

Our Home Circle.

A BROKEN WING.

I walked in the woodland meadows, Where the sweet thrushes sing, And I found on a bed of mosses A bird with a broken wing.

WHY SHE NEVER DRANK WINE.

"Of course we must have wine. Just think how perfectly shabby it would look!"

The remark was made by a beautiful girl as she danced out of the conservatory with a spray of pink blossoms in her hand.

"It is my first party, and I want everything splendid. And auntie," turning to a sweet-faced woman, with large, love-gleaming eyes, and an almost alabaster purity of complexion, "you must wear that rose-colored brocade. It is just the rage now, and your hair will trim beautifully. I am so glad we are to have plenty of flowers."

Helen Brayton was just from school, where she had been since she was ten years old. Of course she knew little of life; but her father was a wealthy man, and her dream of "everything splendid" was about to be realized. Aunt Agatha was her mother's sister, a scholarly woman of whom she knew little, save that she was a trifle eccentric, giving away nearly all of her income and never so much as touching wine.

Mrs. Brayton leaned back in her luxurious chair, and rested her eyes with a mother's delight on Helen's face.

"If we have wine, Aunt Agatha cannot come," was said slowly.

"Cannot! Why so?" with a shrug of her pretty shoulders. "She will not be obliged to taste it."

Mrs. Brayton beat her satin-slippered foot against the Persian carpet. It was a question she could not decide. Mr. Brayton had given her carte blanche. He had not time to attend to it, he said. In calling in Agatha she had not thought of wine. With exquisite taste and wonderful tact in arrangement, her services would be invaluable. All the morning she had been trying to persuade the really elegant woman to consider this as an exceptional case. Not that she cared for it; neither did Mr. Brayton. But what would people say? Mrs. Brayton was not one with moral courage to oppose Madame Grundy. She could not endure to be called shabby, especially when the money in hand would enable her to be profuse.

All the while Helen stood at the back of Aunt Agatha's chair talking of the pink and silver brocade. "Nobody will know it was ever worn. I am sure it would never show a seam."

A servant entered bearing a silver waiter, and on it a small card. Helen colored, and Mrs. Brayton excused herself and went down to the parlor.

"Do say you will not mind this time, auntie?" pleaded Helen.

"And thus break my promise?"

"Did you promise, auntie, never so much as to drink a drop?"

"I promised never so much as to drink a drop; neither would I stand by and see another drink."

"That is going a little too far, I think, auntie. If another drinks it will not hurt us."

"I am not so sure," returned Aunt Agatha. "Whose card was that Dick brought in?"

"Henry Fargo's," answered Helen, with a vivid blush.

"If Henry Fargo should drink wine to excess, would it not hurt you?"

"O auntie! he never could," with a face from which all color had fled.

"If I have been rightly informed, one of his brothers died a drunkard," persisted Agatha Fleming.

"That was Will. He was always a little wild. Went to San Francisco, spent a good deal, and drank to drown his trouble," was Helen's answer.

The Fargos lived in the same square. In the vacations Helen had seen a good deal of Henry, and learned through him of Will's wanderings. But she did not connect it with wine; the latter was a mere accident. He drank to drown his trouble.

The expression of Agatha Fleming's face grew tender; tears filled her eyes. It was a favorable moment to say to Helen all there was in her heart to say—why she should not touch wine.

"You have heard your mother speak of Herbert Weyburn? turning her gaze upon the young girl.

"Your old friend, or flame, I don't know which?" returned Helen, with all her usual vivacity. "Yes."

"My friend, as Henry Fargo is yours. We lived in the same square, and we loved each other with a love that grew stronger as we grew older. Herbert went to college. He was grandly gifted. But he learned to take wine; it made him brilliant. The head of his class, he was likewise the master of oratory. But he could not speak without his glass; then it required more—one, two, three at a time. His manner was no longer the same—at one time wild and capricious, at another time gloomy and morose. I expostulated. He was angry and upbraided me. The next hour he was ready to beg my pardon, and I forgave him. Of course he would never again give way. Thus it went on until he was ready to establish himself in business, and I was looking forward to becoming a happy bride. One night there was a quarrel, in which Herbert struck a brother lawyer and himself received a fatal stab in return. They had been drinking to excess, but when I reached Herbert he was rational. Never shall I forget his face as he said, 'The doctor says I must die. If I had never tasted wine, Agatha, this would not have been.'"

"They had not told me that the wound was fatal. I buried my face in the pillow and sobbed outright. In that moment I would gladly have given my own life could I by that means save Herbert. My agony made him worse. They took me from him, and only permitted me to return when I promised to command myself. When I entered the room Herbert was lying with his eyes shut. As I approached I saw that his lips moved. Was he praying? I tried to think so, for I had been brought up to think it was a dreadful thing to die without an interest in Christ. As I knelt by his bedside he put out his hand.

