

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

TO-MORROW.

Who says "To-morrow still is mine?"
As if his eye could peer
Through the thick mists of future time,
And trace out life's career.
To-morrow! stranger it may be,
A phantom never grasped by thee.

How can't thou tell To-morrow's sun
Shall shine around thy path?
Thy mortal work may then be done,
And thou may'st sleep in death.
O! say not then, "To-morrow's mine."
The present hour alone is thine.

Hast thou not seen the eager child
The butterfly pitifully?—as he smiled,
He said good-bye to his view,
And O! has not To-morrow seemed
To some, near—yet never beamed?

Where is To-morrow? hidden deep
From human ear or eye,
And who shall—nor who shall weep,
Nor who shall—nor despair?
And he that lives upon To-morrow,
Shall often drink the cup of sorrow.

But should To-morrow never rise?
What other scenes would meet thee?
We're ever young and gay,
With bright eyes and bright plauders greet thee?
O! then, it matters not to thee,
Ev'n should "To-morrow" never be.

AT CHAUTAUQUA.

"Yes," said the professor, looking over his spectacles, "the word Chautauqua is of Indian origin, and means 'a bag tied in the middle.' Then he proceeded to instruct us further concerning the height, depth, purity, and other virtues of Lake Chautauqua. But as all these things are known to the world, it is not necessary to recapitulate. A bag tied in the middle! did any body hear of such a thing? Here I had been pleasing myself with all kinds of romantic dreams concerning the meaning of the name, and now to think it had such an ignoble definition. Nevertheless, its shape suggests the name. Only I wish I didn't know it, I did not feel obliged to the professor for his information.

So I sat in gloomy silence, watching the beautiful shores of the lake glide by till I was aroused by hearing the voices of some women in conversation near me. One of them was an elderly woman with a mild, pleasant face, and benevolent air—"motherly looking," in the common acceptance of the word. She was giving her companion some advice concerning somebody's sickness and what ought to be done. "Now, my dear," said she, "you just get some of the very best wine you can buy; none of your light trashy wines, either, but good old port, with some body to it. And you just make her drink it three or four times a day, and you'll see how fast she gets her strength." "But she don't like anything of the kind," said the other. "That's no matter, she'll soon learn to like it," was the confident answer. "Well, you see, she's got prejudices against drinking anything of the sort," was the reply, given rather timidly. "That's all stuff and nonsense! Just because some men make fools of themselves drinking too much is a fine reason for sick women letting liquors alone." And the speaker's sarcastic tone was indescribable.

I did not hear any more. I walked away from where they sat, but as the moralists say, I had food for reflection. I wish that nice old lady knew herself to be what she is—a drunkard-maker. Of course the young mother would learn to like the wine. That is a taste easily acquired. The trouble is, it is not so easy to rid one's self of it. But suppose she is not really injured herself, which I do not admit, what of the baby? I wish she would read "Physiology for Girls," by Mrs. Shepherd, perhaps she might think differently about the baby being "benefited" by the port wine. Poor little children! Will no one defend you? Born into the world with the alcoholic taint, with the hereditary love of strong drink, or drinking in poison with mother milk, life will be a long struggle with desire. Or there may be no struggle at all, only yielding and defeat. Whose fault is it when the children stamped with King Alcohol's mark before birth, grow up drunks? Is it theirs? And yet old ladies are not prohibited from going about the country prescribing "toddy" and "gin-sling" for colds, from making wines and giving them as "tonics," from concocting "bitters" for debility, from giving mothers ale and beer to "strengthen" them. Ale and beer are very strengthening. They develop the hereditary love for alcohol in a child, and strengthen it, till it becomes master and destroys him, body and soul. But the kind, benevolent, motherly, nice old "drunkard-maker" pursues the tenor of her way, undis-

turbed by any such reflections. It is odd, she thinks, to take up these new fangled ideas about temperance. People always have had brandy in mince pies and wine-sauce for pudding. They always have had home-made wines and cordials for sickness, and all that sort of thing. So they have, my dear madam; and the boys and the girls like the wine and the brandy. By and by, when they grew up, the boys kept on drinking. If the girls did not drink themselves they gave the taste to their sons. But is it true the girls do not drink when they are women? Don't you and I know plenty of them that love wine and drink it, too? Do I not know the daughter of one of the most aristocratic families in the country (that is, if wealth, culture, and breeding constitute people aristocrats) who is to-day a confirmed drunkard? She was dead-drunk the day before her wedding, and locked up in her chamber, that she might be kept sober till after the ceremony. She is not fit to have charge of her little child, and is obliged by her family to live in the country, that her disgrace may not be any more public than possible. How did this happen, you ask? I'll tell you. She was a brilliant girl, with rare conversational powers, and her mother was very fond of her. This last mentioned lady was in the habit of urging her daughter to take a little wine before going out or receiving company. She thought it "stimulated" her, and gave zest and point to her wit. Well, it did "stimulate" her. It stimulated her to become what she is, a moral and physical wreck. It is not an exceptional case, either. You and I know many such; or, if you do not, I do, and can cite them.

