OUR HOME CIRCLE.

FAME AND DUTY. What shall I do, lest life in silence pass?" And if it do, prempt the bray of noisy brass, What need at thou rue? aye, the ocean deeps are mute; The shallows roar; Worth is the ocean—fame is but the bruit Along the shore."

What shall I do to be forever known?" Thy duty ever. "This did full many who yet slept unknown." Think'st thou perchance that they remain un-

Whom then know'st not? By angel trumps in heaven their praise is blown Divine their lot.

"What shall I do to gain a lasting life?" "Discharge aright
The simple duties with which each day's rife Yea, with thy might. Ere perfect scene of action thou devise Will life be fled, While he who ever acts as conscience cries Shall live, though dead.' From Schiller.

IMAGINARY DISAPPOINT-NENTS.

Not all the disappointments which men and women note in their lives are disappointments which grow out of their failure to develope excellence of moral character, or to achieve some good work for others. The element of selfishness enters largely into the composition of those regrets which we dignify with the name of disappointments. We mourn because we have lost some personal advantage; because we have failed to win the fame or the money for which we hoped; or even because we have not won some unworthy triumph over a rival, or inflicted punishment upon the enemies who have wronged us.

Even in less directly selfish lamentations over what seem to be tailures in one's past life, a man often looks at the relations between success and failure with eyes blind- said, that they "shall wash their is no use to struggle any longer. I grieves over what was, in fact, a blood of the Lamb. blessing rather than a curse. He thinks only of the bright side of the be!" said one poor colored woman My notes have gone to protest; my thing which he has missed, and ig- to us one day; and so, in that way, credit is ruined. I have just left nores the long line of certain or we thought of heaven, when we my store for good, and the next you was said more than once, as he possible misfortunes which would considered the blissful exchange have followed the attainment of the | for Aunt Sally. About ninety years lost opportunity. Not all the things old, perfectly blind and helpless, which "might have been" are shrivelled and sunken, her body things of beauty and blessing. We tortured with intense pain, she had and forgetting his own troubles for dwell with melancholy musings lain there for years, looking long- the moment, seized the hand of his hearer, who had before spurred upon the bright things which we ingly "for the home just over the desponding friend, and shouted have failed to get, but we feel far way. 100 little gratitude for the failure | Can there be such a thing as and suffering which God has averted | beauty amid such wretchedness?

Indeed, the habit of coddling soially is this true of the reflections which come with advancing years. the comfort the Lord had to give to He dropped into a vacant chair midst of his studies. A midnight as one thinks upon that which he is such as she, so that my poor atyouthful measure of success is an to see you suffering so much. Aunt untrustworthy one. With all the experience which comes with middle lite, we insist on looking at some bygone disappointments from the foolish stand-point of callow experierce. We throw the cloud of imagination over possibilities whose greatness increases as memory of their real nature diminishes. So one hears a well-to-do merchant sad- sees. ly repeat some extravagant compliment elicited by a piece of schoolboy declamation, and intimate that, if he had only been a lawyer, the highest successes of the profession would have been open to him. Thus it is that a worthy and ill-paid minister occasionally permits himself to said. give a saddened thought to the great fortune he lost when he left the counting room and began does is a blessing. De will of de his classical studies. The same de Lord must be done. You're so good ceitful process of thought leads the to me, but la, you can't help yourquiet wife, whose work at home has self; it's de spirit of the Lord. It been a noble and happy one, to con-jure up the ghosts of what she might like to me it comes jes like a peach have been, had she married the or an apple on a waiter. long-haired youth who used to quote Byron and Mrs. Hemans, and that I must say something. had she followed him in the paths "Oh, no, not lonesome, Missus, I of literary glory in which to be sure, done got plenty o' company-plen- crude wax flowers often set up for follow in our wake, and neglected he never walked himself, but to ty of company at midnight. I'se which her guidance might have led no time to get lonesome. him. There is no need of multiply. "You live so near to the Lord, sons who never find themselves in trouble you. Does he, Aunty?" a frame of pensive meditation over once nursed in their unsettled where de Lord is." brains.

in the world, and in the happiest can you stay so cheerfully? grief that has no foundation outside of the imaginative faculty. If it is a sin to give place to prolonged la
"I want my Lily to have a pleasteward to slice off more of the same time for his dinner, and at the same time for his dinner.

"I want my Lily to have a pleast to slice off more of the same time for his dinner."

