

Our Home Circle.

THE HOMELESS ONE.

The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.—Luke ix. 58.

Birds have their quiet nest, Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed; All creatures have their rest,— But Jesus had not where to lay his head.

And yet He came to give The weary and the heavy-laden rest; To bid the sinner live, And soothe my griefs to slumber on His breast.

—who once made Him grieve, I—who once had His gentle spirit mourn; Whose hand essayed to weave For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn:—

O why should I have peace? Why! but for that unchange, undying love Which would not cease, Until it made me heir of joys above!

Yes!—but for pardoning grace, I feel I never should in glory see The brightness of that face, That once was pale and agonized for me.

Let the birds seek their nest, Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed; Come, Saviour! in my breast Deign to repose thine oft-rejected head.

On earth Thou lovest best To dwell in humble souls that mourn for sin; O come and take Thy rest, This broken, bleeding, contrite heart within. —J. S. B. Mansell.

WATCHING A CLERGYMAN.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF DR. ADAM CLARKE.

BY HIS SON.

As we were one morning walking out there chanced to be mentioned a clergyman who, by injudicious conduct in private, had destroyed in some measure the good effect which his public teaching was calculated to produce.

"It is impossible, Joseph," said my father, "that a minister of God should ever be a private man; even in his most trivial intercourse with others, it is never forgotten what his office is; the habit of every one's mind is to expect information or example from the company and conduct of a public minister. Such as we are constantly living under the observation of mankind, and he who is always observed should never venture on dubious conduct, nor suppose for a moment that what he does in the view of another can ever be a matter of indifference or be regarded as a trifle. I will tell you a curious circumstance that happened to me some years ago.

"In a day or two from the time that I refer to, I was about to set off from London to Ireland; a friend desired me to take charge of a young lady to Dublin, to which I readily agreed, and she was sent to me at the coach. I soon found from her conversation that she was a Roman Catholic, and I also quickly perceived that she had been led to entertain a very high opinion of me. After we had travelled some distance, talking occasionally on various subjects, the daylight began to sink away, when she took out of her reticule a small Catholic book of prayers, and commenced most seriously her evening devotions.

"While she was reading, such thoughts as these occurred to me: I believe this lady to be sincere in her religious creed, which I think to be a very dangerous one; she appears to be of an ingenuous temper and to feel much personal respect for me; is there not here, then, a good opportunity, as well as a subject, to exercise my influence, and to deliver her, if possible from her erroneous creed? But, continued I, in my thoughts, was she not entrusted to my care? Would her friends have so entrusted her had they ever suspected that an attempt at proselytism would be made? Would not the attempt be a breach of trust, and should I, even were ultimate good to accrue to Miss —, be a morally honest man? I instantly felt that my own honesty must be preserved though the opportunity of apparent good might be lost. In a short time Miss — closed the book, with this observation: 'We Catholics, Dr. Clarke, think it much better to believe too much than too little.' I replied: 'But, madam, in our belief we should recollect that we never should yield our assent to what is contradictory in itself or what contradicts other ascertained truths.' This was the only observation I made that looked at all toward Catholicism. In process of time we arrived at our journey's end, and I deposited her safely in the hands of her friends.

"From that time till about two years ago, I never heard of Miss —, till we met in the following way: I had been preaching at Chelsea Chapel, and entering the vestry after the service, a lady followed me, shook hands, spoke with much emotion, and said: 'Do you not recollect me, Dr. Clarke? I am Miss —, whom you kindly took care of to Ireland: I was then a Catholic, now I am a Protestant, and have suffered much in consequence of the change.' I inquired how the alteration in her views was effected, and she gave me in detail the account which I will shortly sum up to you.

"When she heard to whom she was about to be entrusted, she resolved closely to watch and observe the eminent Protestant minister; she was pleased with the conversation and the friendliness shown to her, and was so struck with the observation I had made in the coach, that she said it absolutely haunted her, caused her to examine and think of herself, and at last led her to free-

dom from thralldom; 'but,' said she, 'I never should have been induced to examine, had it not been for the examination which I had previously made of you. I thought, now I have a fair opportunity of knowing something of these Protestants, and I will judge if what I have heard of them be true. Every word, every motion, every look of yours, sir, was watched with the eye of a lynx! I felt that you could not be acting a part, for you could not suspect that you were so closely observed; the result of all was your conduct conciliated esteem and removed prejudice; your observation on belief led me to those examinations which the spirit of God has blessed to my conversion; and I now stand before you the convert of your three day's behaviour between London and Dublin.

