

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

WHAT IS BEST

BY MARIANNE FARRINGTON.

We do not know! Then knowest!
As children in the dark
We lift our hands, our hands to thee,
And find a rest, an ark;
We trust thee in our ignorance,
O Wise, O Good, O Strong;
And though the shades encompass us
We find thee with our song.

We think we know. Then knowest.
We dream, and hope, and plan,
And make mistakes, and sigh to know
How frail and weak is man;
But thou, from the beginning,
Canst see the end of all;
We rest upon thy knowledge,
Father, on whom we call.

We do not know the best for us,
And so we strive in vain;
And for our sowing often reap
A harvest dire of pain;
We fall and fall, and then at last
We cry to thee for aid,
And only rest when thou dost say,
"Thy I, be not afraid."

O God, we would be wiser yet,
And only pray, "Choose thou."
Lead as one leads the little ones,
We are thy children now;
And day by day, and step by step,
O let us cling to thee, until
We reach the safe home-land.

And then let days be fair or dark,
The journey short or long,
Our hearts will rest in comfort,
And we will sing our song;
Since thou dost know our ignorance
And weakness matter not,
We trust in thy great love, O God,
And thou dost close our lot.

"WOULD YOU LIKE IT?"

Would you like to have your husband working on the day of rest? Would you like to have to go alone to your place of worship, and to know that your husband was working hard all the time? I feel sure you would not like it. Yet it is what I and many other wives have to bear; and I wish to put the matter before my fellow-Christians, and ask them to consider their duty in the matter. We are working people, and we neither of us shirk work, feeling that it is God's own appointment, and that therefore a blessing will follow it. But what we do feel, is being deprived of the day of rest. My husband is an engine-driver on the railway, and has to do his work on Sundays as well as on other days. On the line where he works they are on duty half-days: he goes on duty one week at one o'clock in the afternoon, and works on till midnight, so that by the time he has taken his engine back to the shed and put all to rights, it is one o'clock or after before he gets home. Then he has a bit of supper and a wash, so that it is mostly nearly two before he gets to bed. That goes on all week. Saturday night he comes home as usual about one or half-past and then he has to be up at the yard by six in the morning, because a fresh week has begun and he has to change his hours. He does not come home again till two o'clock in the afternoon, mostly tired out and only fit for bed. Sometimes, if he feels pretty fair, he goes out to church in the evening; but he is mostly too tired—for, you see, he has to be up again at four o'clock in the morning to work. The next Saturday of course is better, for he gets home about two o'clock in the afternoon, and has not to go to work again till two o'clock on Sunday afternoon. So he gets one good night's rest in a fortnight. But then he has not time to go to church; for service is not over till half-past twelve, and he has to be at the shed by one o'clock. It only Christian people would think what they are doing by travelling about on Sundays, I think they would surely give it up. I wonder sometimes do they ever read the text, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." They would not like to be driving trains on Sundays, or standing about stations taking tickets and opening the doors for people who are going to hear a favorite preacher, and who often hand their tickets on their Bibles as they pass quickly through the gate. Would they not get a greater blessing at some church or chapel, within walking distance of their house, than they get now by doing wrong to their fellow creatures in employing them on Sundays? In these days there is always some church or chapel within walking distance to which they might go. In olden days, when places of worship were not so near together as they are now, there might be some excuse for riding; though I believe in those days there was much less Sunday travelling than there is now, and people were willing to walk many miles to hear God's Word then. Of course some of the railway men do not mind Sunday work, and would not go to any place of worship even if they had the opportunity. But that is not the

question; they ought to be able to go. And the remedy is in the hands of Christians; if they would decide for the sake of their Master—who set them an example of self-sacrifice—to give up Sunday travelling, the thing would, I believe, soon be settled. For it would not be worth while to run the train for pleasure seekers alone: it is chiefly those who profess the name of Christ who keep the trains going, and thereby prevent many men from hearing God's truth proclaimed. You say I speak warmly. So would you if you were affected by Sunday work as I am. As a child, I remember learning a little hymn on Sunday afternoons at my father's knee;—

"Happy, happy Sunday!
We shall not toil to-day;
Postponed to busy Monday,
We put all work away.
Thy face is ever smiling,
Thou art rest of the seven;
They only speak of toiling,
But thou of rest and heaven!"

