

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE HEAVENLY WORLD.

Oh, where is that heaven of glory,
That beautiful home of the blest,
Where hearts that are sad with life's story
Find peace and the sweetness of rest?

Do stars that smile on us at even
Hold loved ones who wait for us there?
Will that be the precious home given
When we in their blessedness share?

We look on the sky's perfect azure,
And long with great longing to know
Just where it will be our Lord's pleasure
Our freed, happy spirits shall go.

Sometimes there comes o'er us a shrinking
At thought of the changing of place,
Of breaking the bonds that are linking
Our souls to this narrow earth space.

If only we knew where the spirit
Would dwell when the body doth sleep:
What place in the vastness inherit
Where God His loved ones will keep?

The babe that is peacefully sleeping
The sleep that has not been revealed,
In heaven, has gained, and is keeping,
The knowledge we want for below.

Oh, poor, troubled heart that is fretting
To know what has not been revealed,
Have faith that our Lord, not forgetting,
Keeps part of the future concealed.

But surely enough has been told thee
To give to the soul perfect peace,
For Christ's arms of love will unfold thee,
And sorrow forever shall cease.

No tears will there darken thy vision;
The parting of friends will be o'er;
While all in that region ethereal,
Shall dwell with the God they adore.

HOW SHE CONTRIVED IT.

In a certain Sunday-school, no matter where, there was a class which had been the despair of successive teachers. One after another was frozen out by the elegance, or was it by the stiffness of the half-dozen beautiful girls who composed the exclusive circle. Bound together by congenial social relations, the young ladies remained, apparently indifferent as to whether they had a teacher or not, and equally polite and uninterested with the new teachers who came from time to time, as they had been with the old.

The superintendent grieved over their lack of class feeling. They were in the school, and not of it. It was suggested to him to press them into service as teachers. They one and all declined the office. During the opening and closing exercises, they behaved with propriety, as grown up girls should, and when they had no one to teach them, they spent the time appointed for study in talking to each other, with evident enjoyment, but as evidently about anything else rather than the lessons.

One day, a little, dark-eyed woman entered the school and offered her services as a teacher. She stated that she had recently come to live in the neighborhood, and wanted to work for Christ. "We have a young ladies' class," said the superintendent, with some hesitation—thinking, good man, of the rich and rustling silks worn by the class in question, and of the plain attire of the woman before him. "It is an unpopular class," he continued; "nobody succeeds in it; but you might try for to-day."

Looking in her direction a little later, he could hardly believe his eyes. The ice had melted. The class had forgotten itself over the Bible, and was a unit in its eager attention to the lady, who was speaking to them in a low, soft voice, and as if what she had to say was worth their hearing. And, yes indeed, he could see that they were asking questions as well as replying to them.

Sunday after Sunday, the stranger, who soon grew to be a friend, was in her place; but ere long the six had grown to twelve, and then to twenty; and in three months the number had increased to thirty-five. A little unused room, not much more than a recess, was set apart for the class, which could no longer establish itself in its old quarters.

The original six were as well dressed as ever, but very much less exclusive. For, among the additions to their ranks was a pretty German Bertha, who was a nurse in a neighboring family; a Swedish Katrine, who was a seamstress; and Irish Nora, who lived as a maid of all work in the home of one of the deacons; and at least a dozen young women who earned their living in shops and factories.

There was besides, a teacher in one of the public schools, a young art student who had come from the country to pursue her favorite branch, and a pale girl who was writing for the papers.

A more miscellaneous set could not have been imagined. Yet they did not seem ill-assorted. There was no patronage in the manner of Floribel N., the judge's

daughter, not the least servility in the air of Dulcie W., who was folding sheets for books daily from eight until five.

"Tell us your secret," said some of the teachers one day to Miss—. It was at a little afternoon meeting of the lady teachers, informally assembled to talk over methods. "How do you contrive to hold those girls?"