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"I want my Lily to have a pleast to slice off more of the same time of the same time of the s a sin to give place to prolonged la- 'come,' all de world can't stop me. after life." Her nursery was filled meat. mentations over real woes, it is I don't want to set de time; but with toys, and her costly baby house more sinful to mourn over those he'll come, he'll come!" which are unreal. Musing over Thus her simple faith in Christ "disappointments" is downright took hold of every thing. We birthday offerings of her mamma's cholera—viz., vomiting, cramps, so much about the Bible! I have ing, drives away one customer a cholera—viz., vomiting, cramps, so much about the Bible! I have ing, drives away one customer a cholera—viz., vomiting, cramps, increation of the author of

give way to it. For our mistakes and 'mansions;' then we sang the the house with the earnest enquiry follies, we may well have a godly "Sweet By and By." and "We're ent thing from brooding over disap- finished, she lifted up her poor, ly dressed but merry little girl busy pointments. If we have failed, let crippled hands, while an almost in- with her one rag doll, caressing and us amend our lives. If things have effable smile lit up her thin, shriv- talking to it from morning to night, not been what we would have them, elled face, as she exclaimed, "Per and thought how stupid a life she let us remember that God's hand haps to-morrow, perhaps to-mor- must lead. Lily breathed the stiffthrough difficulties to the stars, cago Standard. may read backward for those who vex their souls with ungrateful and wicked thoughts over imaginary disappointments. If we would go prowling around among the false stars of fancy instead of the real stars reached by genuine endeavor, we may be sure that we shall only fall back among the thorns.—S. S. Times.

A HOUSETOP SAINT.

Not long since, by special invitation of Misses Jones and Brainard, who are employed by the Women's Home Missionary Society to labor among the lowly colored people of Columbia, S.C., I accompanied them to visit old Aunt Sally at the poor-

As it was "visitor's day," the outside surroundings were visibly clean. On entering, however, I was obliged to call to my aid every particle of will-power that I possessed complete wretche iness of the place, The walls were grimy with smoke ing over a dying fire, while on a room, the visitor broke forth in the miserable dirty bed lay one of those following language: saints of whom it may soon be

"What a neat place heaven will

Yes, out of the depths of that helpless suffering and poverty, in the

she had already appropriated all ness?" We are too prone to forget that the said, however, "I am very sorry said:

> "Oh, la, Missus, don't you feel sorry. De Lord is mighty good to a favorable arrangement with his dis poor cretur."

"But you are helpless and blind, Aunt Sally."

" No, no, not blind. I sees Jesus. I don't want to see the way you

"Not want to see with your eyes?' said I, quite surprised. wanted me to see, he'd not make from suicide itself. me blind. De Lord has blessed me with a long bed of 'fliction,'

" Blessed you with affliction?"

"Yes, Missus, blessed me, or he would not give it to me. All he

" Are you not lonely?" feeling

ing examples, for few are those per- then, that the devil never comes to "Oh, la, now, he done tries to

some silly compliment they receive get in here every chance he gets. ed when they were in their teens, He's roun' dere now, a peekin in or some crazy ambition which they de do', but he can't come in here

"But you have lain on this bed Certainly there is enough sadness all these years, Aunt Sally; how

repentance, but this is a very differ- going home to-morrow." As we Across the way she could see a poor-

who rules wisely? The ancient stretched forth, and the blind eyes tion, and in a gruff way addressed proverb that tells us that we go up behold the King in his glory.-Chi- Mrs. Mar: "The child is well

MAN'S BROTHERHOOD.

If any man must fall for me to rise,
Then seek I not to climb. Another's pain
I choose not for my good. A golden

A robe of honor, is too poor a prize To tempt my hasty hand to do a wrong
Unto a fellow man. This life hath woe
Sufficient, wrought by man's satanic foe; And who, that hath a heart, would dare pro Or add a sorrow to a stricken soul

That seeks some healing baim to make whole? My hosom owns the brotherhood of man; From God and truth a renegade is he Who scorns a poor man in his power, On this fellow lays his superstitious ban.

— Thomas Mackellar.

WORDS FITLY SPOKEN.

country has passed, a New York exactions on every one aroundmerchant sat in his counting room sacrificed, like the autumn leaf, to studying how to steer his bark amid over care and culture. the threatening breakers.

