

OUR HOME CIRCLE. THE OUTER AND THE INNER LIFE.

That within which passeth show. —Hamlet. There is a song within the lyre That never yet was sung; Unborn it lies upon each wire...

THE BOYHOOD OF JOHN B. GOUGH.

His life had been a peculiarly bitter one. Born in a very humble home at Sandgate, on the English coast, gleaming with his mother and sister after the reapers, that they might have bread to eat...

Forget me not when death shall close These eyelids in their last repose; And when the murmuring breezes wave The grass upon your mother's grave...

Then, again and again she pressed her only boy to her heart, and stole behind the garden wall, that, unobserved, she might catch a last look of the stage which carried him to London.

The voyage was a long one of nearly two months. The little lad often cried in his cabin, and he wrote back, "I wish mother could wash me to-night," showing what a tender "mother's boy" he was.

His school days were now over. After two years of hard work in the country, he sold his knife to buy a postage stamp, and wrote to his father, asking his permission to go to New York and learn a trade.

Now nearly two painful years went by. Finally, though he earned but three dollars a week, he sent to England for his mother and sister. When they arrived two rooms were rented; the girl found work in a straw-bonnet factory, and, poor though they were, they were very happy.

At the end of three months, through dullness of business, both children lost their places, and now began the struggle which the poor know so well in our large cities.

In vain they looked for work. Then they left their two decent rooms, and moved into a garret. Winter came on, and they had neither fuel nor food. John walked miles out into the country, and dragged home old sticks which lay by the road-side.

One day he left her in tears, and went sobbing down the street. "What is the matter?" said a stranger. "I'm hungry, and so is my mother."

When the boy reached home, the good woman put the Bible on the rickety pine table, read from it, and then all knelt down and thanked God for the precious loaf. In the spring, he obtained employment at four dollars and a half a week, but poverty and privation had taken too heavily upon the mother.

For three days afterward John and his sister never tasted food. Probably the world said "Poor things!" but it is certain that nobody offered to help them.

BY WAYS WE KNOW NOT.

Through much tribulation we enter into the kingdom of heaven; the saints are made perfect through sufferings. It is true of individuals; it is true of peoples. No nation ever occupied a position of worth and influence in the world but after a long and weary trial.

Earth precedes heaven and the cross must go before the crown. It is the law of spiritual as well as temporal progress. The heart ripens, like the intellect; by discipline, by labor, and trial we must work our way to distinction and success.

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So it was with Job. He was a mere man of flocks and herds, he became by trial and sorrow a patriarch and saint. Older than Moses, his example and his words have been dear to all succeeding generations. Being dead he still speaks, and soothes, and comforts the Christian, as erewhile he did his own people, until there was no need to ask where is the Maker, God, who giveth songs in the night.

THE OLD-TIME CHOIR.

Some of my readers will recall with quickened pulse and moistened eyes those old melodies which formerly stirred the heart like a drum.—Russia, Com...

plaint, Montague, Buckfield, Element, Ocean, New Durham, Canterbury, Fluvanna, Majesty, and many more; and one thinks of Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night," when

"Perhaps Dundee's wide warbling in aversus Or plaintive Martyrs beat the heavenward flame."

These old tunes are not a mere juxtaposition of chords, where the air is nothing and the other parts less, but living, stirring, rousing melody and harmony united. My eyes grow moist, as I recall the old-time choir leading the voices of "All ye People" in divine worship.

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Bless the old leader! There he stands, his large spectacles resting upon the extreme point of his not contracted nose, his long bony arm rising and falling with the regularity of a clock pendulum, as he leads the time. Up it rises above his head—one; down it comes, the points of the fingers resting upon the elevated front of the gallery—that's two; down drops the wrist—three; then up goes the whole arm into space—four; whilst the singers, casting their eyes, these right, those left, manage to keep up with the excited leader.

"All those voices silent now forever." —Mark Trafton, D.D. in Zion's Herald.

LUTHER'S PRISON HOUSE.

