OUR HOME CIRCLE.

AT EVENING-TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

It was been we token day, but All above us. Black, threatening clouds were hanging The war with shield and mean went sweep And toes d the elm-tree branches to and fro. dreary, And lead to petals from the fairest fl w-

While all the blossoms bending faint and

We we see why for one so happy-hearted newn a wedding day so tuil of gloom; on lear sink with presentiments of doom? world.

There i'r her life there fell a main of sorrow, And love's sweet flowers were beaten down and torn;
Each might she hoped the sun would shine A hope that perished ever with the morn. Twas in e: the rain still fell with ceaseless sobbing, Her once brave heart sank low beneath the blast: And we who listened to its slow, faint throb-

The on her face the look of pain and sadplace do one of heavenly lighthe full of hely peace and gladness, We knew the stormless city was in sight. The cloud, were lifted and a flood of glor No more the storm, no more life's bitter I was the evening-time, and there was

-Lanta W. Smith, in Zion's Herald.

CHEN LOH-TS-UEN.

Mr. Tomalin, of the China Inland Mission, has given an account of the eventful life of Chen Lohworld to be hollow and unsatisfy-Sizes, of the Baptist Mission, visited Sin-chau; the soldier ing point in his life; he was farther instructed by native helpers and Mr. Tomalin himself, he returned to his camp, and his life, but saved him from with the help of his Testament, even suffering; for who ever he interested a number of persons trusted in God and was conin the Gospel of Christ, but find. founded? ing soldier-life inconsistent with the new life and light he had among these interesting people, received from God, he threw up Mr. Tomalin baptized nine men his prospects of promotion, and and two women, and, commending se out alone for his native town. them to God and to the word of

preach. God blessed his message, The journey had been more difone and another believed, and ficult and expensive than he had soon there was a little company anticipated; but the rejoicing meeting for worship every Sun- people not only would take no day. In two years between sixty money for his board and that of to eighty persons in Ku-cheng- his two native companions (voltsin, his native town, and the sur- unteers not in the pay of the rounding villages were hopefully | Mission), but brought an old converted. He felt his need of Spanish dollar and one thousand sought for Mr. Tomalin, who expenses. Mr. Tomalin would tremmed with him after five take nothing for himself, but let menths' delay. Mr. Tomalin them give part of it to the natives

the good people came out some some of them helping to carry distance to receive us, and it the bedding, &c., they conveyed brought the tears to my eyes to them two days' journey, free of the West Coast of America teleso their joy and to hear them charge, through the snow and graph company, contributes the spe k of the Lord their Saviour. over the bleak hills to the northand was most hospitably enter- and thus helped, Mr. Tomalin's and unique experience in connectaine. One of the believers-a funds held out till he and his com- tion with the working of the nanin comfortable circum stances, panions reached the steamer and one of the leading men in station at Nankin. There, howthe place, which contains some ever, their all was spent, and how

The way in which this man was delivered was very striking.

When Mr. Tomalin entered the town, and was taken into his shop, he saw a strip of paper opposite the door, so placed that one could not enter without observing it, bearing, in large Chinese characters, an inscription which may be rendered: "In obedience to the will of God! I prohibit myself from this time forth from either smoking opium, or entering an opium den, or in any wise Were bergand broken in those stormy having connexion with opium. The paper was signed with the name of the shop-keeper and dated. On inquiry, Mr. Tomalin found that after thirty years' opium smoking, the pernicious drug had gained such a hold upon The same was waning when the clouds were him that he felt that he must give And to lot away like banners wide unfurl. it up. But in vain he struggled with his oppressor; he could ed:
The school shope, as the clouds uplifting the gradually discontinue its In swiden clory o'er the min-drenched use, nor cure himself by the help of native medicines, nor even by the foreign remedies sold in Shanghai; so that all hope of deliverance died out. Then came his conversion through the preaching of the soldier. The latter, coming in one day to read the Scriptures with him, found him at his pipe, and exclaimed, "What! Do you not know that you cannot be a Christian and Free that her weary day was done at smoke opium?" "Is that so?" said the convert. h Does the Bible forbid it?" He was told that though it was not mentioned in Scripture, the passage condemning drunkeness of course condemned the far worse intoxication of opium. "But what is to be done?" eried the convert. "Well, up; lessen the amount used by a was the reply, "I have tried that ing him that at the time he had