I learned it then, and it was true in those days. It often rings in my ears now, but I do not teach it to my children. How could I do it, when they know that their father has to work as hard on Sundays as other days? "Well, if people shouldn't travel for their own pleasure, or to go and hear their favorite preacher, at any rate ministers and evangelists may travel to preach the good news." Why should they? It seems to me it is worse in them than other people. They preach of God's love, and the duty of obeying all His commands; they speak of the self-sacrifice of Christ, and of his own words, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise"—and some of them think nothing of doing the opposite! I think a preacher ought to be the first to practice what he preaches: he cannot expect his hearers to do so if he does not. Then they ask, "What are we to do if asked to speak for Christ on the Sunday at a distance too great to walk?" Why, either go on the Saturday night or sleep within walking distance, returning home on Monday morning; or else refuse the invitation. God will never let His work suffer by your strict adherence to His righteous, loving laws. God has enough servants to do His work without your doing wrong. Is not travelling on Sundays to preach just like taking the wrong standpoint of doing evil that good may come? I only pray that God will be pleased to open His children's eyes to see the harm they are doing, and give them grace to come out boldly for the right.

I have only mentioned the engine-drivers, as one naturally speaks mostly of what comes nearest home; but there are many others at work too. The guards are better off than the drivers; they are off duty three Sundays out of four on this line. But why should they be on at all? Then the signal men must be at their posts all down the line; the ticket-collectors, porters, carriage-cleaners, and others have all to be at work. A cousin of mine is porter on another line, and he is often on duty fifteen or sixteen hours on the Sunday? I do ask, Would you like it? Will you not, whoever you are, use all your influence on the side of right? Will you not give your example, and for Christ's sake abstain in future from all Sunday travelling. You will I am sure, never regret it; and it will be a joy to you to hear at last from the lips of the King—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—*A Suffering Engine-Driver's Wife, in British Workman.*

SAFELY THROUGH.

The danger of reviving an old appetite, or of creating a new one, by administering alcoholic drinks to sick persons, had led many conscientious medical men to abandon the practice. The following case is an instance of this kind: A reformed drunkard, after fifteen years of faithful adherence to the pledge, was attacked with pyæmia, or decay of the blood, probably the slow growth of seeds of early excesses. The physician who was called to him was well aware that wine and malt liquors were always prescribed in such cases, but he shrank from the responsibility of making the man a drunkard again, if he recovered. The disease is almost incurable under any treatment. He frankly told his patient so, and submitted to him the question of the remedies. The patient referred it back to him.

"With a wife and nine children dependent upon me," he said, "I do not wish to die; but, doctor, my children know nothing about strong drink."

The physician was in a distressing dilemma. To withhold the liquors, and probably lose his patient, seemed almost like committing a crime against a human life. To prescribe them, and save the patient, would probably insure the man's slower ruin. The physician was a Christian man. He asked for guidance from him in whose hands are the lives of all men, and decided at last to dispense with alcoholic stimulants, and use only simple nutriment and correctives. If he could not restore the man's health, he would do nothing to injure his soul.

The patient grew weaker every day, but his faith in his physician and his Saviour was touching to see. Week after week he lay helpless on his bed, praying alternately for life, for his family, and for resignation. But all the time the thought that he was free from the poison that he hated for the harm it had done him, gave him joy.

"Thank God," he would say, "if I die, I will go into God's presence, at least a sober man." At last his friends interfered and insisted that he should take wine. It was the only thing that would revive him, they said, for he was almost gone. But he replied:

"No, no; if this be the passage from life to death, I am happy. Once I was dying a drunkard, and that was misery most unspeakable."

His wife entreated him with tears, but even she could not move him.

