

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

FORGOTTEN WORKERS.

They lived and they were useful; this we know. And naught beside; No record of their names is left to show They did their work and then they passed away. An unknown band; But they shall live in endless day in the Fair, shining land.

ESTHER'S AFTERNOON.

"Do sit down a moment, Esther, I haven't had a sight of you to-day; really I enjoy less of your society than I do of Grace Dillingham's." "I know, mother, but how can I help it. Grace doesn't teach school (to procure comforts for her mother, she added mentally) nor does she have everybody's errands to do. I have to match those worsteds for Kate, to change your book at the library, and to have Freddie's skates sharpened. I must stop at the market, or you'll have no dinner to-morrow, and there's the gas bill and the grocer's bill to be paid. It will be dark before I can get home, and after tea you know I must go to choir rehearsal, and Irene's lessons must be seen to between whites.

the worsteds were matched, the skates left to be ground, the bills paid, the dinner ordered, the books exchanged, and then the girl turned into a store to purchase a ribbon whose color had taken her fancy and which would serve to brighten up her somewhat shabby school-dress. She had just enough money left from her quarter's salary, after paying the bills, procuring some little delicacies for her mother and providing herself with a paper of candy for the two youngest children. But the purchase was the purchase safely deposited in her pocket, when it seemed to be a selfish one, and she at once made up her mind to bestow it upon her sister. She looked weary and tired as she came in again just in time to get ready for tea; too weary to care for her mother's soft thanks for the white grapes and brown chocolates, or the vociferous ones of the children as they devoured the candy; as for Kate, she said the worsteds might have been matched better, but she supposed they would do; she thought the ribbon very pretty, but never dreamed of saying so; it was quite a matter of course that Esther should go without things in order to give them to her sister.

After tea came Irene's lessons, which must be speedily dispatched because of the choir meeting, and the hurry added to Esther's fatigue, made her so exacting and dictatorial that the child was soon in tears, and in a state of rebellion which quite obliterated all remembrance of the candy. "I'm glad I'm not a Christian if it makes people so cross," said Kate, as her older sister went off to her meeting, having first delivered a sharp reprimand to the delinquent child, and it did not sweeten Esther's feelings to overhear the remark. She was too tired and nervous to sing with any spirit, and the choir master wondered if Miss Elliot's fine soprano was to be lost to the church. When Esther reached home it was almost ten o'clock; the others had gone to bed, and her mother was alone. It was part of the day's duties to help the invalid undress, and to place upon the little table by the bedside the various medicines, cordials, etc., which might be needed in the night. Everything was carefully attended to, and after all was completed, the daughter sat down and took up the book which she had that afternoon brought from the library.

"What are you going to do, Esther?" said Mrs. Elliot, feebly from the bed. "Read you asleep as usual," answered the girl in weary tones. "But I can't have you read to me when you are tired; it is no pleasure to receive such service; we don't any of us want you to make such a martyr of yourself for us." "As you choose," said her daughter, and immediately left the room. Her overstrained nerves had passed her power of control, and she could only reach her own room and throw herself upon her knees in an agony of sobs. What had she gained by all her self-denying service? Was she not conscientious? Had she not meant to be absolutely self-renouncing when she consecrated herself to the service of the Lord? And had she not kept her vow? Storm and shine, summer and winter, she had never missed a meeting of the Industrial Aid Society, nor a class day of the sewing-school; her mission district had been regularly attended to, the house well kept, the younger children cared for, her mother carefully nursed and served. She had toiled earnestly at the school, and expended her salary for the good of the family, denying herself the gratification of every taste and desire. And what was the result? The children were rebellious to her; Kate selfish and indifferent; her mother felt neglected and forced to depend upon strangers for comfort and sympathy, her religious duties were only duties, and brought with them neither comfort nor joy. Even the conscientiousness of self-sacrifice gave her no pleasure. What could be the matter?