"You see from this account, Joseph," continued my father, "how all ministers should ever feel themselves as public men; how cautious should be their conduct, and how guarded their conversation. Had I attempted to proselytize this lady all her prejudices would have been up in arms; had my behaviour been unbecomingly light or carelessly austere, she would have been either disgusted or repelled, and her preconceived notions of Protestants would have been confirmed; she saw and heard what satisfied her; thus, even in social intercourse, the public minister may, and should always, be the Christian instructor.—N. Y. Observer.

ONE OF THOUSANDS.

In a recent eloquent address at New York Theodore Cuyler said:—I might find a fruitful text for a talk in the following request that was sent to our meeting the other evening: "I would ask the earnest prayers of your meeting that I may be able to give up the intoxicating cup. I am killing my mother and myself. Pray earnestly for me." I do not know who sent that message, and I have not yet been able to discover. "Killing myself"—that is suicide. "Killing my mother"—that is matricide. He has an accomplice from the start: the man that sells him the drink—it is homicide. (A voice—"That is so.") Somebody blundered with that boy, I am afraid—for it is a young man who sends it. Perhaps the mother did not put him in the right path to start—perhaps not. Perhaps the Sunday-school did not instruct him. Perhaps—for it is possible—his pastor neglected his duty. Somebody tempted him. He had gone astray. That is a cry out of the very pit of despair. Only one man sent it, yet for one young man there ought to be a hundred such meetings as this.

WOMAN AS A SANITARY REFORMER.

There was a large meeting on Thursday night at Exeter in connection with the Sanitary Congress, to hear a lecture on the above subject by Dr. B. W. Richardson. The doctor urged that women, and especially wives, could exert great influence on sanitary reform, which must have its birth in the home. Women are already not behindhand in the work, and are rather the forerunners in the race. Long before the word "sanitation" was heard, the good, cleanly thrifty housewife was a practical sanitary reformer. After paying a compliment to the Ladies' Sanitary Association, Dr. Richardson observed that women should be practitioners of the preventive art of medicine, and he pressed this office on them, not simply because they could carry it out, not simply because it pertained to their special attributes, their watchfulness, and their love, but because it is an office the man never can carry out, and because the whole work of prevention waits and waits, until the woman takes it up and makes it hers. The training required is simple beyond simplicity: that every woman who wills to go through it may go through it, and may become mistress by it of the destinies of the world. Not the Fates themselves were more the mistresses of the destinies of the race than the women of an educated commonwealth who were conversant with the art of the prevention of disease and premature decay. She should master physiology so far as to understand the general construction of the human body. She should be rendered fully conversant with the different changes of food that are required for the digestive process in different periods of life. She should be taught the relationship which solid foods hold to liquid foods. If women only knew what foods were requisite to feed the skeleton or body framework of the living body, while that skeleton is in the course of growth, and if she would act upon her knowledge, as she almost certainly would if she possessed it, there would hardly be one deformed child left in the land in one or two generations; and rickets, with all the attendant miseries of bowed legs, crooked spines, and humped backs would pass away as if by the spell of an invisible enchantress. The educated woman who had taken measurements of the cavities in which the lungs and heart are placed, and who had gathered the main facts about the build, symmetry, and sustaining parts of the skeleton, would turn pale with dread and disgust whenever she detected one of her foolish

sisters strangling her body in tight corset and murderous belt to make it hideous as well as useless, or who was intent on destroying the perfect arch of the foot in a contracted foot vice, elevated on a peg-top. Dr. Richardson then pointed out how a knowledge of physiology and sanitation by women would lead them to study the construction of houses, ventilation, the maintenance of a more equable temperature in our homes, the suppression of dust, the condition of the drain-pipes, the prevention of sewer gas from entering the house, the state of the water, the dryness of living rooms, and other important sanitary matters affecting the home. Such women would do their best to keep out of their houses those refined and subtle poisons which under the name of strong drinks, bring silently more accident, disease, and murder into this insupportable world than all the other poisons put together. Such women would be able better than others to put to the test the experience whether it is good or necessary to go to the living animal creation at all for human food. It did not seem to him that man was constructed to be a carnivorous animal. It is not easy to see, continued the doctor, why in this day, when the great question is cheap food, and when means for endless refined and ennobling employments are open, we should still maintain the practices of a barbaric era. Still I confess I am in doubt. I am not sure whether the necessity for the secondary supplies of food for man from the animal world are or are not necessary, and that doubt is for educated women to solve.

