

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

A SONG FOR MIDDLE AGE.

I am just a little weary tonight, Sitting alone in a waning light, Alone in the silent room; And my eyes are full of faded tears, For the hopes and dreams of a faded year, Years lost in a tenor's gloom.

Oh to think how my memory strays Back, and back to the beautiful days, The days when I was young; When hope and I were never apart, When love made melody in my heart, And melody on my tongue!

Never again shall I dream such dreams, See such meadows, and woods and streams, Or carry a heart so glad; I have crossed the hill at the turn of life; I have borne the burden and heat of strife; I'm tired and a little sad.

I know that my hair is turning gray, I feel I am growing old today; When the sweetest rose of life is dead, When song is over and beauty fled, Ah! what has life left for me?

Hush! There are footsteps upon the stair; Hush! There are sounds on the soft still air, And I forget to complain. My sons and daughters are in the room, And gone is the soft regretful gloom; I am glad and young again.

Polly, and Kitty, and Jack, and Chris— All of them wanting a mother's kiss, All tenderly full of fears; Then quite forgotten were youthful joys, I was well content with my girls and boys, Content with my fifty years.

—Lillie E. Barr, in Chris. Union.

AMONG THE MORMONS.

The Rev. David Hill, at Salt Lake City on his way to China, writes to the London Watchman:

Of Mormonism I have seen a little and heard more. On my way across the country I spent a day at Salt Lake City, a beautiful place, surrounded by hills on nearly three sides, from which it presents the appearance of a city of villa residences, embowered in trees, to which the flowing streams running through the wide streets give freshness even in October; a busy as well as a beautiful place, with signs of life on every hand, lighted at night-time with the electric light in its hotels and public places of resort, but four-fifths Mormon and polygamous in creed if not in practice; a national blot, but a blot which does not appear upon the surface—which a passing stranger can hardly detect, but which, after a moment's thought, he cannot deny; and to study it and account for it men visit the place from afar. A working miner I met with in the train had travelled round some scores of miles to see and study the system. And a system it is. A system of as compact an organization as Popery, and as imperious too.

I went to the tabernacle, conversed with the doorkeeper, an old Scotchman, who told me that for thirty years he had been a Mormon preacher in his own country, that he had given up his wife and family to come to Salt Lake, making as he said, the greatest sacrifice a man could make, and yet almost in the same breath saying that he had married another wife in America, and that, because it was so inconvenient to have to cook and sweep up the house himself, so he had been compelled to take a second wife, but beside that, he said he sought the 'greater glory' in the world to come, and that could only be attained by having a plurality of wives, as all the greatest men of the past believed and practised, and as the world would ultimately come to believe; for they were increasing so fast that this little stone cut of the mountains, as he expressed it, would cover and fill the whole earth. "Why, at a procession we had here the other day," he said, "thirty-three countries were represented"—counting, I suppose, each State a country, but the advance of Mormonism is not confined to the States, for while I was in the tabernacle two men came in, and the guide said, "Those men are from the Sandwich Islands; and just outside a tawny red old man accosted me in the hope of selling some medicinal roots he had, and said that he too was a Mormon of the Sosome tribe of Indians. Then they have 300 missionaries always at work in the States, in Great Britain, in Scandinavia and in Germany, and every year the population was rapidly increasing. Salt Lake City, numbering now 25,000 inhabitants, and the immigrants spreading out from Utah to the neighboring States of Wyoming and Arizona, running up their numbers to 200,000 or more, and these all held together with Jesuitical compactness. Take for example, Salt Lake City, a pattern for, if not a type of, the other Mormon cities. You have, first, the mighty tabernacle, one of the most marvellous structures in America, if not in the world, about which I must say a word or two. It will contain 12,000 persons; there were as many