I am glad Chautauqua has such a temperance programme for this summer. Two sessions of the Chautauqua Woman's Missionary Conference will be devoted to woman's work for temperance in her family and her neighborhood. And three sessions of the Woman's Devotional Conference will also be given to temperance. There will be organized a society called temperance class-mates, for young people, besides scientific, statistical, and Scriptural temperance lessons being given to the young. Mrs. E. T. Hoover, of Franklin, Penn., will serve as general secretary of Chautauqua temperance work.

"O Auntie," sobbed Rue, "you have no idea what a comfort that thought is to me!"

"And one other thing: You say that the more you try, the worse you grow. Is it wholly that, or partly that you have a keener realization of the perfectness of your pattern, Christ Jesus, and so see more clearly how far short you come of it?"

"I am afraid that you will encourage me too much," said Rue; "aren't you?"

"No," was Auntie's reply. "For if you are really in earnest, instead of growing careless, the more clearly you realize God's loving, compassionate goodness, you will grow more anxious to please Him perfectly. And now, Rue, I believe the most acceptable service you can offer is to go to rest. You have found that your physical condition is an important part of your armor of defense against the wiles of the wicked one; therefore it is your duty to see well to it, is it not?"

"O Auntie!" exclaimed Rue; "I am afraid I was to blame for to-day, then, for I sat up late last night to finish my book. I never thought of it that way before."

"We are very apt, all of us, to forget that when we pray the Lord to deliver us from evil, we must do all in our own power to keep out of it," replied Auntie, as she kissed Rue good-night.—*Zion's Herald*.

RUE'S COMFORT.

Rue came wearily upstairs. Auntie's chair was over by the window, where she could see the sunset, but Rue was too tired to enjoy that to-night; instead she sat down on the cricket at Auntie's feet.

Auntie laid her hand lovingly on the weary, aching head, and waited silently. Presently Rue spoke:

"It is of no use, Auntie; I cannot be good. I have tried so hard, but it seems to me that I only grow worse, and I am so tired!"

"Tell me all about it, dear," said Auntie gently. "Hasn't your head been aching?"

"Yes, it ached some when I got up, and has grown worse all day until it seemed to me that I could not bear it a moment longer. I tried to be patient and good, Auntie, indeed I did, but I was not, and to-night when Tom came in and banged the door and woke up baby, I—oh, dear, you don't know how cross I was! I wish I was Norah Bird, or somebody else that took things easy, and hadn't any temper to lose, and didn't mind giving up my own way. But everything goes hard with me, and I have so much to fight against."

"My dear, which soldier re-

ceives the most honor, he who has been only in light skirmishes, or the one who fought bravely in the thickest of the fight? Which would you rather be?"

"The real soldier, of course, Auntie."

"Then, my dear, why do you complain because your Heavenly Father has given you hard fighting to do in the battle of life? Don't you think God honors us when He thinks us worthy to be put in hard places? Wouldn't you rather be yourself, with all your faults and imperfections to fight against, than not to be counted worthy of anything but light skirmishing? Would you be willing to miss the victories you may win?"

There was a long pause; then Rue spoke sorrowfully:—

"But, Auntie, I was utterly vanquished in the conflict to-day. I am very much of the time. It seems to me I was never so cross and impatient, so willful, as since I have tried to be like Christ."

"There are two things to be remembered, my dear, before you decide that question. In the first place, you are worn out physically."

"But I ought to be good all the same, oughtn't I?" interposed Rue in surprise.

"Certainly; but, 'the Lord knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are but dust.' That verse has been such a comfort to me, Rue, for it is much harder to be good, to be patient, cheery and helpful when we are worn and weary and aching. We may wish to be, and strive earnestly, but the enemy is too much for our weakness. Perhaps we only just hold our own; perhaps we often fail to do that. Those about us see only the failures, and know nothing of the conflict within us, but the Lord knows, Rue. He knoweth our frame—how weak and worn and weary it is, and He remembereth that we are dust. Don't you see how pitiful that knowledge and remembrance must make Him? Dear child, I believe He has known how hard it has been for you, all this long, weary day. He has seen your struggles to overcome He will remember your pain and weakness."