"Take the wine away," he whispered, pointing to it with his feeble finger. "It nearly lost me heaven once. Take it away!" By and by the crisis came. The physician in despair wrote what he believed to be his last prescription, ordered careful nursing, and went away. The patient lay scarcely breathing, his attentive watcher leaning over him with fingers on his pulse. The pulse began to grow stronger; the breathing became deeper and more regular. The weeping family in the next room waited for the closing scene. They heard a strange sound and rushed to the sufferer's bedside. The poor man had opened his eyes and was trying to sing.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The crisis seemed to be passed, and the gladness with which wife and children joined in that thanksgiving must have made itself heard in heaven.

The man got well, and that physician will always believe that his recovery was due to the fidelity and Christian trust which enabled him to keep his pledge through a trial such as few men would care to encounter.

ROMAN DRESS.

At the invitation of the Art Committee of the Union League Club an audience of between 200 and 300, composed principally of members of the Club and of artists, assembled in the Members' Hall to listen to a lecture by F. D. Millet on "Roman Costumes." The simplicity, beauty and grace of wearing the toga were admirably illustrated by the draping of excellent models. Premising that the first form of the toga was a rectangular piece of cloth twice the height of the wearer in length and in width one-half as much, Mr. Millet introduced his first model, a man clad only in a short tunic, and threw around him a toga of the time of Cicero, three times the model's height in length and slightly semi-circular, beginning at the left shoulder, passing under the right arm and over the left shoulder again. The inner fold in front was slightly pulled out to serve as a pocket, and the rear folds were sometimes pulled over the head. Priests when sacrificing twisted the toga tightly about their legs. Different ways of wearing this, which was the state toga, were shown as in the statue of Cicero. The toga *Græconica*, nearly the same as the Etruscan toga, was shown narrower and hanging in straight, less flowing lines, as in a statue of Sophocles. This, which from its texture and style cost as much (about \$500) as the large toga, was worn by way of relief, and was often clasped over the right shoulder. All were weighted at the corner to aid in throwing them over the shoulders, and to assist the proper disposition of the folds.

The military sagum was described, and then Mr. Millet passed

to the tunic, a loose sack-like belted garment with short sleeves, and the half-boots of untanned leather, strapped about the ankles. Sandals were never worn with togas. The Roman peasant's costume was also shown, consisting of a long loose tunic, a rough bell-shaped over-garment, a high fez and a piece of cloth about the feet, which were presumably protected by sandals of raw-hide. The different varieties of tunics—those with broad stripes for Senators and those with narrow stripes for Knights—were described, and Mr. Millet said that the costume of Wallachian peasants exactly resembles that of some figures on Trajan's column. After the wars with the Gauls a kind of trousers was introduced, first wide and long, later tight and short, but their use was confined chiefly to the soldiery. The model was then attired as an ordinary soldier in tight short trousers and a tunic, over which was a leathern jacket, with shoulder pieces, and carved bands of steel and a similar waist piece, an iron helmet and a scutum or large rectangular shield, with a convex surface, and a short two-edged sword, worn high up on the right side. Then the model appeared as a heavy-armed gladiator, with huge brass helmet and visor, greaves and armguard, and afterward as a retiarius, with trident and net.

A female model was then brought forward, her hair bound with a fillet, clad in the long white flowing tunica intima, confined by the Roman form of corset, a band around the waist crossed over the bosom. Over this was put a long white skirt clasped at the shoulder with a fibula.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

TWO PREACHERS.

The preacher stood in the pulpit,
And spoke with large discourse
Of reason and revelation,
Nature and cosmic force.
He talked of the reign of order,
Of scientific skill,
And knowledge as the only key
To find the heavenly will.
And I wondered at the doctrine,
It seemed so strange and cold,
And thought of saints that I had known,
Went, and poor, and old.
For they nothing knew of science,
Praying on bowed knees,
And from ancient superstitions
Were not altogether free.
Whilst lost in the maze of wisdom
About the false and true,
There came to my eyes a vision,
Near as the nearest pew.
'Twas a vision dear and tender,
The sweet race of a child,
As weary with all the talking
He lay asleep and smiled.
Nothing he cared for the preacher
Who spoke of law above,
But in his face was innocence
And words of trustful love.
I thought of a certain Teacher—
The wise, the undefiled—
Who saw the kingdom of heaven
Within the heart of a child.
'Tis good to be strong and learned,
Good to be wise and bold,
But the best of everything that is,
The preacher left untold.
—*Christian Union.*

JOSHUA SOULE.