there yesterday week, on the Conference Sunday, and yet, though so vast, the acoustic properties are so perfect that you may hear a whisper from one end of it to the other, as indeed I did. It contains an organ with 2000 pipes, made inside the building, and is covered by an oval roof of one span, the largest but one in the States, and this oval form it is, probably which renders its acoustics so perfect. Hard by is the temple, built of light fine granite, already some 80 feet high, but not yet completed. This is not for a place of public worship but for the celebration of the ordinances of the Church. These buildings, you would naturally suppose, are too immense for ordinary use, and hence they are only used for the half-yearly Conferences and general meetings of the Church. But besides these they have in each of the twenty-one wards of the city a meeting-house, and connected with it a day-school for boys and another for girls; and over each a bishop is appointed with a staff of subordinate officers, and so full is the staff that every fifth man holds office amongst them. This affords an amount of supervision and espionage almost unequalled. This complex organization may account in some measure for the holding of them together, but you will naturally wonder how they are able to persuade men and women to join them at all. From what I have heard and seen I have got some light with regard to that end, and light from which we may gather lessons if we will. I have said that they have 300 missionaries generally in the field. These men are sent out at the bidding of the Church by the mouth of the twelve apostles or of the President. They are not asked or counselled, but commanded to go, and go they must. And, with the exception of a small subscription to help pay their passage in the first instance, they go forth without purse or scrip, casting themselves on the Churches, or working for their living, and in many instances, I am told, returning richer than they went. But they go in faith, and they go, many of them, with a simple faith in the doctrines they preach. Then they work amongst the poor, and they have without doubt a gospel to preach to them. They find them in the back slums of European cities, or struggling against agricultural distress, and they tell them of this goodly land; they induce them to mortgage their after-pay to raise their passage money and loan them the amount from a general fund; then, when a large company has thus been raised they travel with them across the Atlantic, and on arrival should they want work they provide it for them in the farms or in the flouring mills or in the manufacturing; and for the most part these poor people find themselves far more comfortably off in Utah than they had been either in London or in Scandinavia; and so they settle down, many of them sincere and devout believers, too poor to practice polygamy, or practising it from religious motives; and this is the real ground, I have not the least doubt, on which hundreds, if not thousands of the women submit to this degrading yoke. "The first wife must feel it," I said to a respectable old Swedish Mormon lady who was sitting by me in the railway car, "when she sees her husband bring another woman into the house." "Why, certainly," she said with unmistakable emphasis, "she can't but feel it, but when God requires it it must be done. And the husband feels it as well," she said, "but if he would attain the 'greater glory' in the world to come he must do it." And the poor woman told me afterwards that she was the first wife of a polygamist, that it was to her a work of patient, self-sacrificing faith in her religion, a chastening and subduing discipline; and thus I believe, in a great measure, is to be explained the success of this gross, degrading and damnable creed among the poor of Europe.

THE KING'S FRIEND.

We are a gay party, summering in the hills. New-comers into the little boarding-house where we, by reason of prior possession, hold a kind of sway are apt to fare hardly at our hands unless they come up to our standard. We are not exacting in the matter of clothes; we are liberal on creeds; but we have no shibboleths. And, though we do not down unlovely Ephraimites, whose tongues make bad work with S's, I fear we are not

quite kind to them; they never stay long, and so we go on having it much our own way.

Week before last a man appeared at dinner, of whom our good little landlady, said, deprecatingly, that he would stay only a few days. She knew by instinct that his presence would not be agreeable to us. He was not in the least an intrusive person,—on the contrary, there was a sort of mute appeal to our humanity in the very extent of his quiet inoffensiveness; but his whole atmosphere was utterly uninteresting. He was untrained in manner, awkwardly ill at ease in the table routine; and, altogether, it was so uncomfortable to make any attempt to include him in our circle that in a few days he was ignored by every one, to a degree which was neither courteous nor Christian.

In all families there is a leader. Ours is a charming and brilliant married woman, whose ready wit and never-failing spirits make her the best of centers for a country party of pleasure-seekers. Her keen sense of humor had not been able entirely to spare this unfortunate man, whose attitudes and movements were certainly at times almost irresistible.

But one morning such a change was apparent in her manner toward him that we all looked up in surprise. No more gracious and gentle greeting could she have given him if he had been a prince of royal line. Our astonishment almost passed bounds when we heard her continue with a kindly inquiry after his health, and, undeterred by his evident readiness to launch into detailed symptoms, listen to him with the most respectful attention. Under the influences of this new and sweet recognition his plain and common face kindled into something almost manly and individual. He had never before been so spoken to by a well-bred and beautiful woman.

We were sobered, in spite of ourselves, by an indefinable something in her manner; and it was with subdued whispers that we crowded around her on the piazza, and begged to know what it all meant. It was a rare thing to see Mrs. — hesitate for a reply. The color rose in her face, and, with a half-nervous attempt at a smile, she finally said, "Well, girls, I suppose you will all laugh at me, but the truth is, I heard that man say his prayers this morning. You know his room is next to mine, and there is a great crack in the door. I heard him praying, this morning, for ten minutes, just before breakfast; and I never heard such tones in my life. I don't pretend to be religious; but I must own it was a wonderful thing to hear a man talking with God as he did. And when I saw him at table, I felt as if I were looking in the face of some one who had just come out of the presence of the King of kings, and had the very air of heaven about him. I can't help what the rest of you do or say; I shall always have the same feeling whenever I see him."

