

## The Family Circle.

### MARRYING AN INFIDEL HYPOCRITE.

There is much hypocrisy in the church; there is doubtless more outside; and infidels have their ill share; and there is no time when they show it more plainly than when they are courting some good honest Christian girl. We remember an instance of a man who, at such a time, though not exactly a Christian, was "very much interested." He went to meeting; he bought him a reference Bible. He got a copy of Cruden's Concordance. He studied them, and he *got the girl he wanted*; a bright, lovely, intelligent woman. Then his interest ceased. He showed what was in him. He swung an axe over her head and threatened to brain her. He made life a burden to her. He wrecked her home and blasted her life. She got acquainted with him too late.

Another instance we find recorded in a religious paper:

"A noble Christian girl was thrown in the company of a man who in manner, dress, and conversation seemed to be a gentleman. He was by profession a physician. Whenever she wanted to go to church he took her, and to prayer-meetings too. He preferred the theatre, to be sure, but her choice was his, for he was wooing."

"They married. The man struck her one day a blow from which she never recovered. With this next? No, no. That would have been kind. Less compared with what came. They were at dinner. She asked him to go with her to prayer-meeting that night, for since marriage he had not gone save two or three times long past. He said he was too busy; that was his usual excuse, day to-day, when she asked him, he said,

"Look here, wife, you don't really believe in what, do you? This praying nonsense and the personal God?"

"What," said she, "don't you believe in God?"

"No, of course not; this church business is all bosh."

"What! you don't mean to tell me you are an infidel! That I have married an infidel! Oh!"

"He picked her up in a dead faint. It was weeks before the color came back to her face; and it slowly faded away, and has never returned. She is an old woman now; the wrinkles have ploughed deep in her face; she dresses in black. Four children were born to them, all boys. *They all took after their father.* His office being in the house, he met them much and instilled his notions into their brains and hearts. They have no children now. They have all died between the ages of fifteen and twenty, and each died as he had lived, godless, hopeless. She saw them all wrapped in Christless graves. And when alone in her room you will hear her sob and wring her hands, repeating the third chapter of Job, saying, 'I wish I had never been born.' To have given the world four boys, and all lived and died without hope, is more than she can bear, and she longs for death to end her earthly existence; yet dreads it too. Girls, keep the company of Christian men, and marry only in the Lord."—*The Armory.*

### "UNTIL THE END."

When I was a child I had an idea that every thing was so firmly established in the world that there would, there could, be no end. Father, mother, home, the regular duties and play of every day, over and over again, seemed to be a part of the universe, and I, in my security, felt that all would go on this way for endless time.

When our first great sorrow came, when we lost our father, I had a terrible shock—an upheaval; for the regular order of things was changed, and I felt for a while as one lost, and trying to get back to the old path. But the home was still there, and mother, and sisters, and brothers; and so, after a little, every thing went on the same, with only an inward feeling that it never could be quite the same.

In all my absences later, at school or making visits or journeys, I always looked forward to the going home, where all whom I loved best were, and where I found rest, and peace, and love, and friends, and a sure refuge.

During all these years, and when I left my mother's home to go to one of my own, the sense of security, of the lastingness of things, was mine. I was working for my own, in a home that I expected to be mine all my life. Things were to stay this way or that way. And it seemed to me that other people did the same, and that there was little or no change.

When my great sorrow—the loss of my husband—came, I was thoroughly stunned. The whole world was changed. There was no stability, no security, nothing that would last. The bottom had dropped out of the whole creation. For a long while I was in actual fear. I knew not what would happen next. The slightest alarm made me panic-stricken. How I suffered in the long, lonely nights, almost paralyzed, wondering what was going to become of me! My sense of security, of the permanency of things in this world vanished forever.

For this is a world of change, and we are the restless creatures who inhabit this ever-moving globe, around which and on which the law of change is omnipotent, the world moving so fast that we do not breathe the same atmosphere for any length of time; the planets and stars, and even the great sun itself, all ever moving on, on; the interior of our earth telling us the same history—how the law of change has ever been going on.

No wonder, when my troubles came thick and fast, and I tried, quite in vain, to "get back" to my old self, my old feelings, that I was startled, confused, afraid! No wonder I began to doubt and wonder whether it was not all a mistake—life, I and mine. God only knows how one can suffer, and He only can help.

After awhile I found that behind all these changes there was One who was always the same, I found that there was just one power, just one ever-present strong arm; one certain Refuge; and as I began to read of his power, I began to feel safe: of his presence, I felt comforted; of his love, I felt satisfied; content to wait in this ever-changing place; to do only what is mine today, not building on a future here until the end of all these ends comes, when he who holds all the threads can untangle these snarled and interwoven lives of ours; content because he "having loved his own, loves them until the end." And he will love us until the end, the end of all time, all eternity—the only love that never fails, the one love that can shield, the love that can satisfy through time and through eternity.—*Sel.*