RESCUE FROM A WRECK.

In a communication to the New Bedford Standard, some time since, C. J. K. Jones relates the account of a rescue at sea as follows:—

"The story was told me in the study of my first parish at Orient, L. I., on Sunday, July 6, 1873, by Capt. Robert Brown, who now lives in Brooklyn. Capt. B. said that he was, at the time of the occurrence of the following incident, master of a barque bound from New York to Charleston. He left in the afternoon, on the day of his sailing from New York. In going out from Sandy Hook had a fresh breeze, and stood on the starboard tack until 8 a. m. next day, when he tacked ship and stood in shore. After seeing that every thing was made snug on deck, he went below for his customary morning devotions. He opened his Bible and read the first verse of the fifty-first Psalm. Before he could read the second verse his Quake closed, and something told him to go on deck at once! He jumped on deck and inquired of the mate if everything was going all right; who responded that it was. Then an impulse moved him to look to the windward, which he did by mounting the rail by the mizzen rigging. Far off, down at the very verge of the horizon, he thought he saw an object which did not take shape quite like the curling crest of a wave. Calling the mate's attention to it, who had not noticed it before, with their glasses they made it out to be some piece of a wreck.

"The ship was tacked as quickly as possible, and stood down toward the object. It finally proved to be the boat and crew of brig Pandora, of New London, which had been sunk in a collision with an unknown schooner the night before. After the rescue was effected, an old sailor, who was saved, came aft and said to Capt. B., that in the morning when they first made him, they felt sure from the course of the vessel that they should be saved; but when he tacked ship and stood towards the land, then they knew that he had not seen them. They instantly prayed that he might see them quickly, or they were lost. Their provisions were out; they had but little water, and the wind was freshening, with a heavy sea going. Hardly had they prayed when they saw the bark go about and stand down to them. By comparing time it was ascertained that their prayer was offered about the time that Capt. B. went below to his morning prayer. It is certain that if Capt. B. had not sighted them as he did, they would have been lost. Capt. B. was afterward feted in New London."

A NOVELIST'S SHADOW.

A few weeks since a despatch from St. Paul, Minn., was printed, announcing the violent death of a lady of means who claimed to be Mrs. S. S. Harris, the author of "Rutledge" and other well-known novels. She had been in St. Paul for a few weeks only, and said that her home had been in New York. She was intelligent and sprightly, and her social standing was excellent. She liked spirited horses. On Sunday with three female friends she went on a pleasure ride behind spirited horses. The animals ran away. Mrs. Harris was thrown out of the carriage and picked up insensible. A few hours afterward she died from concussion of the brain. Her three companions refused to divulge their names. A relative of the author of "Rutledge" visited the hotel, but did not recognize the lady. Strangely, however, among the lady's effects was a manuscript of an unfinished

novel and it was apparently in the hand-writing of the author of "Rutledge." An undisputed photograph of the son of the author of that work was also among the papers of Mrs. Harris.

Mr. George W. Carleton, of the well-known firm that published "Rutledge" about ten years ago, said yesterday that the authorship of that novel was kept secret for some years. Many guesses were made as to the authorship and all were wrong. It finally came out that a young lady, a native of this city, Miss Miriam Coles, wrote the work. Soon after this fact became generally known, he heard that an author was writing serial stories for "story papers" in Chicago and other Western cities, and signing the name Miriam Coles to the articles. They were written with ability, and in the style of the genuine Miriam Coles. Miss Coles was exceedingly annoyed, of course, and her sensitive temperament made her fret over the matter. Mr. Carleton made many efforts to learn who the author of the stories was, but he never succeeded. The unknown writer made no attempt to deprive the genuine Miriam Coles of her literary honors, and therefore could not be reached by the law. Eventually Miss Coles married Mr. Sidney S. Harris, a lawyer of this city. She continued to write novels for Carleton to publish under her name of Miriam Coles Harris. Almost immediately the unknown writer in the West also changed the signature to her stories from Miriam Coles to Miriam Coles Harris. It was learned that she travelled about between Omaha, Chicago, LaCrosse, and Hudson, Wis. In August last Mr. Carleton received a letter from the Western writer asking that "Rutledge" and all the series of Mrs. Harris's writings down to "Missy," the latest, should be sent to her C. O. D. They were not sent.