you had better gradually give it few grains every day." "Ah!" plan, but in vain." The soldier encouraged his friend by remindnot an Almighty Saviour to help him, but that Jesus was mighty to ts'den. He was driven from home save from every form of sin. at alrearly age during the Tai- "Stay," said the man. "Is it sin ping rebellion, and compelled to to smoke (we are not sure as to serve six years in the rebel quantity, say) three drams? for army. During this time he it so, it cannot be pleasant to God | earth, her weight is estimated as bearned to sing the doxology and to smoke two drams and nineto call upon God the Father. At tenths; or to go sinning for a earth's weight. So the attraction the capture of Chang-chau he long while trying to give it up. of the moon must be much less in was taken prisoner. After this If it is sin, it must be given up at proportion than that of the earth, he became an Imperialist soldier once and at any cost!" The sol- and objects on her surface would and was stationed at Sin-chau, dier was atraid his friend would not be nearly as heavy as here. felt the die (quite suddenly deprived of A man so large that on the earth the drug), or fail and be dising, and longed for something couraged; and he knew not what be ter, and was even thinking of to say, so he proposed prayer. becoming a Buddhist priest. Rising from his knees with a Write in this frame of mind, Mr. strengthened faith, the opiumsmoker would not hear another word, but took his pen, wrote the heard him and it became a turn- paper above referred to, and then, with a little paste (which Chinese shop-keepers use instead of string to do up their parcels) he fixed after Chen Loh-ts'-uen had travel- the paper opposite the door, led one hundred miles to find and never touched the vile drug him. At the end of his furlough again. God not only saved

After a stay of nine days

He commenced at once to His grace, bade them farewell. instruction, and again cash as a contribution towards who accompanied him. Nor was "As we drew near to the town this all. Borrowing a beast, and himself heartily into the work, as, when it should pass, under the indeed, they did all. He followed conviction that some member of me wherever I went, and never his own Mission would be on seemed to be able to do enough board, though he had no reason completely broken off the habit be so, for when the steamer slowed

account of his journey.

THE MOON.

us as the moon is tens of thousands; | fact, looked as good as on the day and this you see makes a very | the cable was first laid.' great difference in the appearance. A pea looks larger to us when seen across a room than an orange does when seen a quarter of a mile away. If we could have an express train going a mile a minute to take us to the moon, we would be about five months and a half making the journey, never stopping a moment night or day. At the same rate of travel, a mile a do. Once it might have been. minute, if we never lost a minute, Memory would often paint, with we could reach the sun in about

173 years! The moon is believed to be made of a much less dense or solid material than the earth. For this reason, though her diameter is not less than one-fourth that of the not more than one eightieth of the he could only move about slowly being burdened with his own weight, would, if he were on the moon, find himself as light and active as a circus rider. The moon has no light or heat of her own to give out, as the sun does. She shines simply by reflecting the light of the sun, just as the wall of a room is seen at night by the rays of a lamp that it reflects or throws back, or off, to our eyes. The sun's rays falling upon the moon's surface rebound and strike the earth, and thus we see the moon.—Prairie Farmer.

A PERFECT DAY.

We went together up the side Of some far hill on that fair day ; Where, in the grass, clear streamlets glide Where flickering shadows softly play-Ah me!

That this should be but one long memory A brook was singing in the sun, As if it strove our lips to teach Some secret of its waters' run-Some words that scarce find

in speech; And so We drank love's cup, and listened to its

My sweet, we lingered near the stream Till melting gold turned all to gray; And new it only seemed a dream, The memory of that perfect day. Thus pass Love's hours like breath-stains breathed upon a glass.