The pride and glory of Eisenach is the castle of the Wartburg. The ancient castle, once the residence of the Landgraves of Thuringia, stands on the summit of a pine-clad hill, about two miles from the town, and forms a landmark for all the country around.

In one of the western towns two or three years ago resided a widow who had a son sixteen and a daughter eighteen years of age. There had never been a dram-shop in the place until, some three years before, the men petitioned the county organization to grant a license to open a dram-shop.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

If you your lips Would keep from slips, Five things observe with care: Of whom you speak, To whom you speak, And how, and when, and where.

If you your ears Would save from fears, These things keep meekly hid: Myself and I, And mine and my, And how I do or did.

A WORD TO CHILDREN.

Dear children, listen while I tell you something which deeply concerns your welfare. The subject is the shape of your bodies. God knew the shape best. He created us upright, in his own image. None of the inferior animals walk upright.

THE BABY'S MESSAGE.

O, it is beautiful! litted o high! Up where the stars are in the sky. Out of the dark, fierce grasp of pain. Into the glorious light again.

Whence do you hear me, ye shining ones, Up mid the dazzling realms of bliss, Wherefore was I thus caught away Out of my mother's arms to-day?

Never before, have I left her breast, Never been elsewhere rocked to rest; Yet, I am wrapped in a maze of bliss, Tell me what the mystery is.

Baby spirit, whose wandering eyes Kindle ecstatic with surprise, This ending of earthly breath, This what mortals mean by death.

Far in the silence of the blue See, where the splendor pulses thro', Thither, released from a world of sin, Thither we come to guide thee in.

In through each seven-fold circling band, In whose white child-arms stand, Up to the throne that thou may'st see, Him who was once a child like thee.

O, ye angels of love and light, Stay for a moment your starry flight, Say, and adorn the star-own track, Hasten to my weeper, haste ye back!

Tell her how hilled and thrilled I am, Tell her how wapt in boundless calm, Tell her I sing, I sing, I sing, Tell her the heaven of heavens is mine.

Tender comforter, Faith's own word, Sweeter than any her heart hath heard, Soothe her sweet tears now fall, Cheer, one whisper hath told her all.

—Margaret J. Preston.

READING THE BIBLE WELL.

A little boy came home one day from church service, from which his parents had been detained, and asked his father if he ever read the twenty-first chapter of Revelation. "Oh, yes; often," said his father.

"But did you ever read it aloud to us here at home?" "I think so." "Well, father, I don't think I ever heard it. The minister read it to-day, and it was just as if he had taken a pencil and paper and pictured it right out before us."

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

In one of the western towns two or three years ago resided a widow who had a son sixteen and a daughter eighteen years of age. There had never been a dram-shop in the place until, some three years before, the men petitioned the county organization to grant a license to open a dram-shop.

nose and ears, he, thinking of mother last, said in a husky tone: "Oh, mother, for God's sake have them hurry, won't you, please?" He ascended the scaffold; the rope was adjusted, and the trap was sprung, and his spirit was sent to God who gave it. Men of Des Moines, men of Iowa, for God's sake I ask you to "hurry!" "hurry!" Do not open more of the places of iniquity, but "hurry" to blot them out and drive them from your land.

THE GRAY HEAD.

A private letter from a lady who is spending the year among the peasants of Tyrol says: "The morning after our arrival, we were awakened by the sound of a violin and flutes under the window, and hurrying down found the little house adorned as for a feast—gardlands over the door and wreathing a high chair which was set in state."

"The table was already covered with gifts, brought by the young people whose music we had heard. The whole neighborhood were kindfolk, and these gifts came from uncles and cousins in every far-off degree. They were very simple, for the donors are poor—knitted gloves, a shawl, baskets of flowers, jars of fruit, loaves of bread; but upon all some little message of love was pinned.

"Is there a bride in the house?" I asked my landlord. "Ach, nein!" he said. "We do not make such a pother about our young people. It is the grandmother's birthday."