"I have asked God to make it easy for you, Agatha. You warned me against drink; but I did not see the danger. Now I must die. But you will think of me sometimes, and, thinking of me, you will not fail to warn others against wine."

"I had promised to be calm, and to be calm I tried to point him to Christ. I cannot tell just how it was, but in death there was a smile on his face, as though at the last he caught the gleam of celestial wings. The thief on the cross received assurance—"This day shalt thou be with me in paradise.' I trust it was so with Herbert."

Silence brooded over the room. Helen did not lift her head. Agatha hawed the first to speak.

"Now you know the reason why I do not drink wine, the reason why I do not go where wine is made a temptation to some poor soul who has not the strength to resist it. You will not now expect me to go to your party."

Slowly the brown head was lifted, while through tears Helen answered:

"I shall not have wine at my party, Aunt Agatha. It is too dreadful; I cannot think of it. Will Fargo drank wine, and drank to excess. Henry takes a social glass. No," with more emphases, "I shall not have it. It shall never be said that I helped to make a young man a drunkard."

When Mrs. Brayton returned, Helen hastened to explain.

"We will not have wine, mother. I could never hold up my head again if I knew that one person was led to drink to excess through my offering him a social glass."

"What I have to say will be unnecessary in this case," smiled Mrs. Brayton. "I have just seen Henry Fargo. He hopes we will not have wine. Since Will perished miserably as he did, he cannot go where wine is used freely. As this is the first party of the season, he trusts we will set the example that many, very many, will gladly follow."

"I could never have done it but for Aunt Agatha," Helen answered, with her old bright look. "Henry Fargo shall never have it to say that I tempted him with wine."—Central Advocate.

ONE CONSECRATED LIFE.

"Many a year is in its grave" since a young girl from an humble home, nestled among the "everlasting hills" of Hampshire County, Mass., went forth to labor for her livelihood in a factory in one of the villages of Rhode Island.

During her sojourn in that place she was awakened to the fact that she was a sinner, and under the labors of Rev. Isaac Stoddard, of precious memory, was led to accept Christ as her Saviour.

With heart aglow she returned to her home, earnest and zealous for the salvation of those so near and dear to her. But within her soul arose the cry, "Who is sufficient for these things?" for there was no evangelical preaching in the town, and souls were perishing—souls for whom Christ died.

In her perplexity she thought of the pastor whose labors had been so blessed to her. She invited him to visit her home. The good man "conferred not with flesh and blood," but obeyed the call, "assuredly gathering that the Lord

had sent him;" and the first Methodist sermon which had been preached in the hamlet. The field was white. The people desired Bro. Stoddard to become their pastor. He gave them the necessary instructions, and a petition was presented to the Annual Conference making known their request. To their great joy it was granted.

The Spirit accompanied the Word, and many souls were saved. A few years passed—years of earnest, prayerful labor; and, then, ere the cornerstone of the little church was laid, and while her life was yet in its morning, the young toiler folded her pale hands and entered into the joy of her Lord, leaving to the care of a covenant-keeping God her husband and five little ones.

Fifty years have come and gone. At the place where four ways meet stands the little church, but where are those who gathered within its walls? Most of those who were converted in that great revival are on the other side of the river, but their children and their children's children are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land, doing good service for the Master.

Humble and obscure was the life of Clarissa Arnold Hall, the first representative of Methodism in that "hill country," but who shall measure its results? And one who years afterward was joyfully welcomed to the hearth-stone and shared with her children all the blessings of that Christian home, pays this poor tribute to her memory.—Zion's Her.

THE BRICKLAYER AND PARSON.

A Manchester curate, walking along a street in the dinner-hour, passed a lot of bricklayers smoking their pipes, and he heard one of the men say:

"I'd like to be a parson, and have now't to do but walk along in a black coat, and carry a walking-cane in hand, and get a lot of brass."

There was an approving laugh all around, whereupon the curate turned quietly around, and the following conversation ensued:

"So you would like to be a parson? How much do you get a week?"

"Twenty-seven shillings."

"Well I am not a rich man; but I will give you twenty-seven shillings, if you will come with me for a week and see what my work is like."

The bricklayer did not like the proposal, but his mates told him it was a fair offer, and he was bound to accept it. So he reluctantly followed the parson down an alley.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To see a sick parishioner," was the reply.

"What is the matter with him?"

"Small-pox."

At this the man drew back. His wife and bairns had never had the small-pox, and he was afraid of taking it to them.

"My wife and bairns have never had the small-pox," said the curate. "Come along."

The man hesitated.

"O, but you promised to accompany me wherever I went," urged the curate.