An intimate associate of his enin order to endure the sight of the tered, who was also suffering remen, one of them blind, sat crouch- of the merchant in the counting-

> "Well, I am going to give up; it ed the point, but the blow has come. young men in the country.
>
> My notes have gone to protest; my "A brilliant intellect?" "Tom hear of me will be from the morgue."

The merchant was astonished and bewildered at these words spoken by his associate. He sprang up, aloud:

"Why, man, what is the matter with you? Are you a coward? returned the farmer. "Tom is Have you forgotten your wife and tough." But the test was coming. children? Have you forgotten God? There was a contest for the valecalled disappointments may so grow radiance of Aunt Sally's poor old Do you believe that God will per- dictory, and Tom redoubled his exupon us that we become utterly un black face shone the beauty of the mit any thing to come upon his actions, neglecting both sleep and people that he will not give them proper nourishment, He gained and the false, and finally get into a freiful and sinful mood, because idea that I might, perhaps, be able in Christian in the prime of life! of distinguished talents, whose time in a letter room now and dust my pretty red -how can you turn your back upon | had not, meanwhile, been taxed like were real blessings, or, on the other affliction, but I soon found from the wife, children, and God, because his in earning a support. But nahad no actual basis in fact. Espec- heights in which she dwelt, that you have been disappointed in busi- ture asserted her claims. He was

and sat in silence a few minutes: pleased to term a "lost youth.' | tempts seemed quite out of place. I | presently he arose, and with tears,

Sally, and wish that I could help me. I will never be guilty of this

He returned to his business, made creditors, and was saved.

How much may be accomplished by a few brave words from one who cherishes an unshaken trust in God's overruling providence! The beneficial results are twofold-an unconscious deliverance from our own depression, and the rescue of others "No, Missus, for if de Lord from a similar condition, possibly

Never go gloomily, man, with a mind! Hope is a better companion than fear; Providence, ever benignant and kind, Gives with a smile what we take with a tear All will be bright,

Look to the light Morning was ever the daughter of night, Cheerily, then, cheer up !

WORN OUT ..

I was proud of my wax-flowers. My English teacher praised themshe who had practiced on flowers for twenty years, and whose tiny rose bud with its perfect stem and graceful curves commanded a higher price than great vases full of for bait for the numerous fishes that a Chirstian name?" ornament! But her brow clouded to replace the canvas covering. In as she examined my bright autumn the morning the cook noticed that cise book. "Let me hear you spell ply, and a purchase being made, the leaf. She turned it over and over the meat had a slimy appearance, and instead of saying, as had been but not suspecting anything, cut off A-x-i-c. What other combination hoped, that it compared well with sundry slices to cook for breakfast. of elementaries could give the unithe rich maple leaf just out of the woods, she spoke sharply: "You've worked your wax too much. See, you have spoiled it!" True; not specting the quarter of the meat, the pretty little story of Achsah, lobsters I caught yesterday? Sold content with my first aim, 1 had striven to embellish it further, and the moon's rays, and ordered it to wedding present? It is given in fresh ones! He never would have so destroyed forever the quality of be thrown overboard; but the mate, Joshua, and also in the recapitula- looked at the melon until he had my material.

"Who is going to amuse me?" leads us in unitare and mistortune as well as in success and joy. Who shall dare look back on his life and saw that it has not been led by one when the mistortune as well as in success and joy. Who shall dare look back on his life and the "sweet chariot to swing low," pain. When the doctor was called attition I when the mistortune are in the day time. These attacks after a time wore off. Although not superpain. When the doctor was called stitious, I fully believe in the banesay that it has not been led by one when the withered hands shall be in he gave an unwelcome prescrip- ful effects of the moon's rays. I less than a year. enough. All she wants is plain, simple food, and above all plenty of fresh air-rain or sunshine-and | skies." let her go to bed early.

" How little doctors know after all," said Mrs. Mar, when he had gone. "Why, if I did not fix up new dainties to tempt her uncertain appetite, Lily would starve. As to her going out at all times, it would be the death of her. With all my bundling her up in fine weather, she forever takes cold. If she had some mothers she would not be alive. The doctor's idea of her going to bed early and losing the liveliest part of the day-all the company ! Lily's chief enjoyment is after what the doctor would call her bed time."