There was a magnetic earnestness in her tone and look, which we all felt, and which some of us will never forget.

During the few remaining days of his stay with us, that untutored, uninteresting, stupid man knew no lack of courtesy at our hands. We were the better for his homely presence; and unawares he ministered unto us. When we knew that he came directly from speaking to the Master to speak to us, we felt that he was greater than we, and we remembered that it is written, "If any man serve me, him will my Father honor." — Bits of Talk.

TWIN DIAMONDS.

"These are \$100,000 twins—brought together by chance after more than a quarter of a century of separation, and never to leave this country, now we've got them."

The speaker was a German gentleman, the head of a wholesale diamond importing house in Maiden lane. As he spoke he took a packet of silken tissue paper from a big safe behind him and dropped it upon a counter covered with green baize, at which the reporter seated himself. A wire gate slammed to and locked the visitor in without seeming to have imprisoned him, and the German gentleman began to open the tissue paper packet. Two lustrous gems, which blaze with a pure bluish-white fire, gleamed side by side. Each was about as big around as a three cent piece, but what was more striking than their sizes was their identity of ap-

pearance and beauty. They are cut alike, weigh alike eight and one-half carats each, and are veritable mineral twins.

"I could create a sensation and make a fortune with them in Paris," said the diamond merchant. "They are old Indian mine diamonds, and have a history that puts them in the catalogue of the famous gems of the world. I have proofs that establish their identity. They must have been in the possession of Warren Hastings when he was Governor-General of India. Previously they had been the jewels of a rajah, and after they had left Hastings' jewel casket, they were secured by a Russian nobleman during a mutiny in India. He took them to Amsterdam, where a skilled Dutch lapidary recut them, thereby greatly enhancing their beauty while only slightly decreasing their weight. The nobleman lost possession of them at the celebrated gaming table of M. Blanc. At least it is supposed he lost it gaming, for it was only recovered at the auction sale of the effects of Mme. Blanc, widow of the famous gambler in Paris, a year ago. I secured it through an agent at the sale.

"Its mate," continued the jeweller, "had a no less eventful career. It found its way to a French jeweller, who sold it to the Duke of Brunswick, who with eccentric prodigality, lavished money on precious stones, which he left to the city of Geneva. The history of the first blue diamond was published in Paris when I bought it, but a search made afterward for the mate, which the Duke of Brunswick had bought, revealed the fact that it had disappeared.

We found it two months ago—and how do you think? Why, my partner saw it sparkling in the shirt front of a Chicago merchant. He could hardly believe it. But by a stratagem he secured the means of comparing the gems, and proved their identity to his satisfaction. The merchant said he had bought the stone in England from a Jewish diamond merchant of London. He was induced to part with it at a handsome figure.

"Thus they came together," said the owner, as he re-wrapped the sparks of mineral fire with care, "and thus they stay. They'll never be separated again." — N. Y. Sun.

THE LITTLE GIVER.

The other day a very little girl went to church with her father and mother. Before she left home she remembered that a collection was to be taken up. So many people forget that, and leave their purses at home. 2. She not only thought of the collection, but she put a piece of money for it in her pocket. What fine collections we should take up if everybody did that! 3. She was watching to see the boxes passed around, anxious not to miss them. I have seen people so busy looking at their books that they did not see those boxes. Other people wait in breathless hope that they will be passed by, and so be able to carry home the money that ought to go in the box. Not so our little girl. She looked eagerly for the box, and as soon as it began to go around she thrust her little fat hand in her tiny left pocket for that money. Her father, not knowing this, offered her a cent. She cried out clearly, "Don't want your penny!" I have seen big folks willing enough to give other people's money. Her father put his cent into her kid-gloved hand. She dropped it decidedly into his hat, and a clear voice rang out, "Dot my own penny!" Thus (4) she was an example of giving of her own to God. Her father failing, as fathers sometimes do, to comprehend the ways of little girls, still passed the little cent up the seat, but the little girl, after much tagging, brought forth her own treasure, a great, round, old-styled copper, which she admired for its huge size. Her mother whispered, "Put this cent in." But clearly ringing out came the little voice, "No, no; I'm doin' to give my big penny!" She thought money valuable in proportion to its size, and she meant to give a big penny, the largest she had.

