

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

COMFORTED.

When the hard moments come, and I recall With tears and bitter crying that last day...

And how I wept you sometimes, was unkind, Forgetful, careless, child your selfish glee...

When I count up these things, and add the rest— The things I might have done and did not do...

And thinking all this over, feel my pain Stir like a sleepy snake, and writhe and sting...

Cometh this thought: "My little childish ode Is old in wisdom now as angels are..."

"She knows not only all my faults but knows That which to me is half understood: The germ of mood that lurked behind the mood..."

"She makes the excuses which I dare not make; She marks the grievings that I may not still; Balances strife and failure, power and will..."

"And knowing, comprehending, judging so, Perhaps she smiles amid the smiling throng That I should weep so idly, mourn so long..."

Smile, darling! I will smile too, comforted. If you were here (oh, empty wish and vain) I might forget and puzzle you, or pain...

WHAT SHE COULD.

My washerwoman had finished her day's work, and I had given her her money, and seen her tie it up in the corner of her coarse cotton handkerchief...

"That was a wonderful good paper you gave me last week," said she, at length. "My father used to take that paper when I was a girl and lived to home..."

"I prayed in my heart that the Lord would make it a means of good to Sam, and I'm sure if it only just kept him to home 'twould be worth while..."

We had all finished reading the last religious weekly, and as I had that very morning had occasion to use some papers in packing away furs and woollens to keep them from moths...

"I'm afraid I've made you a heap of trouble," said she, looking disturbed and uncomfortable as she took it. "I wouldn't have asked, but I thought like enough you'd just as soon I had that as the other, if you knew I wanted it..."

"To be sure I had!" said I. "You shall have it every week in future." She smiled, as she wrapped it around her apron, and said in a meek way:

"I ain't able, you know, to take it myself, with all I have on my shoulders besides, or I would, and not trouble nobody." She went away gratified, and I took care, afterward, to save my paper for her every week.

Well enough I knew "all that she had on her shoulders." Her eldest daughter was an idiot, her aged mother a partial paralytic, and her husband, though trained by religious parents, was addicted to strong drink...

One day I spoke to her of the work of the missionaries in Africa, and the great opportunities for do-

ing good which that new field of the offers.

"It just harrers me up to read about the missionaries, and how the fields is all white, and so few a-reapin' in 'em," she replied. "If I could give even a little, but you see I can't. I don't see how Sam can read it to me. I most wish he'd skip it, sometimes. If I only had money, do you s'pose I'd tighten up my purse strings, and turn away my face? I'd just rejoice to send 'em a good round sum."

"There is something you can give," I said. "Never you wish that Sam would skip any, but when you are longing to give, lift up your heart to the Lord and ask him to bless the missionaries, and help on their work. If you give a prayer, it may do more good than some people's money. I would put in a penny if I do no more, whenever I got the chance. One leaf of the Bible, with the Holy Spirit's blessing on it, might lead a soul to God, and that soul might lead others, and a penny will pay for more than one leaf."

"So it will; cheap as books are now-a-days!" said she, with a happy smile. "I'm glad I had this little talk with you. I have my health, and earn my own money, and I can spare one cent now and then."

She went away smiling and grateful. One day, weeks afterward, I had occasion to go to her house.

"I want you to look in here a minute," she said, motioning me away from the family into the bit of a bedroom where she slept. When we were alone, she drew out from a hidden corner a small bag made of striped ticking.

"That's my missionary bag," said she. "I've saved five cents out of every washing, and put it in there. So little we never missed it, but you see it counts up to quite a sum. Thirty-five cents! I shouldn't have thought I could give that much, but here 'tis, and nobody the worse off. Thank the Lord that I've got it to give. I want you to take it to meetin', for I can't go to-morrow, and I hear there's to be a collection."