"I have no secret," was the reply. "I pray for my girls daily. I name each individual at some time every week, to my Master, and I study the lesson with my whole heart and soul. I try to make it a living lesson; not a story of the past, but a vivid stirring story for to-day. I try to find out what is back of each girl—what home influences she has, what are her surroundings, and to what key her life is set. Then I seek to discover whether she is happy or discontented, whether she feels herself of use, and what work she can do, and my constant refuge in every doubt and perplexity is my Saviour. I know these young lives are very precious to him, and I cannot be satisfied to let them slip into worldliness, when they ought to be consecrated to him.

"But how do you conquer the caste feeling so completely?"

A light came into her dark eyes, kindling the expressive face into rare beauty. "I think nothing about it. Caste must go down when the cross is the central thought. Why, Elsie D. brought Katrine in, having asked permission of her friend, who was Katrine's employer; and Nora came because Katrine, who lived next door, asked her to; and Miss Jenny F., a gifted young creature who is very much alone in the vast city, was invited by Carrie P., who also studies with Professor—. Once we had set the ball rolling, there was no trouble. The only secret," said the little woman smiling, "is that I bear my scholars on my heart night and day, that I get them at work, and that I get them to be wide awake with interest in the Bible, which is the most interesting book in the world. And then I trust in one who never breaks his word. He is with us always.—S. S. Times.

A TOUCHING OFFERING.

A western pastor sends the following to *The Congregationalist*:—Last fall the spirit of God was poured out in mighty power upon our congregation. Night after night the people thronged the house of God, and numbers turned to the Saviour. Our hearts were so amazed and gladdened, and humbled, at the manifestation of God's great goodness, that we could hardly believe the testimony of our senses.

The first one that became a Christian was a middle-aged man in whom we had felt a deep interest. Possessed naturally of a noble nature, by evil associations in the names of California, he had become rough, profane, passionate and thoroughly sceptical. His wife, a godly woman, for five long years had been praying and hoping, for her husband's conversion. Never can we forget the thrill that passed through the audience that evening, when, rising to his feet, with great deliberation and firmness, he said, "come weal or woe, come life or death, it is my determination to serve the Lord."

A few days afterwards, when coming out of church, his wife put into our hands a little package, quietly saying it was a thank-offering to God for the conversion of her husband, the avails to be applied to the cause of missions. It was hard to keep back the tears as we examined the contents of that package. There was a heavy gold bracelet, a wedding gift from her uncle, bearing the date of her marriage. There was a delicately wrought gold chain, a bridal gift from her father; a heavy belt-buckle of pure gold, the material of which had been dug by her husband. There too, was a pair of clasps from the eldest daughter, the gold of which had been dug by her father, and which often had looped up her sleeves when a babe. There were two rings, one each from her two younger daughters, who were delighted to testify their gratitude that their dear father had become a Christian; and more precious than all was the lady's wedding-ring, bearing her initials, and the date of her marriage.

The articles seemed so sacred to us that we protested against her parting with them, and urged her taking them back. But she said no; she wished Jesus to have her best. Almost against her will the

wedding-ring was redeemed, and returned to her, but the rest was sent to the United States Mint, and the avails consecrated to the "Home" in Japan.

But this is not all. Her husband, out of gratitude for his own conversion, has set apart nearly a thousand dollars to send an evangelist to labor a year among the miners in California. And now, every week, the hearts of this husband and wife are cheered by tidings of his labours there. Such devotion God will bless. Conversions are constantly occurring among those brought under their influence; and both California and Japan will be blessed by their prayers. Are there not others who wish "Jesus to have their best?"

ILLNESS IN HISTORY.