ONE'S OWN WORK.

"Never mind what he's doing, attend to your own work." "But he's putting his machine all out of gear; he'll ruin it." "The superintendent will see to that—mind your work." And so he went back to his

work, and did it well and earned his wages.

So it is in churches. Men are too busy watching other people's work and machinery to do their own properly.

And now we propose, as an experiment, that every man and woman begin by doing modestly what first comes, and with faith and hope build up their own souls, and labor for the impatient around them. There are too many in our own families who need the word in season and the faithful, believing prayer. What an impression would be made if each one of us could see the conversion of one soul—sister, brother, child, friend, neighbor. Direct prayer for one, leads to effort for one, and the Lord's power is not limited to scores, or hundreds, or thousands.

But hundreds and thousands are made up of individuals and the redemption of each soul is precious. There is perhaps too much talk now of the question of salvation, and shall all be saved or lost at once, or will there be further probation? The opposing opinions and arguments show that the question cannot be settled. And what matter?

There is too much stress laid upon the mere safety of the soul. That, no doubt, is precious, but the great point is the living to God, the making the whole of this life a school of preparation for another. Even if it were promised in some way that a soul should be saved in the end, would be none the less zealous that the life be given to the service of Christ.

Therefore, we say, "Arise, arise, good Christian!" and be faithful to individual souls. "Save with fear,"—pulling them out of the fire.

Some years ago a child of Christian parents said to a friend, "You are the first person who has ever spoken to me directly on the subject of personal religion."

My brethren, these things ought not to be. "Speak to that young man." Let us try if personal faithfulness will not bring the revival we seek and need so much. Christian Rec.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

JANUARY TO JUNE.

Said January to June: "Pray, let us walk together, The birds are all in tune, And sunny is the weather."

"And look you: I will show, Before the long day closes, A pretty sight I know, Worth all your Summer roses."

Then as they went the air Grew thick with snow-flakes flying; But all the roses fair Hang down their heads, a-dying.

Cried June, in sorrow: "Nay, We may not walk together, You've turned my skin to gray, And spoiled my golden weather."

"Go now, I pray you, go, Before my last bud closes, Take your cold white snow, And give me back my roses!"

TIM'S DREAM.

It must have been the great amount of mince-pie, pumpkin-cake, cookies, turkey, jelly, fruit-cake, and so on, that Tim had devoured all the week that made him dream this wonderful dream the night before New Year's.

This was the dream: Tim thought as he was sleeping away snugly in his own little bed very suddenly a great number of bells began tolling and trumpets commenced blowing, and drums set to beating, and everything became confused; just as though the whole world had suddenly tumbled upside down.

Then a bright light shone right in his face and made him open his eyes, when, ah me! there beside his very cot stood a tall, thin figure, dressed in a long, white robe, that sparkled with brightness. As Tim opened his eyes wider the tall, thin figure drew nearer, and plainly showed the gleaming hair that flowed down over its shoulders, and the snowy beard that covered its breast. In its right hand the tall, thin figure carried a sickle of finest steel, in its left hand it bore aloft an hour-glass, and now it had grown so silent that Tim could distinctly hear the fall of the sand. As Tim gazed in wonder the figure spoke in a low hoarse whisper:

"You must follow me, I have something to show you." Tim feared to move, but the face of the figure looked so stern that he dared not disobey. So, creeping tremblingly from beneath the warm blankets, he followed the gliding figure. They scarcely touched the ground in their haste, and it seemed to Tim that they

flew instead of using their feet. Presently, when they had gone many miles from Tim's home they reached the edge of a precipice. One step more would have hurled them into the depths of a dark and bottomless abyss.

Tim stood trembling and fearing. All on a sudden, up from the dark abyss came a great number of tiny figures, each robed in a soiled white garment, and each face wearing a dark frown. These tiny figures were all assisting in carrying a book of immense size, also very much soiled and stained. At a signal from the tall, thin figure this book was laid at Tim's feet. With the blade of his sickle the tall figure pointed to the title on the upper lid of the great book. With great surprise Tim read: "The Year 1882 of the Life of Timothy Thomas, written by Himself."

Tim's wonder grew as the tall figure began turning the pages and commanded in a loud voice, "Read." The book contained three hundred and sixty-five pages. Each page gave an account of the words and even the thoughts, of a day in the year. They were all written out as plain as could be in Tim's own handwriting too. Many of the pages were not very pleasant reading, but the tall figure held his sickle under each line, and Tim was not permitted to skip a single word.