A WHALE'S ADVENTURE

Mr. R. Kendal, chairman of following story to a London I stayet with them nine days, ern banks of the Yang-tsi-kiang; paper: "As a matter of curiosity submarine telegraph cables, I beg leave to hand you some extracts from the letters from our 300 families (1500 to 2000 inhabi- were they to proceed? After a managers on the west coast of tants) gave up his own bed to time of prayer, Mr. Tomalin's South America, and also from the me, and also the use of his shop mind was powerfully influenced to captain of our cable-repairing for preaching, selling books and put off in a boat with his Chinese steamer. The extracts go to show dispensing medicines. He threw companions to the up steamer that not only is it bad for a whale to attack a cable, but so perfect have the appliances for the repair of cables now become that, no matter where or in what depth for me. He had been an opium for his hope beyond this powerful of water they may be broken, smoker for thirty years, but had impression. It proved, indeed, to they can almost always be repaired as surely and as quickly in through faith in the power of down to allow passengers to come mid-ocean as a horse can be shod Je us to save. This fact is known on board, a party proceeding to in a blacksmith's shop. Judging to all around, and is indisputable. Gan-king for a conference (of from the extracts it would seem He tells to all how the Lord de- which Mr. Tomalin was in ignor- that the whale voluntarily atlivered him, and that without ance, having been some time from tacked the cable and, having had though he had oftentimes tried to him, and to hear the interesting temerity with his life, for he was in trying to match colors, trim- tumble down when the trial comes. When lost on the wild northern saffering physically or mentally, home) were on board to welcome a free fight with it, paid for his weld prisoner for seven days and mings, and ribbons.

captain of the repairing steamer Yes, heartily, as if her whole every profession and occupation. writes: 'Having picked up heart were in the business—that There are lawyers everywhere How far do you think the moon twenty-one knots of cable, and was just the way in which she who know that they have never How far do you think the moon twenty-one know of the never is from us? Not far, compared while continuing picking up an took up her burden of life—mak- had any training to fit them for with the distance of the other immense whale came up to the ing that dingy little store an attheir work, who yet impose upon with the distance of the other limited whate came up to the planets and the sun. It is only bows entangled in the cable. It tractive place, where one could the people, and take the money about 240,000 miles. You re seemed to be about seventy feet get a word to help her on life's for giving them advice which they member, the distance through the in length. In its struggle to get journey, where sorrowing hears know they are unfitted to give. earth is 8,000 miles. So it would free the cable cut right into its could go for sympathy as well heard of one lately who advised take thirty poles, each long en side, the whole of its entrails as buttons, for loving counsel his partner "never to have anyough to extend quite through from coming out and great streams of as well as trimmings, for thing to do with law books, for they ough to extend quite through from blood. It its last dying struggle kind advice as well as pins and would confuse his mind." There end to end, to reach from us to it parted the cable on the bow needles. And what a lesson is to are ignorant physicians, who can the moon; and if we had a rope sheaves and floated to windward be found here for all persons in and do impose upon people long enough to reach to the moor of the steamer. The cable was like reduced circumstances. The more ignorant than themselves. we could wind it nearly ten times twisted up in the form of a wire command is implicit in its re- There are preachers without namaround the earth at the equator, rope for about two fathoms, and quirements, for it reads, "What- ber pretending to know what they The moon looks to our sight as in six different places had the aplaced as the sun; but really she pearance of having been bitten the Lord." But seldom is one see that their manhood is at best cannot in the least compare with through sufficiently to stop all found whose life of toil and depri- but a beautiful deceit? Now I him in size. You remember that communication. There is no vation is a constant fulfillment of want you to be a man, and that when we arranged the solar system doubt the whale has been the this command. But what a bless- you may be that, I want you first on a small scale in the yard, a few cause of the interruption.' Our ed peace fills the heart of such an to be thoroughly true. I hope weeks ago, we used a globe two manager also writes: 'The cause one. This lady—for she is a per- you would scorn to tell a tie, but feet through to represent the sun, of the breakage of the cable, as feet lady in the highest, holiest and a pea for the earth. A small has been pointed out to you in sense of that much abused termpinhead would do on that plan for | Capt. Morton's report, was a | this lady is no creature of the imthe moon! Her diameter is about | huge whale which became entanone-fourth that of the earth, or gled in the turns of the cable, and 2,000 miles, and her whole surface, was held prisoner for seven days; if it were spread out flat would the interruption is unfortunate, not be so large as the continent of | but it is at least satisfactory to | alacrity with which she does the North and South America. The know that the cable did not give moon seems as large to us as the way naturally, and that, where sun, because she is so very much | picked up, sheathing, yarn, and nearer. The sun is nearly four | core were found to be in an almost times as many million miles from | perfect state of preservation; in