On the part which Death plays in human affairs it would be trite to expatiate; but we have recently watched by the sick-beds of several men of note, and seen the effects, as they unrolled themselves before our eyes, of Illness in History. If any one cared to write a book on the subject he would find no lack of materials to serve for melancholy, ennobling, or even humorous reflections. One incident which St. Simon records of the long and last illness of Louis XIV. belongs to the domain of high comedy than of broad farce. Whenever he relates, the King's symptoms took an alarming turn there was a perfect stampede of courtiers from the royal apartments towards those of the Duke of Orleans, who it was known would be Regent. As soon as the physicians gave a more favorable account of their patient, back scampered the herd, at a minute's notice, lest the lion should actually rouse him again and vent his displeasure on the absent jacksals. If, again, we classify maladies, and show the effects which gout or even the indigestions of great men have had on the destinies of our race, the stock of facts is bewildering from their number. Napoleon is said to have been less than himself at Leipzig from having eaten to excess of a shoulder of mutton and onions. His nephew was certainly suffering from a cruel complaint when he suffered himself to be pushed into the war which terminated—for him—at Sedan.

Mr. Kinglake's account of the manner in which the invasion of the Crimea came to be determined upon is by no means impossible. The Duke of Newcastle, he declares, had made up his mind that the expedition should take place and had drafted a dispatch to Lord Raglan, which virtually left the latter no option but to go forward. The dispatch he, of course, read to his colleagues; but previously the members of the Cabinet had dined together. "In these days," observes Mr. Kinglake, "the physiologist will speak of the condition into which the human brain is naturally brought when it rests after anxious labors, and the analytic chemist may regret that he had not an opportunity of testing the food of which the Ministers had partaken, with a view to detect the presence of some narcotic poison. . . . In other words, the Government had dined together too well or too ill; the Government fell asleep; the Duke obtained a drowsy assent to all his views, and went his own way." Chatham's gout was an important factor in English politics during some of the most eventful years of the reign of George III. During his third and altogether unfortunate administration it left him, or rather the disease in his constitution migrated from the foot to the head. For many months he was in a state of mental paralysis, while his subordinates were only too active. At last the gout returned, and the cloud was lifted from his brain. But in the interval the fatal Act imposing the Tea Duties had further embittered the quarrel between Great Britain and the American Colonies. Chatham's suppressed gout did much to split the English race in two.—Echol

THE CHILDREN IN CHURCH.

There is no more beautiful sight than a congregation assembled in families—father, mother and children seated together in the pews, and together uniting in divine worship. That this sight is less common than it used to be or than it ought to be, few persons will deny. It is not infrequently the case, that the young people of a household attend one sanctuary, while the older members of the same group go by themselves to

another. The fervor of an eloquent minister attracts a grown-up son; the artistic perfection of the music in a certain church pleases a grown-up daughter; or there are social considerations which weave their spells around the young lady or gentleman; and so they cease to go with their parents to the old church, which they vote to be old-fashioned and slow.

As for the little ones in the nursery, many parents think it hardly less than cruel to take them to church where they will be obliged to sit still, where they can understand only a small portion of the sermon, and where they will be wearied by an irksome confinement. It is urged, too, that if little children are compelled while little to go to church, they will acquire for it so great a distaste (not to say hatred), that as soon as they reach maturity they will cease to go at all, and rushing to the opposite extreme, will spend the Sabbath in rioting, feasting and unhallowed pleasures.

We question very much whether the children, and even the very little ones, have the disagreeable associations with church-going which are ascribed to them. Probably they enjoy it more than their mistaken elders suppose. At least that is the uniform testimony to be obtained from tripping feet and beaming eyes and merry looks as they run to get ready. Very few children are not glad, and do not feel honored, when taken to the house of God.

For them there is pleasure in the organ's pealing symphonies, in the sweet tones of the choir, and in the waves of melody which overflow the congregation as old and young rise to uplift the psalm or hymn. Often they comprehend much that the preacher says; and if he is their own pastor, known to and beloved by the lambs of the flock, they like to listen. What joy it is when, now and then in the very midst of his discourse, he addresses some word especially to the youngest. You see their attentive looks, and the swift recognition which flashes over their little faces. They will tell at home that the minister said something to them to-day.

Still, whether or not they grow weary, and whether they understand or not, they ought to be taken to church. As children of the covenant, they have a right to be trained in the observance of Christian duties, one of which is public worship. Few little fellows of ten prefer fractions and boundaries to a game of tag, or a ride or a velocipede. But we send the boy of ten to school and keep him there steadily, day in and day out, that he may form habits of study, and that his mind may insensibly be disciplined. That would indeed be an unkind father who should give his son no education, because the boy does not understand Latin grammar and Greek roots when he begins their study.