Mrs. Miriam Coles Harris is now in Southampton, L. I., with her husband, at their summer residence. Mr. Carleton added that Marry J. Holmes has a similar shadow, who follows or precedes her in her travels, and who represents herself as the author of Marry J. Holmes's works. This person has Marry J. Holmes's name on her visiting cards, and under the name is printed, "Author of 'Tempest and Sunshine,' &c." Mrs. Holmes has arrived at hotels in Europe and found that her shadow had preceded her. Sometimes it required some persuasion to convince people she was not the impostor herself. Mr. Carleton says that he never heard of any other instances similar to these.—New York Paper.

HOW CHARACTER PREACHES. On a bright summer morning, by the side of a country road, running along the Hudson, not many miles from New York, two men stood talking. One was a judge of high social standing and legal distinction, the other was a stone mason, and their conversation was about the building of a wall near the place where they were standing, to consult about which the judge had sent for the mason on this Sabbath morning.

Just coming into sight, as he trudged along the road on his way to church, was a plain Scotch farmer, well known as a God-fearing, Sabbath-keeping, honest, hard-working man, neither fearing nor asking favor of the great or rich. His chief ambition seemed to be to raise a large family of children in the fear of God and honorably in the sight of men, which his example was well fitted to do.

In the midst of an animated explanation of what he wanted in a new wall, the judge caught sight of the farmer. Stopping suddenly, he said: "There comes David Stuart; it will never do to let him see us talking business on Sabbath morning; we will just step behind this bit of wall until he passes."

And the judge and the mason crouched down behind the wall until the plodding footsteps of the farmer echoed faintly in the distance; and the good man passed from sight, all unconscious of the silent reproach his appearance had caused, while the judge, with feelings, one would think, belittling to his manliness, crept from his hiding place to continue his conscious and confessed desecration of the Lord's day.

The next morning the incident was related to the farmer by the mason, who was himself a Scotchman, though unhappily not so conscientious as his friend. He told the story with some glee, adding:

"'Wha wad a' thoct, maun, that ye had sich a poer in ye as to mak' the judge hide behind the wall for the fear o' ye?'"

Is not this an illustration of the force and influence of a sincere Christian character, though devoid of the adornments in the world's sight of either position, wealth or learning? All these together could not resist the silent sermon of the good man's life, which brought home to the Laughty judge the conviction of his sin.—Baptist Weekly.

The man who loafs his time away around a grocery while his wife works hard to support him, can always tell you just what this country needs to enhance its prosperity.

Our Young Folks.

WHAT MARY GAVE.

When the collection is taken up in church, boys and girls put in money which their parents have given them for that purpose. The money is not their gift, but that of their father and mother. They have just as much to spend for their pleasure as they had before. And so I once heard a kind-hearted girl complain that she had nothing of her own that she could give. I will tell you what she gave in one day, and you will see that she was mistaken.

She gave an hour of patient care to her little baby sister who was cutting teeth. She gave a string and a crooked pin and a great deal of advice to the little three year old brother who wanted to play at fishing. She gave Ellen, the maid, the precious hour to go and visit her sick baby at home; for Ellen was a widow, and left her child with its grandmother, while she worked to get bread for both. She could not have seen them very often, if our generous Mary had not offered to attend the door and look after the kitchen fire while she was away.

But this was not all that Mary gave. She dressed herself neatly and looked so bright and kind and obliging that she gave her mother a thrill of pleasure whenever she caught sight of the young pleasant face. She wrote a letter to her father who was absent on business, in which she gave him all the news he wanted, in such a frank, artless way, that he thanked his daughter in his heart. She gave patient attention to a long tiresome story from her grandmother, though she had heard it many times before. She laughed just the right time, and when it ended, made the old lady happy by a good-night kiss. Thus she had given valuable presents to six people in one day, and yet she had not a penny in the world. She was as good as gold, and she gave something of herself to all those who were so happy as to meet her.—Young Days.

POISON IN PLEASANT PLACES.