At last, her nervous excitement having sobbed itself away, she rose to prepare for rest, and, as a matter of habit, opened the Bible, which always lay upon her table, to those words which riveted her attention as they had never done before: "Though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." Was not that just her own case; she had been as it were giving her

body to be burned, and its nervous force was disappearing beneath the fire, but had she the charity which alone could make her self-sacrifice profitable? She knew that word meant love. Was love the impelling motive of her sacrifices? Did she love those for whom she sacrificed? or was she not making an idol of her own self-denials, and substituting them for that more difficult thing which God demands—love? We have no time to follow Esther's self-searchings, nor the processes by which she reached the conclusion that her service to both God and man was largely made up of will-worship and selfishness, and as such could profit her nothing as to true usefulness and peace. Nor can we record the earnest prayers in which she sought that divinest gift of love, and in answer to which—since no one ever prayed for the fruits of the Spirit in vain—she gradually came to render loving, and therefore acceptable, service to all around her.

Nor may we even tell how by her patient, loving care, Katie gradually developed into a thoughtful, useful girl, taking from her sister's hands a great part of her heavy burdens; how the time and spirit thus gained, devoted to loving care of Mrs. Elliot, did more to restore her than hard self-sacrifices had ever done; and how the children grew to regard "Sister" as a second mother, and to be plastic to teachings that were the outgrowth of love! Nay, more! how the outside service became but the overflowing of an inner happiness which found service the only legitimate expression of love.—N. Y. Observer.

IN HARBOR.

I think it is over, over— I think it is over at last; Voices of foeman and lover, The sweet and the bitter have passed; Life, like a tempest of ocean, Hath outblown its ultimate blast. There's but a faint sobbing seaward, While the calm of the tide deepens leeward, And behold! like the welcoming quiver Of heart-pulses throbbing through the river, Those lights in the Harbor at last— The heavenly Harbor at last! I feel it is over, over— The winds and the waters surcease; How few were the days of the Rover! That smiled in the duty of peace! And distant and dim was the omen That hinted refuge or release. From the ravage of life, and its riot, What sunset years for the quiet Which bides in this Harbor at last! For the lights, with their welcoming quiver, That throbb through the sanctified river, Which girdles the Harbor at last— The heavenly Harbor at last! I know it is over, over— Down sail, the sheathed anchor uncover, For the stress of the voyage has passed; Life like a tempest of ocean, Hath outblown its ultimate blast. There's but a faint sobbing seaward, While the calm of the tide deepens leeward, And behold! like the welcoming quiver Of heart-pulses throbbing through the river, Those lights in the Harbor at last— The heavenly Harbor at last! —Harper's Magazine.

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON.

Sir John William Dawson, LL. D., F.R.S., F.G.S., C.M.G., K.B., was born at Pictou, Nova Scotia, in October, 1820. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, and returning home he devoted himself to the natural history and geology of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The result of these investigations are embodied in his "Acadian Geology" (3rd Ed. 1880). In 1842, and again in 1852, he accompanied Sir Charles Lyell in his explorations in Nova Scotia, aiding him materially in his investigations. Ever since 1843 he has contributed largely to the "Proceedings" of the London Geological Society, and to scientific periodicals. He has also published numerous monographs on special subjects connected with geology. His two volumes on the "Devonian and Carboniferous Flora of Eastern North America," published by the Geological Survey of Canada, and illustrated from drawings by his daughter, are the most important contributions yet made to the palaeobotany of North America; and he is the discoverer of Eozoon Canadense, of the Laurentian limestones, the oldest known form of animal life. In 1850 he was appointed Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia, in 1855 he became Principal of McGill University of this city, of which he is Vice-Chancellor. He is a member of many learned societies in Europe and America. Among his works not already mentioned, are: "Archæia, or Studies on Cosmogony and Natural History of the Hebrew Scriptures," 1858, and "The Story of the Earth and Man," 1872, in which he combats the Darwinian theory of the origin of species. In 1875 he published "The Dawn of Life,"—an account of the oldest known fossil remains, and of their relations to geological

time, and the development of the animal kingdom; in 1879 appeared "The Origin of the World," and in the following year, "Fossil Men and their Modern Representatives." In 1880 appeared "The Change of Life in Geological Times,"—a sketch of the origin and succession of animals and plants. He has also contributed largely to the Canadian Naturalist, and to many educational, scientific and religious publications in Great Britain, the United States and Canada. In 1881 Dr. Dawson was created a Companion of the order of St. Michael and St. George; in the following year was selected by the Marquis of Lorne, our Governor-General, to take the Presidency of the Royal Society of Canada, an institution founded to aid the development of literary and scientific researches in our Dominion; and he has just had conferred on him the dignity of Knight Bachelor.—Montreal Witness.