Children should not be consulted as to their choice of a church. They should go with their parents; and it should be the family custom for all beneath the roof, old or young, to attend public worship regularly, unless prevented by illness. The value of training from infantile years is well understood by the Roman Church. It is part of her masterly system to stamp her authority on childhood, while still it is wax to receive and marble to retain impressions. Protestants only are guilty of the great folly and sin of letting slip the earliest years, that the world may have the first chance, and the Church and He who bought the Church with his blood the second or the third.—Intellectual.

"BREAK, BREAK, BREAK"

[AN IMITATION.]
Break, break, break,
Around me, life's bitter sea,
For a Rock in the midst of waters
Its shelter has offered me.
Oh, well that this Rock has risen,
That here I can sweetly hide
In a cleft by Love's passion rivet,
Away from the storm's dark tide!
Oh, why will blind souls go down
With this beacon piercing the night,
When it takes but a look at an outcast
Hand
To lift them into the light?
Break, break, break,
At the foot of this Rock, O sea,
For your boats but hasten the glorious day
That is coming soon to me!
—Zion's Herald.

A PECULIAR MEDICINE.

The Professor of Materia Medica in Jefferson College recently said that he presumed that cockroaches were not entirely unknown in the medical practice in this city, and "cockroach-tea" can be used with good effect in

certain cases, although, owing to the public prejudice against the insect it would not be a popular medicine. The use of the cockroach as a diuretic in certain diseases is almost universal in Russia, and is very general now in European medical practice as a cure for Bright's disease. To what extent it may be used in Philadelphia is not known. Physicians would not care to have it known they prescribe so detested an insect in their practice, and few druggists will acknowledge that they keep it in stock. Its medicinal properties are in many respects the same as those of cantharides, and when prescribed are in the shape of a pill, made with the powder of the dried insect, or the "cockroach" tea of the Southern "grannies." A *Record* reporter, who visited several of the leading drug-stores of the city yesterday and asked whether powdered cockroaches were kept in stock, was told that they did not sell it, but that a prescription containing the active principle (blattin) can easily be prepared by drying half a dozen of the animals and powdering them, so as to make a pill, or a solution can be made occasionally, is prepared by soaking female cockroaches in whiskey. The Professor of Materia Medica in Jefferson College says that the cockroach is no more offensive than the cantharides, which are of the same class of animals, and their smell is, if anything, much less disgusting than the much used Spanish-fly. Several physicians who were interviewed yesterday on the subject said that in their opinion it is only a matter of time when cockroaches, or the active principle, will be in as common use in this country as they are in Russia or Central Europe.—*Phil. Record*.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

"PLEASE."

There is a little magic word,
Worth more than golden keys;
Closed doors will often yield, I've heard,
To use this smooth word—"please."
It wakes the slumbering conscience up,
And stirs the stubborn will;
Puts sweet into life's bitterest cup,
And oft brings good from ill.
Its influence extends to all,
In palace or in cot;
No place so humble but its fall
More lovely makes the spot.
Like gentle dew from heaven above
This soft, persuasive word
Comes to the heart unused to love
Like song of sweetest bird.

THE CHILD APOSTLE.

A little slave girl in Travancore was so earnest and constant in telling others of the Saviour, that she was known by the name of the "Child Apostle." Cruelly did she suffer for her faithfulness, but she persevered, and often won to Christ those who had been her most cruel enemies. When the late Bishop of Madras was visiting Travancore, this child was presented to him, her face and neck and arms all disfigured and scarred by blows. The good Bishop's eyes filled with tears as he looked at her and said:—"My child, how could you bear this?" She looked up in his face with simple surprise and said:—"Sir, don't you like to suffer for Christ?"

THE CAPTAIN.