"And where be you going next?" asked the bricklayer.

"To see a poor family huddled in one room, with the father dead of scarlet fever in it, and themselves all down with it; and, after that, to see another parishioner with typhus. And to-morrow there will be a longer round."

Thereupon, the bricklayer begged to be let off. Twenty-seven shillings would be poor pay for that kind of work, and he promised he would never speak against the parsons again.—Litchfield Church.

SOME PHYSICAL FRUITS OF IDLENESS.

The mind should always be occupied; it is strengthened and preserved in a healthy state by work; whereas it decays or becomes impoverished by disuse; or, what is even worse, since it is impossible to keep the brain absolutely at rest, its powers should be profitably employed, or they react on the system, and give rise to the numberless ailments, physical, mental and moral, known as hysteria. This term almost implies that I am thinking of the female sex; certainly it is to women especially that the want of occupation applies. Young men are forced to get their living whether they like it or not; but a large number of young ladies in a family have absolutely nothing to do. Those brought up in the country have this advantage, that they may always make work for themselves; the village children may be taught and otherwise cared for; bringing not only a blessing on them, but a healthy body and mind to the benefactor.

In town the condition of middle-class girls is to me pitiable. They are too genteel to follow any occupation; they are often too many in a family to assist in domestic duties; they have returned home from school with some very poor accomplishments; their knowledge of French and German is not sufficient to allow them to converse in those languages; and music just enough to indulge in a doleful song or play badly

on the piano. They dawdle through the day in a listless way, and fall victims to a thousand little ailments which the doctor is supposed to put right by physic. And the most curious thing is that should the instincts of the girl force her to put some of her energies into use, she is as likely as not to be thwarted by the mother. I am a daily witness to this; and when young ladies are brought to me for advice, the invariable story is that they are overtaxing their strength; the maternal instinct being so perverted that it has become with many the belief that every movement means fatigue, and absolute rest is the way to insure health.

It is against this very erroneous view that I am now preaching. These mothers do not come to the doctor for advice, but come to dictate to him; and they say: "I want you, doctor, to insist on my daughter not playing the organ at church, for it is too much for her; or having that children's class once a week, for she is always ill after it; but order her to have her breakfast in bed, and a glass of port wine about 11 o'clock." It is this fancied care on the part of parents which is so injurious; for the very energy of young people would command them to occupy themselves. I do not know that girls are worse than boys in respect to idleness; for probably the latter would not work unless obliged, and even for them an occupation is good quite apart from that at which they earn their daily bread.—Chamber's Journal.

THE TOMB OF THEMISTOCLES.

As if to have stood on the Plain of Marathon was not enough for one day's delight, we must needs start off after dinner (and by train, too, on the only railway in Greece!) to the Piræus, to pay our homage at the last resting place of the man who, whatever his faults, was the first to see what Athens had in her to accomplish, and to open her eyes, and guide her hands to the fulfilment of her destiny. Making our way as best we could in the darkness past the shipping and the dockyards, then through the straggling houses, which lie scattered above the harbor to seaward, and where, each house being provided with a fierce and obstreperous dog, we had some difficulty in escaping with a whole skin, we at length came out upon a narrow foot-path leading through waste moorland along the seashore. A scramble of five minutes or so through boulders brought us to a point where the coast turned slightly southward, and left us looking across south-west to the island of Salamis and the mountains of the Morea. Hard by lies the great Athenian. His tomb commands the scene of the battle, which rivals the fame of Marathon, and which would hardly have been fought at all save for him. Hitherto the night had been dark, and the moon chary of her light; but now, as we looked, she shone forth triumphantly, and amid flocks of white cloudlets, which here and there relieved the blue-blackness of the heavens. At our feet gleamed the dark waters of the gulf, just trembling in the breeze, and beyond the gleam the cone of Egina rose sheer into the silent air—Egina, the eye-sore of the Piræus. Behind Egina, and sweeping round to the right, loomed the hills of Argolis and Achaia. Nearer at hand lay Salamis, her jagged outline well defined against the sky. Between her and the shore little Payttaleia, whose name lives in the record of the battle, asserted its existence by the steady ray from its light-house, shining across the mouth of the harbor. Looking inland, the lights of the Piræus added to the scene fresh interest, both of picturesqueness and of association, as showing that not less now than in old days, the place was full of the stir and hum of men.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Our Young Folks.

WHOSE FAULT WAS IT?

"Etta, won't you cover my new atlas this afternoon? I'm in such a hurry for it," said Johnnie Eaton to his eldest sister.

"Etta, where are you this moment," came a voice from the hall, as Johnnie laid his book in his sister's lap. The young girl took it with a cheerful smile.

"Yes, dear, I'll do it," and then hastened to answer the second call, which was from her "grown up" brother Will, at home just now on a visit.