A GERMAN VILLAGE WEDDING.

The village church, where the wedding took place, is on the top of a little craggy hill. The church is very old, built of gray stone, with a square tower and an odd shaped belfry. The stony path led through the graveyard to the church door. The chime of bells rang out with a decorous joy. "Let all things be done decently and in order," they seemed to ring; "not too fast; we are staid people and take time for all things." The interior of the church was cold and severe looking; the walls whitewashed, but the galleries painted pink and blue. The long narrow windows seemed set in stone arches, so thick was the wall. The pulpit above the altar was as high up as the gallery, so that the minister preaches far above the heads of his flock. On one side of the altar hung the portrait of Martin Luther, on the other that of Melancthon. The wedding took place at midday. First came a troop of little girls, each carrying in her hand tiny bunches of flowers. The little things, with their braided hair (no hats) and dresses almost touching the floor, looked as quaint and demure as the little women in the old-fashioned picture books. Next came the bride and one bridesmaid, then three bridesmaids walking together; lastly the groom and groomsmen. The bride and bridesmaids enter a pew to the left, the groom and party one to the right. All kneel in prayer. Then the bride went by herself to the altar, laid on one side a white silk handkerchief, a sprig of rosemary, and a lemon. I wondered to myself if the lemon was emblematic of the sourness of married life. She then returned to the pew. I noticed that there was on the other side of the altar another white handkerchief, a sprig of rosemary, and a new Bible. The choir sang quite a long hymn. The minister went up into the pulpit and preached a sermon of about twenty minutes. The choir sang another hymn. A little boy placed a long, low stool before the altar. The minister descended, and the bride joined the groom at the altar, the bridesmaids and groomsmen remaining in the pews. At the close of the ceremony the minister presented the groom with the new Bible. The choir sang still another hymn. Then the bride returned to her pew and the groom to his and their prayers, after which the groom and groomsmen left the church and were not joined by the bride until they were quite out in the churchyard. It seems the silk handkerchief, lemon, and rosemary on one side of the altar were for the minister. On the other the gift was for the organist.—Baltimore Sun.

ONLY A COUNTRY PASTOR.

He was not a great man and he knew it. But he was good, faithful and untiring. The poor, small, hill town in New England, where he labored for about thirty years, was the wonder of the neighboring pastors. They could not account for the high moral and spiritual atmosphere of the place. What made the young people turn out so? One young lady became a missionary and went to India; another went to Africa. Several young men were ordained ministers and missionaries; one was a professor at Yale, and many became useful teachers and citizens. The pastor was a man of prayer. He tried to preach the Word in its simplicity and directness. He knew his people in their homes. He visited the schools and noticed prominent boys and girls, and suggested to them the possibility of a college education, and encouraged them to obtain it. He took religious papers and magazines, and constantly urged others to do so, and in many cases arranged for this. He distributed his own periodicals widely through the town after he had read them. His people were kept familiar with the world's work. He held monthly concerts of prayer, at which information was given of our great home and foreign benevolent societies. Their objects and needs were often faithfully presented from the pulpit to the congregation, so that even the children understood and as they deposited their great old-fashioned copper cents in the box, their sympathies were broadened and ennobled by such share in the great Christian enterprise. At his death, two ministers, a thousand miles apart, preached from the text, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Many country pastors underestimate the possibilities of their field of labor.—The Advance.

WOULD NOT DRINK.

