

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

CUMBERED ABOUT MUCH SERVING

Christ never asks of us such busy labor... As leaves no time for resting at his feet; The waiting attitude of expectation...

MIRANDA'S PERPLEXITY.

The deacon and his wife called in last night, and as we were sitting round the great new-fangled, old-fashioned fire-place which Jennie has had made in my library I took out of my pocket this letter, which came to me in a recent mail, and read it aloud.

"I have been trying," I said, "to get Jennie to answer that question. If she would only tell Miranda how she caught me, Miranda's fortune would be made."

"For my part," said the deacon's wife, "I am sorry for Miranda. Nothing seems to me so hard to bear as heart hunger. There is a young girl hungry for love, and not knowing how to get it, or why she fails. I think it is the very worst form of starvation."

"You are too hard on her, my dear," said the deacon's wife. "She is just like all of us women. We all want to get husbands when we are young; and we all want to keep them after we have got them. And it is just all we can do to either get a lover or keep a husband; and the worst of it is we must never let anybody know what we want. I declare it is quite refreshing to find one girl that speaks right out what thousands of girls feel but would not acknowledge—no, not on the rack."

direction. Moses says, God made woman to be a helpmeet for man, and Paul says that the man was not created for the woman but the woman for the man. Education goes with religion. Pretty nearly all our systems of woman schooling are conducted with reference to making her attractive and helping her to get beaux and lovers, and in due time a husband. Pray, why shouldn't she take hold and help and do the best she can?"

"The chief end of woman," said the Deacon oracularly, "is to glorify man and enjoy him forever." "That it is our chief end to glorify man," said the Deacon's wife, "we are taught from infancy by our fathers, but our husbands very soon teach us that we are not to enjoy him forever, but rather that he is appointed to chastise us for our sins and discover unto us the hidden strength of corruption and deceitfulness of our hearts, that we may be humbled."

"I do not think, Deacon, you do Miranda justice," said Jennie. "Indeed, I do not believe a man can do any woman justice. He cannot know how we long for some one to lean upon; some one whom we may love and who will love us; some one to whom we can give ourselves, speaking our full love to him by word and deed without being unwomanly. He cannot know what a prisoner a woman is who is shut up in herself; or how the best part of her nature is put to a lingering death when she has no lover, and no one therefore, to whom she can pour forth love, and on whom she can lavish love. So he always makes fun of our school-girl attachments and our fondness for novels and poetry, and our ill-concealed want of lovers and beaux, and our poor endeavors to make ourselves attractive without seeming to do so."

"Those are my sentiments, exactly," said the Deacon's wife, "only you express them, and I could not. Listen to her, Deacon; it is as true as Gospel." But the Deacon needed no exhortation; he was listening.

"Of one thing you may be sure," continued Jennie, "society is full of Mirandas, though not many of them are as frank as this one. There is only one counsel to give to her, and I wish some one might do it. Whereat I caught up a bit of paper from the table and proceeded to take down a note of the counsel. 'If Miranda wants to be admired and loved, let her do something worthy of admiration, and be something worthy of love. Let her forget herself. Let her forget le ux and lovers. Let her cease to dread living single. Let her remember that an unhappy marriage is death on the rack. Let her cease to study how to attract and begin to study how to serve. Let her do good and be good; sacrifice herself; live for others; be helpful, in her home, her church, her Sunday-school. Let her be willing to lose her life and she will find it. Let her cease to care for admirers and she will be surprised to find admirers beginning to care for her.'

LOOK UP, NOT DOWN.

Life to some is full of sorrow—Half is real, half they borrow; Fall of rocks and fall of ledges, Corners sharp, and cutting edges. Though the joy-bells may be ringing, Not a soul you'll hear them singing; Seeing never makes them wise, Looking out from downcast eyes.

When the poor heart-broken wife of the murdered Auction, who had been stabbed to the heart by the drunken brute Murphy a few days ago, heard the news of her husband's death, she exclaimed, "Oh! the liquor stores, the cursed liquor stores!"

"We ask, is it not rum that has filled our prisons with criminals, our poor-houses with paupers, our streets with fallen women, and our asylums with lunatics? As soon as rum enters a household the devil goes with it, and there is neither peace, happiness or prosperity in that family again. Its inmates become wretched, vile drunkards, going about in rags, hunger and nakedness, until they wind up in the prison or the poor-house, while the rum-seller who supplies them with the fatal poison keeps his fast horses, and most likely his fast—wren't he write the word."

What a fearful responsibility rests upon those who sell whisky, for is it not written, "Woe be to him by whom scandal cometh?" The Lord God has emphatically declared that "Neither the drunkard nor the fornicator shall enter into the kingdom of heaven."

CHURCH LOTTERIES. A church lottery! What a paradox. But paradoxical as it may seem, lotteries are still occasionally held to raise money for church purposes. One would think that we ought to have outgrown the doctrine, "Let us do evil that good may come," or that relic of Roman anti-Christ, "The end sanctifies the means." A church lottery is no better than any other lottery, and it would not be any worse if the church were not supposed to be better than the world. State governments, as a rule, are very tardy in passing laws to prohibit popular forms of vice.

ond is, that the purchaser expects to get what he buys for less than it is worth. It is thus dishonest in its inception, and the patrons teach dishonesty to the world. The Church of God must cut loose from all complicity with evil, or abandon the effort to educate, and elevate public morals, save people from their sins, and "spread Scriptural holiness over these lands."

"IT WAS A COMPLETE SURPRISE." There is only one class of persons in American society who are constantly expecting and receiving what seems to be extra pay. Indeed, the stipend secured to them is on the expectation that additional pay in unstipulated amounts, will be given them, so that it is hardly right to call it extra pay.

JUDAS'S CONVERT. I once knew an infidel. He was one of the charming and lovely ones of this world; was a great favorite with his friends, among whom were some true Christians, and many church members, who were not worthy of the Christian's name. These latter so misrepresented, to the upright, generous hearted infidel, the religion they professed, that he was more and more confirmed in his unbelief.

THE FAUST BIBLE. This magnificent work was executed with cut metal types on 637 leaves, some of the copies on fine paper and others on vellum, and is sometimes known as the "Mazarin Bible," a copy having been unexpectedly found in Cardinal Mazarin's library at Paris. It is also called the "Forty-two line Bible," because each full column contains that number of lines, and lastly, as Gutenberg's Bible, because John Gutenberg was associated with Faust and Schöffer in its issue.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. THE SNARL FAMILY. Daisy is a little girl three years old. She has blue eyes that open wide with wonder when she is surprised, and twinkle with fun and mischief a great deal of the time—a pretty little rosy mutton, and an abundance of long golden hair.

printing being kept a profound secret. Faust sold a copy to the King of France for 700 crowns, and another to the Archbishop of Paris for 400 crowns; although he appears to have charged less noble customers as low as 60 crowns. The low price and a uniformity of the lettering of these Bibles caused universal astonishment. The capital letters in red ink were said to be printed with his blood; and as he could immediately produce new copies ad libitum, he was adjudged in league with Satan. Faust was apprehended, and was forced to reveal the newly discovered art of printing to save himself from the flames.

Tobacco on the young. We have once referred to this subject, but its prime importance induces us to refer to it again. The editor of the New York Medical Record thinks that the baneful effects of indulgence in the use of tobacco by adults are less marked in adults than the young.

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