"HEARTILY, AS TO THE LORD."

Yes, that was how she did her life-work. Do you imagine that it was a pleasant sort of work? You are greatly mistaken if you a single stroke, as it were, of her magic brush, a charming scenea pretty rural parsonage, an affectionate husband, a happy home, where, surrounded by kind people, the years flew by as if on wings. But death, sudden, terrible, changed this lovely scene. In its stead there stood a stricken widow, clasping her fatherless boy to her lonely heart. Stern, exacting, allowing no time for useless sorrow, poverty drove the widowed mother from her home to seek as best she might, the necessaries of life for herself and child. She tried one thing after another, but could find no employment which would bring in enough money to keep the wolf from the door. A country girl before her marriage, she was not qualified for teaching in these days, when one must pass through a thorough course of preparation, and graduate at a normal school, in order to meet the requirements of school committees and trustees. So for our brave woman there were two openings left-to run in debt for a sewingmachine, or go to service. While considering which of these two she had better choose, another opening presented itself. The proprietor of a small, dark, dingy fancy-store was looking for a person who might be induced, on exceedingly limited terms, to take charge of it; and this because he was color-blind himself, and his wife, who kept a dress-making establishment in the upper story, had lost all patience with him and his blunders. Into this bright opening our

sweet Mrs. Meade adjusted herself. She took up her position behind that dingy counter as cheerfully as if it were the very place of all the world could offer which she would have chosen. People coming in to make purchases lingered to have another look at her smiling face. Others, who had made up their minds not to go into the store again, reversed their decision, and were glad of it. The old store was always crowded now, and no one entering it was willing to leave without a word with Mrs. Meade. Winning smiles, kind words, helpful suggestions, cheerful sallies, she gave to each and all. Never, from word or look, would one have imagined this occupation irksome, this situation disagreeable. If ever a woman twined flowers into a thing of beauty, that wo man was Mrs Meade.

O, how she did glorify the drudgery of "waiting in a store"! The poor girls who had done duty there before she came hardly appeared like the same creatures. Their dull eyes grew bright, their slow steps quickened; and whereas they had been wont to shirk their duty, to give gruff and unfatisfactory answers to customers. now they strove to anticipate every wish, and took real pleasure

DISTANCE AND SIZE OF then mangled unto death. The "Heartily, as to the Lord." full of such shams of mankind, in agination, but a living breathing reality, and in conclusion I can wish my readers nothing better than the lovely cheerfulness and will of our Father.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

LAYING DOWN OUR LIVES.

Isn't it sad about poor Mrs. Brook?" said a friend to me the other day; "she is growing weaker and weaker, and the doctors as a privilege-not required, or say she can't live much longer."

"But why should it be sad?" I answered. "She is a Christian; the heir to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth others when it is convenientnot away; why should she not go joyfully home?"

My friend, though a child of God herself, looked at me in surprise as though I had spoken in an unknown tongue.