There is nothing which the enslaved drunkard will not do to get his liquor. Sometimes, however, the spectacle of one who has lost all his will and his fine feelings, and has degraded himself below the level of the brutes, makes other men who are on the same road to the same degradation pause and reflect. "No, I won't drink with you to-day, boys," said a drummer to several companions, as they settled down in the smoking-car and passed the bottle. "The fact is, boys, I have quit drinking; I have sworn off." He was greeted with shouts of laughter by the jolly crowd around him; they put the bottle under his nose and indulged in many jokes at his expense, but he refused to drink, and was rather serious about it.

"What's the matter with you, old boy?" sang out one. "I'll give you quit drinking something's up; tell us what it is."

"Well, boys, I will, though I know you'll laugh at me; but I'll tell you all the same. I have been a hard drinking man all my life, ever since I was married, as you all know; I love whiskey; it's as sweet in my mouth as sugar, and God only knows how I'll quit it. For seven years not a day has passed over my head that I didn't have at least one drink. But I am done."

"Yesterday I was in Chicago. Down on South Clark Street a customer of mine keeps a pawn-shop in connection with his other business. I called on him and while I was there a young man not more than twenty-five, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand, and handed the article to the pawnbroker. 'Give me ten cents.' And, boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby's shoes, little things with the buttons only a trifle soiled as if they had been worn once or twice."

"Where did you get these?" asked the pawnbroker. "Got 'em at home," replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman despite his sad condition. "My wife bought them for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em; I want a drink."

"You had better take those back to your wife, the baby will need them," said the pawnbroker. "No, s-she won't because she's dead. She's lying at home now; died last night!" "As he said this, the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the showcase, and cried like a child. Boys," said the drummer, "you can laugh if you please, but I—I have a baby of my own at home, and I swear I'll never drink another drop." Then he got up and went into another car. His companions glanced at each other in silence. No one laughed; the bottle disappeared, and soon each was sitting by himself reading a newspaper.

ANY IN HEAVEN, TOO?

Little Mary was sitting with her uncle George one afternoon. Uncle George had told her to keep quiet as he had some accounts to look over; so Mary busied herself with a picture book. For an hour all was still, then Mary heard her uncle say: "There! I have quite a nice little sum laid up against a time of need." "What are you talking about, Uncle George?" asked Mary. "About my treasure, little girl, that I have laid up." "Up in heaven?" asked Mary, who had heard her father read that morning about laying up treasures in heaven. "O, no, Mary; my treasures are all on earth—some in banks and some in other places," answered Uncle George. "But ain't you got any in heaven, too?" asked Mary. "Well, I don't believe I have," said Uncle George thoughtfully. "But run away to your mother now, for I am going out." Uncle George went out and was gone a good while, but all the time he was thinking that, after all, perhaps, he was not so well off if he had no treasure laid up in heaven, to be ready for him when he left this world and his money behind him. He was so impressed with the thought that he wisely determined to lay up treasure in heaven. He did so. Little Mary never knew until years after—when she also with a clearer understanding of what it meant, began to lay up for herself treasures in heaven—that it was her childish question that started Uncle George on a generous, active, Christian life.—Zion's Herald.

DON'T BEGIN IT, BOYS.

There is a young lad in this city who has a good place, and attends faithfully to his duties. He had one bad habit, and that was chewing tobacco, in which he indulged more freely than men who had chewed for fifty years. Last Saturday a gentleman offered the boy \$5 if he would quit chewing for a year. Another followed suit, and a third, all signing their names to a paper, all agreeing to give the same sum. The boy said he would win the money, washed his mouth out, and began right away. Sunday he felt badly, and Monday he was worse. Tuesday he shook and trembled like a man with the delirium tremens, and yesterday he was confined to his bed from which he has got up, and will take some time before the effects of the poison in his system can be worked out.—Hartford Times.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

POWER OF CONSCIENCE IN A CHILD.