"Oh, there you are, Etta, I want you to do something for me which no one else can do as well—I want this initial worked in my new silk handkerchief in your very best style. How soon can you do it, little Sis?"

Etta hesitated. "You can wait a few days, can't you, Will?" she asked, "I have so many things to do this week."

"This week, why I wanted it to-day," exclaimed her brother. "I thought of course, you'd do it this afternoon, it is such a little thing. Couldn't you make time for it, Etta?" with a coaxing smile.

"Yes, I suppose I might," said his sister; and Will, quite unheeding the

effort with which she spoke, thrust the pretty silk handkerchief into her hand, kissed her gayly and ran up to his room.

Etta went to Johnnie, still waiting for the atlas, with a slow step. These two demands upon her time would take up the afternoon, and she had planned a visit to a dear friend whom she had not seen for some weeks. But she went about her tasks, nevertheless, and soon dismissed Johnnie, who ran off with his nicely covered atlas, and an emphatic assurance that she was "the best sister in all the world."

Then she sat down to the embroidery, but this progressed so rapidly that by four o'clock the last stitch was taken, and Etta folded up her work with a smile, having decided that she would have plenty of time for a short visit yet. But alas! the door opened just as she rose to begin her preparations for her walk, and her mother said: "Etta, could you make some biscuits and molasses cake at once. I have just heard that the Selwyns are coming here, and we have nothing nice for tea. I would ask Hannah, but you know how cross she is if she is interfered with on ironing days, so I had to come to you."

"Oh, mother!" said Etta, "I was going to see Mary Ames. Couldn't Carrie or Sarah make the biscuit and cake this time?"

"I asked Carrie first, but she said she was too tired to do anything," replied her mother. "As for Sarah, you know how careless she is. She would let the biscuit burn, and forget to put molasses in the cake, I dare say. No, Etta, if you don't do it I must."

This was enough. Down to the kitchen went Etta, thinking regretfully of her friend, and the pleasant hour they would have had together. But the weighing, measuring, and mixing soon engrossed her attention, and it was not until after five that she was able to escape to her own room, to make herself presentable. Meanwhile her sisters sat in the parlor, attired in cool lawn dresses and all ready to entertain the Selwyns when they arrived. By the time Etta had made her toilet, another summons came from her mother. "Etta, dear, won't you just see that the tea table is nicely arranged? Margaret is so careless sometimes." So Etta paid a visit of inspection to the dining room, and there found enough to occupy her for some additional time.

When at last the guests were summoned to the prettily spread and tempting meal, Etta was hardly noticed as she slipped into her place, while Carrie and Sarah engrossed the attention of the visitors. But she did not repine at this, because it was always so, and she remained in the dining room when the repast was finished to attend to the various duties, as was her wont, without a murmur. It was so natural, such a settled custom, that she should be the helper and the care taker, and that her sisters should be ornamental and useless, that Etta's brow was quite unruddied when at last she joined the party in the parlor. When it was time for their guests to leave, Mrs. Eaton proposed that the girls accompany them part of the way. Carrie and Sarah agreed to this at once, but Etta hung back. Her little sister would miss her, she knew, for it was her invariable custom to sit with the child for a half hour every night and tell her a story. So she excused herself and saw the others depart, not without a regretful feeling, it is true, but yet with no idea of evading her self-imposed duty.

And this history of part of a day was the history of Etta's whole life—always occupied by the cares and duties which should have been divided between the members of the family, but which fell so easily upon her willing shoulders. Is not this a frequent experience? Is there not in many households an Etta?—Christian Intelligencer.

GENTLENESS.—One day in winter a heavily laden team was going along one of the streets of Boston. It was just after a snow storm. Pretty soon the wagon got stalled in the snow and the horses stopped. The kind-hearted driver, instead of getting angry at the horses, cursing them and lashing them with his whip, got a shovel and cleared away the snow from before the wheels. Then he stepped up to the shaft horse, and patting him gently, said in a kind voice, "Now, Billy we are in a fix; you'll do the best you can, won't you?" The horse really seemed to understand what was said to him, and rubbed his head against his master's shoulder, as if to say, "All right, I'll do my best." Then he started with a will, and carried the wagon straight through the snow. A well-known gentleman, who belonged to the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was going by, and saw what took place. He was so much pleased, that when he reached his office he wrote a note to the owner of the team, and enclosed a ten dollar bill for the driver who treated his horse so kindly.—Rev. E. Newton.

In some hearts which have tested the blessedness of communion with God, there are always peace and joy, the gladness of angelic song, even though around them may be a tension and aggravation and mesmeric clamor.

Sunday

LESSON VII.

JOSEPH THE

TIME—Joseph and promoted to kingdom, B. C. old.

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