Tommy was very much disappointed. Arthur and Harry and Will had come for him to go nutting. There were plenty of chestnuts on Rock Ridge, and old Farmer Sperry wasn't a bit cross, if boys were polite, and "asked him" when they wanted to gather nuts from his grounds. They were going to have a splendid time, and he was not at all prepared for his mother's gentle, but very firm "No." Neither were the boys prepared for a lecture over Tommy's shoulder. No one loved to have her children happy more than Mrs. Werner. She would, and often did, sacrifice a great deal, that Tommy might have some extra privilege. But she had seen and heard, with her watchful eye and ear, some words and actions which made her very anxious. Tommy should not have just such playmates as these well-dressed and fine-looking companions, Will, Harry and Arthur. Tommy was a member of the Band of Hope, and had signed the pledge very bravely, and kept it without any trouble until just the day before the "nutting." Neither of these boys would sign a pledge, and they had laughed at Tommy and his temperance notions; and only yesterday how it had grieved his mother to find that they had treated him to candy and cider, and he had joined them in drinking in a common saloon! Mrs. Werner could hardly believe it, when Tommy (who was very truthful, if he was weak when laughed at) acknowledged that what Bridget told her she had seen, was really true.

"But there's no harm in getting nuts; nuts don't hurt anybody," said Tommy, after the boys had gone, and he was still following them with a rebellious spirit.

No, nuts do not hurt you, but evil company does. If one could always stand firm when tempted, it would be different. But there was need for the petition, "Lead us not into temptation." If we meet it without any warning, and without seeking it in any way, we have then plenty of opportunity to show our firmness. I saw three or four roots of poisoned ivy in my strawberry garden. Would I leave them there, and say, when the children wished to go in and pick berries, "You may go; strawberries do not hurt anybody," and not tell them there was danger of getting poisoned while they were having a good time? Boys who will make fun of good things, and laugh at those who are trying to do right, and yet who are generous and bright and witty and full of fun, are more dangerous companions than if they were not only bad, but surly and selfish besides. Their hearts are like a strawberry garden with poison-ivy; while the others are more like a wild brier patch, which, even if briar plants grow among them, are not so dangerous, because no one them is attracted to them.

Some people say it is well to mingle with the evil, and show your power to resist it. But so far as my experience goes, the good old advice, "avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away," is far better.

JOSEPH SOLD INTO

TIME.—B. C. 17

Jacob's return to years old, Benjamin

PLACES.—Jacob about 20 miles from sold at Dothan, and about 7 Hebron, his home.

EXPL

Joseph being se chap. 41: 46, he is old. His captivity 13 years. Was fe age of 17 Joseph his brethren. Jac orite son too en though the favori serve below (not o herd-boy. The slav

Zilpah. The slav sons of Bilhah w of Zilpah, Gad an Gen. 34 and 35 a that the ten older "hard-boys." Ju in a religious hou to have been the sons. Their shep distant parts of h practically to hav of the time from influences. Unfo influences of th by no means so v home ought to fu The evil report of This was no back detail report to love of truth and ness to be partak

Now Israel lov his children. H of his best-loved as Benjamin had notice (being onl Made him a co "pieces." This 2 Sam. 13: 18, o king's daughter sleeves, worn by the richer class. nify a tunic reach may have been b pieces and color some from the to Beni Hassan, a t the Semitic visit, sent to the Gove of rich coloring, p parate small piec ther.

Joseph dreamt tiality in givin many colors migh led began to hav and honor, confir nence with whic had secured to in were binding she their shaves bov fell to the grou erect. Another t the sun, the moo obedience to him Whether Joseph his dream, may b bly thought th their confidence. They hated him and visions of t tomed, in forme servants imitat future lot. Jo scenes of bonda these dreams w him in his distre

When Joseph brethren. Jac Shechem, and b for pasture at t over 50 miles fr the brothers at in search of th to find them ne the informatio heard them say which was 12 R maria (Sebate) of Shechem. T and when the b they conspired anc were only They stripped and find nine men o brother,—a bro lities deserved t is capable of th is itself the me his coat. That u Eastern habits, ment (except a He entered Egy tom with slaver in strange cont ray of pomp (c

Cast him in i ern or reserv which the rain there are man Such pits or c the East instea Hebrew word a prison. (See

They sat do the workings bosoms, Josep down to a joy and making m they remembe (chap. 42: 21) lides. In vers. Ishmaeliter; m ites. The form name, equivale noting the trib actually belon A species of re —a perfume.

the juice of th Gilead, always East as a cure num, the resin bic gum of a was burned in in embalming, of Arabia and