Little Charlie was a happy, chubby boy four years old, rejoicing in his first pants and pockets. His home was in the territory of Michigan, then an almost unbroken wilderness. One day his grand-

mother, a dignified, old lady, took him to call on Mrs. Davis, who was a weaver. The path was a lonely one through the woods. In one place it was said a bear had been seen. When about half way on their return home, the sharp-eyed old lady saw some strings hanging out of the stuffed little pockets. "What have you there?" "Only some thorns, grandma; I found them on the floor at Mrs. Davis's." "Do you know that is stealing, and they put people in jail for that? Go directly back with them; tell Mrs. Davis you are sorry you took them. I will wait for you on this log." Children obeyed in that family. Without a word the little fellow restored the thorns, and made the confession. Nothing more was thought of the occurrence until two years after, when the county commissioners called on the young farmer to talk over the question of building a jail in the thriving village of P., the county-seat. Charlie listened a few moments, then suddenly left the room. After some time he was missed. Night was coming on, search was made. The little log house was surrounded by woods; a child could easily be lost. The anxiety became intense. At length his mother found him hidden under a bed in great fear and distress. Astonished, she drew him out and asked the cause of his grief, trying to comfort him as only a mother can. He sobbed out: "I don't want them to build a jail." "Why, you need not be afraid. A jail is only for bad men and boys; you have not done anything they would put you in jail for." "Oh yes, I stole some thorns once from old Mrs. Davis." That lesson was never forgotten; and now as Charlie looks back over a well-spent life of more than sixty years, he thanks that grandmother for teaching him to call things by their right names. Is there not great need of more of this sort of teaching at the present time.—Evangelist.

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EXPLANATION.

Nathan, a noble, in not the character of it with your knowledge. God says King Abdi claiming him king, etc., this showed A signs. How not she mon to succeed the changed thy mind change from me! vants, as Hebrew Bethshela, who li Nathan entered. A common form of David live forever, a compliment to roy servants, the royal sisting of the Chere thites. King Abdi were then used by 13: 29, but there w it could not be king's special ord signity that David ceedings in respect Gihon, or "to G readings give it more natural, A tonary mode of a kingly office, espe a new dynasty of Ion, Sarahah, J ed to show that S King of the wha recognition of his old King accords w PRACTICAL 1. God is not ind to the choice of p sible positions in 2. God knows th his purposes eve men aim to defeat 3. God employs to oppose the desig 4. The schemes and the evil-mind a time. 5. He who seek ness is in a line e God, and in the w pleasant and he Scholar's Hand B

THREE THINGS.

As a certain la said, there is no s house-hold that h the table. Surrou day by the fami ment of body and sions sink deep, a good or ill banu ward and wood of damask, bagat china, give a autness, order and soiled, rumpled, a dingy, its glass

Not long (perhaps years) after the plague been stayed—see 2 Sam Adonijah took steps of ness of David to secure his father and suppli The prompt action of ed his purpose and the public appointment ing of Solomon.

NOTES.

Bathsheba, grandda thophel and a woman of the wife of Uriah, an army. David wicked for his wife, and so trea cured Uriah's death. tinguished prophet in vid and Solomon, fair less; author of a life of Solomon. He repro his sin against Uriah forming the building of Adonijah, fourth son of eldest then living; and forty years of age—manly beauty, but abilities as a ruler. en for his revolt by Solomon, but afterwar offence was put to de a high priest, fourth- Eli in the line of Ith son of Aaron. He w Solomon for his part Adonijah. He was descended from Elea son of Aaron. He w for Saul, and ministe made in Jerusalem. A tion of Abiathar by S became sole high pri this time on the d by the descendants of mar. Benaiab, a fam der David, captain of guard. He was lov and opposed to the Adonijah, and after t was commander-in-ch 1 Kings 2: 28-35. youngest son of Dav ba, famous for his w prosperity of his rei honor of building th rusalem. He ruled years, the king to g est prosperity in c court was renowned tions for its magni and palaces for th splendor, and the m ree. He wrote 1005 songs and othe led into sin, and was judgments. Gihon, probably on the west lem. The anointing in the valley of Gih the pool of Siloam, of near the pool of the

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