So Lily grew up a wretched inva-One day, during the trying finan-cial trouble through which our and making the most unreasonable

In one of our first colleges, young Tom Smith was admitted to be at the head of all the classes. He had verses. He was about forty years | gained his position by the closest of age; possessed of a noble form application; and had paid his bills and dirt. Not a vestige of comfort and great business capacity. With- by constant industry. He not only was to be seen. The poor old wo- out noticing the offered salutation gave lessons all vacations, but toil ed over private pupils in term-time. His pleasant manners and thoroughness always secured him opportunities to teach. It is no wonder that his father, a hard-working farmer. ed by misapprehension, and so robes and make them white in the worst of it, and had already weather honors far beyond the wealthiest

> will make his mark in the world," came down from the platform, after an eloquent speech on a public occasio...

> "But isn't our friend undertaking too much?" asked a thoughtful Tom on in his career, but saw that his face was now too pale.

"Better wear out than rust out. seized with a brain fever in the cry drew the students to his bedside; the deepest sympathy and most vigorous efforts were of no "I thank you. You have saved avail. His reason was gone. He was received and kept, the short remainder of his life, in one of those institutions of mercy that tenderly care for the hopelessly insane. In an old chest of his mother's garret may still be seen the copy of an elegant valedictorian address-halffinished and dated on a memorable night.—Chris. Intelligencer.

MOONLIGHT.

"As some people," says a writer, seem to scout the idea of baneful effects from the rays of the moon, allow me to state a few facts known to me: In the year 1853, when running in a barque between San Francisco and Humbelt Bay, our provisions consisted on the down trip, in most cases, of elk meat purchased at Humbolt Bay, and invariably hung up in the rigging, covered with canvas.

"Upon two occasions, when two hind quarters from the same animal were hung up side by side, the crew some time in the night uncovered one of them, to cut off some pieces The result was that the whole ship's que whole?" company were made sick, myself included, which the captain, on in-

"The result was that all three indicated, I think." shone like a fairy palace. Nine were made extremely sick, with ingratitude to God. If people could say nothing. He must say it realize the essential wickedness of all.

it, they would not be so ready to So Miss Brainard read about the solutions. We birthday offerings of her mamma's cholera—viz., vomiting, cramps, so much about the birthday offerings of her mamma's cholera—viz., vomiting, cramps, so much about the day, will in a little while have very friends. But she grew weary of all these things when the novelty from the other leg, were not affect. Thave read didn't do me any good, few left, and they will soon find all these things when the novelty from the other leg, were not affect. The read didn't do me any good, few left, and they will soon find all these things when the novelty from the other leg, were not affect. The read didn't do me any good, few left, and they will soon find all these things when the novelty from the other leg, were not affect. The read didn't do me any good, few left, and they will soon find the sound of the read about the sound it, they would not be so ready to So Miss Brainard read about the was over, and wandered through ed, and we ate from the one that I'm afraid, for I was all the time him out and leave him.

remained until our arrival in San Francisco. I have seen in China seas two or three instances of men who have slept on deck expessed to the rays of the full moon being attacked with 'moon blindness.' that is, unable to see in the night, althink that these effects are more oceans and only under cloudless

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

One day Charles Dickens, as he sat in the office of 'All the Year Round,' making his way through the mass of papers that lay on the table, was attracted and surprised by the singular merit of some lines which had been sent him. Such a discovery is always a refreshment to an editor, as he wades among the slough of manuscripts which surrounds him, and he glanced eagerly ledge of the Bible may be truthfulat the name with which the verses ly called 'cultivated.' But I am were signed. It was 'Mary Berwick.' Dickens had never before, to his knowledge, either heard this name or seen it in print, but there through by course, I should come was the ring of true poetry in Mary Berwick's lines, be she whom she might, and so they were inserted in the next number of the magazine. Months went on, and All the Year Round' had frequent contributions of Miss Mary Berwick among its contents. Dickens however, knew simply nothing about her, except that she wrote a legible hand, that | She told me that when she was a he always by her own wish, addressed all communications to her to ter, who was fond of making homea certain circulating library in the ly, practical illustrations, say that west of London, and that when he sent her a check, she acknowledg- fish. That when he came to a hard ed it promptly, but in a very short, matter of fact way. At length, When he read the Bible in that one winter evening, when Dickens went to dine with the Proctors, he happened to put in his pocket, to show them, the Christmas number of 'All the Year Round,' which bones he found, until, when he was just coming out. He called came to be an old man, with their attention especially to what silvery hair, the book that he used he said was a very pretty poem to find as full of bones as a Conby Miss Mary Berwick. The author of 'Pickwick' remarked, to his halibut, with only the one big bone astonishment, that those simple in it of God's incomprehensibility, words of his were received by the and that was in such plain sight whole family with much suppress- that no one could stumble over it, ed merriment. He could not in and grandly served its purpose as the least make out what was in the a strong frame-work to keep the wind, but he took it good-naturedly, sweet, white, nutritious meat in supposing it to be some home place. Christmas joke, and asked no "Thank you," said Mary, stoop questions. Next day the mystery ing to kiss the radiant face of her from Barry Cornwall to Dickens. Bible that my mother gave me Mary Berwick was Adelaide Proc- when I left home, and begin to read tor. And from that time forward, it on the old minister's principle. Miss Proctor took an acknowledged I shall stick to it this time, you place among English poetesses .-The Argosy.