A railroad train is a good place in which to study human nature. This Spectator spent an hour the other evening in a Hudson River Railroad train studying a drama which a Dickens would easily convert into a pathetic story. The car was very full; among the passengers was a well-dressed Canadian Frenchman of middle age, and standing in the aisle at his side his buxom and pretty daughter. Our attention was first attracted by his endeavor to get out of his seat and her endeavor to keep him in it. At last the pushing and counter-pushing developed into a regular tussle, in which, of course, the girl was worsted, and the man, getting in to the aisle, made his way toward the door. The daughter pursued him, begging the passengers not to let him out. What is everybody's business is nobody's business, and it seemed doubtful whether any one would interfere. He got the door open and was out on the platform, the daughter clinging to his coat in a vain endeavor to hold him back. There was a momentary struggle on the platform, then a burly, round-faced, muscular gentleman, whom his comrades called "the captain," sprang into the aisle, pushed the girl aside with a gentle violence, and springing out upon the platform collared the drunken Canadian, brought him back, forced him into his seat, and awed him by a threat of handcuffs. All this had taken place so quickly that the passengers had hardly awakened to what was going on. It then transpired that this father, crazy with drink, and wanting to smoke—a privilege not allowable in the car—had undertaken to get off the train while it was running at the rate of 40 miles an hour, get his smoke, and take the next train. The Hudson River Railroad, being seriously embarrassed by its poverty-stricken condition, furnished on this train only one brakeman to every four cars; and there would have been no one to prevent the consummation of the tragedy had it not been for "the captain." How he took possession of the drunken Frenchman, and kept him in his seat, by what stratagems he kept him quiet, and how he gradually acquired such a mastery over him that the Canadian curled himself up in the corner and went to sleep, while "the captain," giving up his own pleasant quarters, sat by his side there is no room here to tell. He did not look like a man who would make an eloquent prayer in a prayer-meeting, or an eloquent speech at a temperance meeting, but he constituted himself the guardian of the crazy Frenchman and his daughter, and when we left the train at half-past eight appeared good for the all-night sentry duty which he had under-

taken; for both guardian and guarded were going through to Montreal. And this Spectator came away reflecting that if Jesus of Nazareth lived on earth now he would have found in this simple incident a modern instance of a good Samaritan.—*Ch'n Union*.

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WHAT A LITTLE GIRL DID.

In this neighborhood recently, a feeble church has been endeavoring to build a house of worship for itself, or perhaps it would be more proper to say that their more wealthy neighbors have been building it, but the church members have contributed according to their ability. Being anxious to raise more money than the people were able to contribute, one of the officers of the church procured some cards with the name of the church printed on one side, and on the other side these lines:
If you cannot give your millions,
You can give the widow's mite;
The smallest gift for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.
These cards were given to some of the children of the church to sell for ten cents each. A little girl took some of them to a shop in which her father worked, and passed around from one to another, soliciting purchasers, until she came to a man who was regarded by his fellow-workmen as one who had no interest in religious things, and was not disposed to give money to any object. "Will you buy one of my cards, sir?" said the child. "I don't want any cards; what is it for?" She explained that she was trying to raise some money to help build the church. "What a little girl like you trying to build a church!" "Yes, sir," was the modest reply. "Read that to me," said he. She read the verses. "Well, here is ten cents for you," and he took the card. Expressing her thanks, the child turned away only to be recalled. "You can take the card," said the man, "and sell it to some one else and get ten cents more." "Thank you, sir," said she, this time looking at him with beaming face. She turned away the second time, but was again recalled. "Little girl," he said, "will you read me those verses again?" She read them, when, much to her surprise, the man took out his pocket-book and handed her a ten-dollar bill. With reiterated thanks the child went away rejoicing.—*N. Y. Observer*.

SOMETIMES GOD GARNERS THE DEWS OF LIFE.

Sometimes God garners the dews of life, holds the tiny, precious drops in reserve to form some sudden shower of mercy, which shall save from utter barrenness the parched, arid soil in its season of burning heat.—*Ellen Oliver*.

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