One page, dated Sunday, March 19, 1882, read something like this: "I got up cross; father called me twice; I thought to myself, 'wish that old man would shut up.' I said, 'dog on it' four times, and kicked the foot of my bed, because I wanted to take my spite out on something. I stopped up my ears when father said prayers, and I thought it was a good joke. I lied to sister Sue, when she asked me about her lesson-leaf, for I did make it into a cigar, although I did tell her that I never saw it. I wanted to be mean. I stole six cakes, and ate them in Sunday-school. I whistled in time of prayer, and told Mr. Simpson that it was Jack Johnson. I played marbles for keeps ten minutes in Hunter's Alley, because father thinks it wrong."

And thus it ran from page to page even to the mean tricks played on Bowser, the dog, only the day before. How very many things Tim read with shame, and how few there were that he was proud of.

As he finished the last page, and had said "the end," the tall, thin figure closed the book, and calling to the tiny figures, he said, "Ye spoiled good resolutions, take this book and place it on the last new shelf in my abode, where all the past must go."

Scarcely had these tiny figures vanished in the darkness, when the tall, thin figure turned its face upward toward the sky, and waving the hour-glass to and fro, murmured some indistinct words. Suddenly, over all the dark sky there burst forth a brilliant and dazzling light, so intensely bright that it seemed to fill the whole world with a blaze of light, and even entered the gloomy shadows of the abyss. Tim was amazed. As he stood gazing in silence, there appeared out of the midst of the brightness, a great number of tiny figures like unto those that had vanished. These wore robes of sparkling whiteness, and smiles rested on their faces. With united effort they bore an immense and beautiful book. It also was of sparkling whiteness, without and within.

At a signal from the tall, thin figure the tiny figures smilingly laid the book at Tim's feet, and waved their hands to him, and hovered close about his head like birds. The tall, thin figure pointed to the lid of the book, and Tim saw there in shining gold these words, "The Year 1883 of the Life of Timothy Thomas, written by Himself."

The figure then opened the book from page to page. All were pure and white and spotless. As Tim's eye rested in wonder on his strange gift, the figure spoke again, in a deep-toned voice, saying, "Beware what you write for 1833."

And then some one shook his arm and called, "Tim! Tim! There's been a big snow storm, and you'd better get up, if you want to try your new sled." — Western Chris. Adv.

Life is too short to be worrying as to who likes you and who does not. Press on through the shadows that hang over these low grounds to the bright mountain-tops over yonder, where you will not have an enemy.

THE S...

THE T...

1.—This place very s... excitement and the Ap... the entrance in Solomon's porch—or be... was outside... ern side. I... dian temple... inthian colu... feet high, a... having been... when the tea... by Zerubbab... of the older... ed Beautiful... where, but t... Corinthian t... required twe... it, and possi... been populat... Peter and... the temple a... the evening... ages show t... ed scrupulo... ple services... their followe... neither need... there should... rupture from... form of relig... ed the auto... old one, and... to it, in so f... otry of the... porch of the... resort, was... who sought... a practice w... at the entr... East, and of... in the city... the mendic... a cripple, ne... birth. He w... by friends e... solliciting t... until he was... night.

2.—We hav... with which P... the helpless... be a look of... to excite hop... him; and the... Peter, "Look... design. And... as the words... effect was p... this the impo... words and l... would do goo... in many cas... person to loo... to look awa... sometimes it... an one to l... stone towards... But we need... some reflecti... is seen in u... invitation.

3.—Let us... tion to him... "in the nat... Nazareth" w... faith in the... not but be f... Two of the... Jesus—heal... pool of Siloa... at Bethesda... were wroug... with the tem... gar can scarc... those mirac... dence, he m... seized Pete... and suddenl... able to walk... Lange's Com... "It is ras... read of mi... power of Ch... tion of the... who acts, and... can be so di... the present... first of all, t... party. Pete... with deep sy... ready to hel... the lame ma... surveys the... tentness that... dence, the de... both parties... the fulness... Peter speak... name of Jes... awaits the p... hope. And... bines the pr... soul in one... man by the... the later, w... the new pow... muscular str... The Name of... Jesus, His gr... heal, consti... a point of v... here their so... the hand of... the other; a... source of t... power which... they are uni... love, and cbe... ly and fully... S Magazine.

Science is... not a golden... refuse to lin...