Some time previous to 1864, when Soule was on a circuit in Maine, one day on his way to an appointment he fell into company with a stranger who was travelling in the same direction. Without inquiry as to who or what his companion was, the stranger commenced a tirade against the Methodists. Soule inquired who and what sort of people they were. "Why, they are an ignorant set of fanatics who don't know even the English grammar, and much less the dead languages, never having been to college; and yet they claim to know their sins are forgiven, and that they have constant communion with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ; deceiving many, who profess like conversion; and they would, if they could, deceive the very elect itself. They ought to be driven out of the country." "Did you ever hear them yourself?" enquired Soule. "No; nor do I want to. I've heard enough about them." Soule, with his well known gravity, and without offering any defence or explanation, turned the conversation upon the English grammar—how much easier it was for an English student to acquire a knowledge of it since Dilworth and Murray had Anglicized it, than when it was obtained only through the Latin and Greek languages. He referred to those languages, and also to the Hebrew, as the sources from which the English was derived; and the redundancy of the latter, and its advantage over either of the others, having been so largely drawn from all of them. He also discoursed upon mathematics, astronomy and philosophy. At this point they came to the

forks of the road where they must part, of which Soule apprised his companion. At this the stranger reined up his horse, and said, "Sir, I have been highly gratified with our interview. My name is Mr.—. I am priest of this parish. I live in the village a short distance ahead; and if you ever pass through it I should be pleased if you would give me a call. Now I should be happy to know your name and profession." "My name, sir, is Joshua Soule. I have the honor to be one of those ignorant Methodist preachers of whom you have so freely spoken. I expect to preach to-day at such a man's house, a few miles ahead; and should be happy if you would give us a hearing. I think if you would, your opinion of us would be more favorable. Good day."

The man blushed to the eyes, dropped his bridle on his horse's neck, and sat like a statue, looking at Soule. Soule rode on his way, and as far as he could see backward, the man still sat there, wondering, no doubt, what manner of men the Methodist preachers were.

TRAVELLING WITHOUT SEEING.

In the carriage with me were two American girls with their father and mother—people of the class which has lately made so much money suddenly, and does not know what to do with it; and these two girls, of about fifteen and eighteen, had evidently been indulged in everything, (since they had the means) which Western civilization could imagine. And here they were, specimens of the utmost which the money and invention of the nineteenth century could produce in maidenhood, children of its most progressive race, enjoying the full advantages of political liberty, of enlightened philosophical education, of cheap, pilfered literature, and of luxury at any cost. Whatever money, machinery, or freedom of thought could do for these children, had been done. No superstition had deceived, no restraint degraded them—types they could not but be, of maidenly wisdom and felicity as conceived by the forwardest intellects of our time.

And they were travelling through a district which, if any in the world, should teach the hearts and delight the eyes of young girls. Between Venice and Verona! Portia's villa perhaps in sight upon the Brenta—Juliet's tomb to be visited in the evening—blue against the southern sky, the hills of Petrarch's home. Exquisite midsummer sunshine, with low rays, glanced through the vine leaves; all the Alps were clear, from the Lake of Garda to Cadore, and to farthest Tyrol. What a princess chamber this, if these are princesses, and what dreams might they not dream therein.

But the two American girls were neither princesses, nor seers, nor dreamers. By infinite self-indulgence, they had reduced themselves simply to two pieces of white putty that could feel pain. The flies and the dust stuck to them as to clay, and they perceived, between Venice and Verona, nothing but the flies and the dust. They pulled down the blinds the moment they entered the carriage, and then sprawled and writhed, and tossed among the cushions of it, in vain contest during the whole fifty miles, with every miserable sensation of bodily affliction that could make time intolerable. They were dressed in thin white frocks, coming vaguely open at the backs as they stretched or wriggled; they had French novels, lemons and lumps of sugar to beguile their state with; the novels hanging together by the ends of string that had once stitched them, or adhering at the corners in densely bruised dog's ears, out of which the girls wretched their fingers, occasionally extricated a gluey leaf. From time to time they cut a lemon open, ground a lump of sugar backward and forward over it until every fibre was in a treacherly pulp, and sucked the pulp, and gnawed the white skin into leathery strings for the sake of its bitter. Only one sentence was exchanged, in the fifty miles, on the subject of things outside the carriage (the Alps being visible from a station where they had drawn up the blinds.)

