emitting a volume of smoke from his mouth which almost strangled the old lady.

"But you never heard of a cure from smoking?" continued the old lady when she had regained consciousness.

"O, yes; I did," persisted the boy, as he formed his mouth into a young Vesuvius working on full time: "that's the way they cure pigs."

"Smoke on, then," quickly replied the old lady; "There's some hope for you yet!"—*Yonker Statesman.*

ROBBIE'S PRAYER MEETINGS.

It was on Sunday afternoon. Papa had gone to mission-school; Jenny was away on a visit; Arthur was reading his library book, and mamma her Bible. All was very still for a while, then Robbie came in with his hymn-book to ask mamma if she didn't "think it would be nice to have a little prayer-meeting."

"To be sure, darling, it will be very nice. Wouldn't Arthur like to come, too?"

"I don't care to," answered Arthur. "I like my book. I'll go out in the other room."

Robbie brought his low chair close to his mamma, and laid his Bible and his "One, two and three," as he called his hymn-book, in the big chair beside him. He was very fond of his hymn-book, which grandma had given him, and could sing many of the sweet Gospel songs in it.

"We will begin with a hymn," said mamma, "will you choose?"

"I like 'I cannot tell how precious,'" said Robbie; so they sang it.

"Now we will have a little Bible reading about kindness," proposed mamma. She thought of several verses, and Robbie found them in his Bible and read them. He had to be helped a little for he was only seven years old. Before they finished, mamma thought they had better learn one verse by heart, and it was this: "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

"That was spoken of a good woman," she explained, "but it is just as suitable for a little boy. The law of kindness means that kindness should be our rule all the time. We will both try this week to keep the law of kindness."

Then they prayed; first mamma, and then the little boy. He asked God to please let him "be a minister when he grew up, and to make him want to be more and more," and that he might not be "afraid to pray out loud, 'cause he would need to if he was a minister." Then he prayed that they all might be "made fit to go to the beautiful city by and by," and that "all the bad people might be converted before the awful day of fire." It was a sweet little prayer, and mamma felt sure the dear child meant every word of it.

They closed the meeting with another hymn, and Robbie asked if they might have another meeting next Sunday afternoon. Mamma said yes, of course, for she thought it a very pleasant way of spending an hour of the holy Sabbath.

On another Sunday mamma and Jennie went out to church, but Robbie still wanted his prayer-meeting, and mamma gave him leave to go upstairs and hold it with Mary, a little girl who lived in the same house. Mary said she had "never seen a little prayer meeting and didn't know how to have it," but Robbie said he could shew her how. They sang and read some verses, and then Robbie said they must pray.

"I don' want to," said Mary.

"Oh, yes, you must," urged Robbie. "You pray when you go to bed, don't you?"

"Yes; easy, all to myself."

"But now you must say it out loud," said Robbie, "cause by and by when you're a woman you'll have to go to the women's meeting and you'll have to pray real loud there."

Mary did her best, and Robbie followed praying for the little heathen children who were sick and dying of famine. They had been collecting money for them in Sunday-school.

"I forgot whether they were in Persia or Prussia, mamma," he told his mother afterwards; "but God knew what I meant, didn't he?"

"Yes, darling, God knew," said mamma, as she gave her little boy a good hug and kiss.—*Lon. Adv. and Guardian.*