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All this time the boat has been hurrying up to Jamestown. Now we are in the "Narrows;" that is, the end of the lake, not much more than a creek in width, but very deep. We are on a "pleasure excursion," as somebody says, and are going up to Jamestown, simply for the pleasure of turning round and going back. We shall be very tired, very hungry, and very cross when we return. Even the professor looks sleepy, from having risen at a too, too early hour. Well, it is a pleasure to see him. For when "Jove nods," why should not I?—*A. C. D. in Western Advocate*.

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THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

The Celestial Empire gives in a recent number an account of Chinese burial in former times. A man of means purchased his coffin when he reached the age of forty. He then had it painted three times every year with a species of varnish mixed with pulverized porcelain—a composition which resembled a silicate paint or enamel. The process by which this varnish was made has now been lost to the Chinese. Each coating of this paint was of some thickness, and when dried had a metallic firmness resembling enamel. Frequent coats of this, if the owner lived long, caused the coffin to assume the appearance of a sarcophagus, with a foot or more in thickness of this hard, stone-like shell. After death the veins and cavities of the stomach were filled with quicksilver for the purpose of preserving the body. A piece of jade was then placed in each nostril and ear, and in one hand, while a piece of bar silver was placed in the other hand. The body thus prepared was put on a layer of mercury within the coffin; the latter was sealed, and the whole then committed to its last resting place. When some of these sarcophagi were opened after the lapse of centuries, the bodies were found in a wonderful state of preservation, but they crumbled to dust on exposure to the air.

THE TAILOR'S STITCHES.

The president of a Boston bank once redeemed a counterfeit fifty-dollar bill on his own bank, not doubting for a moment that the signature upon it was his own. Mr. Josiah Quincy mentions in his "Figures of the Past" that the incident was told at Daniel Webster's dinner-table and led to a discussion of the value of expert testimony. Several of the guests asserted that it could not be depended upon, but Mr. Webster defended it. He said that he had found it valuable, and that experts were like children who saw more than they could explain to others.

"Sire,

"No one can value more highly than I do the honor and privilege of being at any time permitted to enjoy that intercourse with which your Majesty has, on so many occasions, been pleased to indulge me for so many years. But I am fully aware with how much consideration your Majesty enters into the feelings and sympathizes with the wishes of those whom you honor with your friendship. I have for some time past been led

THE SABBATH.

An incident is mentioned in Mr. Hamilton's "Memoir of Lady Colquhoun," which is highly creditable to Sir George Sinclair, and may be appropriately quoted now that so much is said on the Sabbath question. Sir George, being then at Brighton, was invited to dine with His Majesty, King William IV., on January 15th, 1832, being the Sabbath day. He returned the following manly and characteristic reply:

"Sire,

"No one can value more highly than I do the honor and privilege of being at any time permitted to enjoy that intercourse with which your Majesty has, on so many occasions, been pleased to indulge me for so many years. But I am fully aware with how much consideration your Majesty enters into the feelings and sympathizes with the wishes of those whom you honor with your friendship. I have for some time past been led

"Why, I know it by my stitches of course."

"Are your stitches longer than those of other tailors?"

"Oh no!"

"Well, then, are they shorter?"

"Not a bit shorter."

"Anything peculiar about them?"

"Well, I don't believe there is."

"Then how do you dare to come here and swear that they are yours?"

"This seemed to be a poser, but the witness met it triumphantly. Casting a look of contempt upon his examiner, the tailor raised both hands to heaven and exclaimed—

"'Mercy on us! as if I did not know my own stitches!'

"The jury believed him, and they were right in doing so," continued Mr. Webster. "The fact is," he added, "we continually build our judgment upon details too fine for distinct cognizance."

"And these nice shades of sensibility are trustworthy, although we can give no account of them. We can swear to our stitches, notwithstanding they seem to be neither longer or shorter than those of other people."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

IN SUMMER TIME.

Flowers and fruits of the summer,
Can you hear in children shout,
When, over the fields and hill sides,
We seek and find you out?

Do you blackberries know how you glisten?
You raspberries know how you glow?
Or you gooseberries know how you prickles?
If not—then you ought to know.

Do you hide from us, ever, on purpose,
And, deep in the green, keep still?
Or is it quite social and pleasant
When basket and pail we fill?

And the bumble-bee—how can you bear them?

Well, sometimes I think it is true,
They have their sharp stings for us people,
And only their velvet for you.

And how do you berries, I wonder,
Feel, spread on a beautiful dish,
All covered with sugar? That strikes me
As just what a berry would wish.

It's a sort of reward, I am thinking,
That every good berry should meet;
And yet, I'm not sure we should like it,
To be—so delicious to eat!

St. Nicholas.

STINGY DAVY.

Davy was a very pretty little boy. He had