And yet-why indeed is it, that so many of us fail to meet death her to be one of the very poorest gladly, as "the line of shadow across which we are to step into child. Life has been hard on the eternal sunshine?"

fail of this high privilege. If we | there ought to be soft outlines and neglect the laws of health, we are | dimples; but she has bright eager sick; if we break the laws of our | eyes, and she never loses a word country, we are punished; and the teacher says to her, and he can we follow at such a feels that she is one of his most distance the laws of Christ, and | hopeful scholars. yet hope for all the blessings of One Sunday of winter, when

It is no longer necessary to lay down our lives in the arena, fighting with wild beasts, while a cruel world looks on amused; but none the less are we to lay down our lives, our selfish ease, our stubborn wills, our ambition, our neighbors, our country, the whole | at once, Molly?" the teacher ask-

human race. All of us, thank God, know some Christians, who so live that like Paul they are able now to say, "I count not my life dear unto myself," and when they are | the brown hand slipped into his ready to be offered, and the time a brown paper parcel in which of their departure is at hand, the four pennies were carefully doubtless they will echo Paul's triumphant exclamation, "To die is gain."—Sunday School Times.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

KEEP TRYING.

If boys should get discouraged At lessons or at work, And say, "There's no use trying,', And all hard tasks should shirk, And keep on shirking, shirking, Till the boy became a man, I wonder what the world would do To carry out its plan?

The coward in the conflict Gives up at first defeat ; If once repulsed, his courage Lies shattered at his feet. The brave heart wins the battle Because through thick and thin, He'll not give up as conquered, He fights and fights to win.

So, boys, don't get disheartened Because at first you fail. If you but keep on trying, At last you will prevail, Be stubborn against failure, Try! Try! and try again. The boys who've kept on trying Have made the world's best men.

A TALK WITH TOM.

Well, listen, I am going to tell to sleep and die, for he was sure you in one word of five letters. he would never more wake on about a cross, transforming it And I am going to write that earth. With a smothered prayer word in very loud letters as for help he fell asleep, and, as he though you were deaf, so that lay there, more sheep came and you may never forget it. The huddled around him. Strange inword is "truth." Now, then, re- | deed, as it may seem, the warmth member, truth is the only founda- from their bodies kept him from tion on which anything can be er | being frozen to death. A party ected, for otherwise no matter from home went in search of him, how beautiful the upper stories and they found him surrounded may be, and no matter of how by a dozen old sheep, whose ingood material they may be built, stinct saved his life. In keeping the edifice, the character, the man- | themselves warm they had kept hood, will be but a sham which of- warmth and life in him. And he fers no sure refuge and protection lived many years to tell this anto those who seek it, for it will ecdote of his boyhood's peril

that is only the beginning of truthfulness. I want you to despise all sham, all pretense, all effort to seem to be otherwise than you are. - Bishop Dudley.

MOLLY'S PENNIES.

The young assistant editor of one of the most important magazines in New York is also the teacher of a class of ragamuffins in a mission school. These children are allowed to bring a penny on each Sunday, for the help of other children worse off than themselves. Mind, they are allowed. even expected. It is set before them as an honor to help in the good work; and many of them bring their pennies regularlyothers seldom; but there is scarcely one so poor as not sometimes to produce it.

Among the class is one little mite, perhaps six years old, who always comes well-patched and clean, yet whose sole aspect shows of those poor. She is not a pretty her, and pinched her little face, Alas! It is easy to see why we and made sharp angles where

> the times were very hard, he heard a small voice at his elbow,-

"Teacher!" "Well, Molly?" ' Please, sir, here's four pennies for this Sunday, and three more

Sundays." "Why do you bring them all

ed, with curious interest. "Because, please, father is out of work, and he said there might not be any pennies if I did not take them now," and the thin litwrapped.

So the good work was not to suffer, however hungry the child's mouth might be before the month was over. The teacher wondered how many of the rich men, playing with fortunes as a child plays with toys, would remember, before making some desperate throw, to provide for the charities they were wont to help, lest there should not be any money in the weeks to come .- Youth's Companion.

LOST WILLIE

A poor boy, employed in Scotand to keep sheep, was overtaken in the hills by a severe snow storm. Long and bravely he kept up, and tried to drive his flock toward home by taking note of the landmarks he knew. All in vain; the snow fell, and before night all traces of roads and paths were lost, and poor Willie found himself alone in the hills with his

sheep. As the night wore on, the fatal drowsiness began to creep over him beyond his power to resist, You want to know, Tom, what | and without a scrap of shelter, he is the first quality of manhood? | laid himself down among his sheep

DAVIDS

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