PRAYER

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right. Pray, if thou caust, with hope; but ever pray.
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay

Pray in the darkness, if there be no light. When war and discord on the earth shall cease

Yet every prayer for universal peace Avails the blessed time to expedite Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven, Though it be what thou can'st not hope to see;

Pray to be perfect, though material leaven But if for any wish thou dar'st not pray,

Then pray to God to cast that wish away -Hartley Coleridge.

BONES IN THE BIBLE.

BY MRS. A. A. PRESTON.

OUR YOUNG POLKS.

"There's a new girl in No. 6, exclaimed Mary Stevens, running fruit to customers?" unceremoniously, as was her wont, into the room of her very dear friend and class-mate, Flora Williams, at "Glen-cove Seminary." "A new girl in No.6, do you hear, my love? and her name is 'Axy,' Axy Phillips. Did you ever hear, little stand in the future." or read, or think of the like of such

"It is a Bible name," said Flora, smiling and pushing back her exerit." "A-x-y, of course, or possibly, gentleman went away.

A-c-h-s-a-h. Don't you remember How much wiser is he about those decided was owing to the effect of the daughter of Caleb, and her them for the same price I did the ridiculing this idea, directed the tion of that book in the first chap- gone away." tures, and only in the connection I shall be better off in the end; for I

"Oh, dear me," said Mary, have lost one."

coming upon something that I did not understand. So I gave it up, thinking I would wait until I came to be older before I tried to read it."

"I have read it through five times," said Flora, "and that isn't much for a girl of eighteen, when you consider that if you read two chapters every morning and seven extra chapters every Sabbath, you will have the Bible read through in

"This year I am reading my prevalent in the tropical waters, especially in the Pacific and Indian a teacher's Bible with maps, proper names, chronologies, concordance, etc., in a beautiful binding for a New Year's present last vacation. By the help of the concordance I am looking out all the pasages about Hope, Faith, etc. I find it very interesting. Next year I hope to take up the different characters in the Bible. I wish I could have the Bible on my tongue's end, as they

they and skull of G gong not ! Beel They upri tron feet two weigin the look! A deall thorre thirs mati shau horre

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"Yes, it would be nice," replied Maryl" I have heard some one say. or read it somewhere, that any person who possesses a thorough knowafraid I shall never possess that kind of culture, because, you see, were I to begin to read the Bible plump upon some puzzling thing in the very first chapter that I could. n't think out, and that would discourage me utterly.'

"I used to be troubled that way." said Flora, "and one day I said something about it to grandmother. What she then told me helped me bravely in the difficulty. school girl she heard an old minis. reading the Bible was like eating place he left it and called it a bone. way, he found plenty of good, nourishing meat, and never had occasion to choke over the bones. That the older he grew, the less necticut river shad, was like a

see if I don't."

THE YOUNG MERCHANTS.

Two country lads came at an earv hour to a market-town, and arranging their little stands, waited for customers. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw, with pleasure, his stores steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver shining in his little moneycup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by and placing his hand upon it, said: "What a fine melon! What do

you ask for it, my boy?" "The melon is the last I have, sir; and, though it looks very fair there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy, turning it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it. But," he added, looking into the boy's open countenance, "is it very business like to point out the defects of your

"It is better than being dishonest," said the boy modestly. "You are right, little fellow; al-

ways remember that principle, and you will find favor with God and man also. I shall remember your "Are those lobsters fresh," he

continued turning to Ben Williams. "Yes, sir; fresh this morning jain I caught them myself," was the re-

"Harry," what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon. Now you can take it home You are mistaken, dear: It is for your pains, or throw it away.

have gained a customer, and you