"The grandmother in her spectacles, white apron and high velvet cap, was a heroine all day, sitting in state to receive visits, and dealing out slices from a sweet loaf to each who came. I could not but remember certain grandmothers at home, just as much loved as she, probably, but whose dull, sad lives were never brightened by any such gust of pleasure as this; and I thought we could learn much from these poor mountaineers."

Sala, a Florentine artist, when sick unto death, was twice carried to the church of St. Nazaro to look at some beautiful frescoes with which his genius had adorned its walls. "That will do!" he exclaimed as they bore him tenderly away to his couch of death. "That will do!" When Dr. Bushnell recorded this incident, he said: "Oh, that I, that every man, when life is waning, may be able to look back on the works of life and say, 'That will do!' This is a fitting desire for all to cherish, but to make it more than vapid sentiment, one needs to refuse to put any deeds into his life which will not bear retrospection when the light of eternity shines on the moment of his mortal agony.—Zion's Her.

me to see the dear children whom I love so much, bending over their school desks, and walking with head and shoulders drooping! My dear children, if you would have a strong spine and vigorous lungs, heart, liver and stomach, you must, now while you are young, learn to walk erect. If a boy were about to leave this country for Japan, never to return, and were to come to me and ask for rules to preserve health, I should say: "I am glad to see you, and will give you four rules, which carefully observed, will be pretty sure to preserve your health."

He might say to me, "Four are a good many; I fear I may forget some of them; give me one, the most important one, and I promise not to forget it." I should reply: "Well, my dear boy, if I can give you but one it is this:

Keep yourself straight, that is, sit straight; walk straight; and when in bed at night, don't put two or three pillows under your head, as though intent on watching your toes all night; and I believe that in this I should give you the most important rule which can be given for the preservation of health and long life.

My dear children, don't forget it.—Dio Lewis.

THE STORY OF A QUARREL.

"I shan't!" shrieked Lou. "I shan't!" shrieked Jule. "Then I won't play," said Lou, with an angry pout, "and you're the meanest girl that ever lived; so there!"

A window slid softly up some where behind the honeysuckles. "Children," called grandmamma, "come here a moment."

They obeyed shamefaced enough. Grandmamma, dear, gentle grandmamma, had only since Uncle Charlie's death come to live at the farm, and the girls, though they had learned to love her very dearly, stood a little in awe of her.

But they went straight in, and stepped onto either side of her high-backed chair. "Well," said grandmamma, kindly.

"I wanted to play keep store," volunteered Jule.

"And I wanted to play house," said Lou.

Grandmamma smiled and closed a wrinkled hand over the small brown one on each chair-arm. "And so you quarrelled," she said. "Would you like a little story?"

"O, yes!" cried Lou and Jule exactly together; and then they hooked their little fingers above grandmamma's head and wished. What make girls always do that, I wonder? Boys never do.

"A long time ago," began grandmamma, "there lived in far-away England two maiden sisters. They were all alone in the world, and very wealthy, and as time went on, and they grew gray and wrinkled with years, they began to think of death, and of what they would do with their money."

"At length they decided to build a church of solid stone, which might endure for centuries and tell the name and fame of the Orme sisters to future generations. The stone was quarried and the builders came. Then whether tower or spire should adorn their church, the sisters could not agree.

"They wrangled and argued for days and months—neither would yield; and in the end each had her way. The tower and spire were erected side by side."

"There they stand through storm and shine as they have stood for ages: the square, strong tower and the slender, tapering spire—a quarrel fixed in stone. And the story of those two stubborn sisters is told to strangers who visit the place over and over again."

Grandmamma paused. Lou and Jule looked across into each other's eyes and laughed. "Weren't they funny?" said Lou. "We'll play store if you'd rather, Jule."

"And then we'll play house," said Jule.

So then the sun shone again. But they lost the wish; for, you know, if one speaks before one is asked a question, the charm is broken.—Youth's Companion.

The manliest men in the nation are coming over to the side of those who are fighting the deadliest, most treacherous foe of humanity—drunkenness. They come to stay, and they will make a majority in God's good time.

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I SAM...

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