"Don't those snow-caps make you cool?" "No—I wish they did." And so they went their way, with sealed eyes and tormented limbs their numbered miles of pain.—*John Ruskin.*

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WHY MAMIE PICKED BLACKBERRIES.

"I am so sorry for little Dell Ferguson," said Mamie Anderson, one hot August morning. "How sorry are you?" asked Aunt Mary, who herself was very sorry for Dell Ferguson, and who was also anxious to give a practical turn to her niece's sympathy with the sick little girl. "Why very sorry—as sorry as I can be. What a strange question!"

"I was thinking whether you were sorry enough to try and help her."

"Of course I am. But I don't see that I can do any thing. The Doctor says if she don't go to the sea-shore she will die. I can't send her there, can I?"

"Perhaps you could if you should really try."

"Why, Aunt Mary, what do you mean? You must be just a little out of your head this morning."

"Oh, no, I am all right," said Aunt Mary smiling. "It won't cost much for Dell to go."

"Well it might as well cost much as little. She hasn't a cent."

"You know Mr. Lawton?"

"Yes."

"He was saying yesterday that he was greatly bothered to get help to gather his blackberry crop. The fruit is spoiling on the vines, and the market is at its best now."

"Do you mean—?"

"I mean if you really wish to help Dell, you can pick berries for Lawton and earn fifty cents a day. She told me if she had three dollars to start with she would venture to go. Her cousin will board her."

Mamie hesitated. She loved dearly to work out of doors, there was that in favor of the project, but there was one very serious drawback; Mamie had an intimate friend, Maggie Hall, whose father was a rich man. Maggie had a great deal of spending money, wore silk dresses and bracelets.

"What would she think if she should hear that I was picking blackberries like a common working girl?" said Mamie to herself. "Oh dear, it is impossible."

She still kept thinking about the matter. Dell would surely die if she did not have a change. And Aunt Mary thought that she could help her. At last Mamie said, "I'll do it," and on the spur of the moment went directly to Mr. Lawton and made a bargain with him.

The day she began her work Maggie Hall, all dressed in the prettiest of checked silk, with peach-blow coloured kid gloves and a dainty little hat, came to call on her. Aunt Mary sent her to the blackberry patch.

"You may as well go right over there," Aunt Mary said; "Mamie will want to see you."

When Mamie saw Maggie coming, the contrast between her friend and herself was so great that she felt very much like running away.

"What are you doing?" asked her visitor. Getting some blackberries for your mother to make jelly of?"

Here was a good chance to evade the truth; and Mamie was strongly tempted to say yes, and let the matter drop. For really Mr. Lawton had told her that he would throw in a few quarts for Mrs. Anderson's jelly. But Mamie struggled with herself again, and conquered; she couldn't quite make up her mind to tell a lie, and she knew that to give a false impression is as really a lie as to speak a falsehood outright. The hot blood surged into her face as she told Maggie what she was doing, and the tears filled her eyes.

"You won't want me to ride with you and visit you any more," she said, "because everybody will know that I am at work here." "Nonsense," said Maggie. "I will go straight home and put on my old linen suit and come and help you; then you will tell me all about Dell, and I'll go with you to see her."

How fortunate it was that Mamie was generous and truthful! She gained a new friend for Dell, and won fresh love and esteem for herself. Maggie picked berries all the week with Mamie, and at the end they carried six dollars to the sick girl. And that was only the beginning of what was done for her by Mamie's self-sacrifice. Several ladies, friends of the Andersons and the Halls, hearing of the affair, interested themselves in Dell, and looked out for her wants till she was quite well.—*St. Louis Presbyterian.*