I took the money, and as I dropped all those five-cent pieces into the collection next day, I wondered if any like sum was given at anything like the same cost.—Joy Allison, in The Watchman.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

The Emperor Matthias, in 1610, had guaranteed the peasantry of Bohemia in the free exercise of the Protestant religion. This privilege was now abolished. A beginning was made in the villages where the flocks were deprived of their shepherds. Their Bibles and other religious books were next taken from them and destroyed, that the flame might go out when the fuel was withdrawn. The ministers and Bibles out of the way, the monks appeared on the scene. They entered with soft words and smiling faces. They confidently promised lighter burdens and happier times if the people would only forsake their heresy. They even showed them the beginning of this golden age, by bestowing upon the more necessitous a few small benefactions. When the conversions did not answer the fond expectations of the Fathers, they changed their first bland utterances into rough words, and even threats. The peasantry were commanded to go to mass. A list of the parishioners was given to the clerk, that the absentees from Church might be marked, and visited with fine. If one was detected at a secret Protestant conventicle, he was punished with flagellation and imprisonment. Marriage and baptism were next forbidden to Protestants. The peasants were summoned to the towns to be examined and, it might be, punished. If they failed to obey the citation they were surprised over night by the soldiers, taken from their beds, and driven into the towns like herds of cattle, where they were thrust into prisons, towers, cellars, and stables; many perishing through the hunger, thirst, cold, and stench which they there endured. Other tortures, still more horrible and disgusting, were invented and put into practice upon these miserable creatures. Many renounced their faith. Some unwilling to abjure, and yet unable to bear their prolonged tortures, earnestly begged their persecutors to kill them outright. "No," would their tormentors reply, "the Emperor does not thirst for your blood but for your salvation." This sufficiently accounts for the paucity of martyrs unto blood in Bohemia, notwithstanding the lengthened and cruel persecution to which it was subject. There were not wanting many who would have braved death for their faith; but the Jesuits studiously avoided setting up

stake, and preferred rather to wear out the disciples of the Gospel by tedious and cruel tortures. Those whose condemnation they could color with some political pretext, as was the case with the noble man whose martyrdom we have recorded, they bring to the scaffold. Thus they were able to suppress the Protestantism of Bohemia, and yet they could say, with some little plausibility, that none had died for his religion.—Rev. Dr. Wylie.

RUSSIAN WINTERS.

The Russians have a great knack of making their winters pleasant. You feel nothing of the cold in those tightly built houses where all doors and windows are double, and where the rooms are kept warm by big stoves hidden in the walls. There is no damp in a Russian house, and the inmates may dress indoors in the lightest of garbs, which contrast oddly with the mass of furs and wraps which they don when going out.

A Russian can afford to run no risk of exposure when he leaves the house for a walk or drive. He covers his head and ears with a fur bonnet, his feet and legs with felt boots lined with wool or fur, which are drawn over the ordinary loots and trousers, and reach each up to the knees; he next cloaks himself in a top coat with a fur collar, lining and cuffs; he buries his hands in a pair of fingerless gloves of seal or bear skin. Thus equipped, and with the collar of his coat raised all around so that it muffles him up to the eyes, the Russian exposes only his nose to the cold air; and he takes care frequently to give that organ a little rub to keep the circulation going. A stranger who is apt to forget the precaution would often get his nose frozen if it were not for the courtesy of the Russians, who will always warn him if they see his nose "whitening," and will unbidden, help him to chafe it vigorously with snow.

In Russian cities walking is just possible for men during the winter, but hardly so for ladies. The women of the lower order wear knee boots: those of the shopkeeping class seldom venture out at all; those of the aristocracy go out in sleighs. The sleighs are by no means pleasant vehicles for nervous people, for the Kalmuck coachmen drive them at such a terrific pace that they frequently capsize.

A SONNET.

We know that we must die; then wherefore wail? No protestations, agonies, or tears Avail to change the current of the years: There is one end to every mortal tale And rightly so. Why should not forms that fall Through age or weakness pass away and give Their young hairs room to spread themselves and live, Till stronger growths in turn o'er these prevail? No life but builds itself upon the dead: And when the stern necessities of strife Have cramped the space where growing lives would spread, The tree whose wood is made must feel the knife That fresher growths may flourish in its stead. J. H. Pearce, in the Academy.

I DIDN'T ASK TO BE SAVED.

John Hayne was a young man much given to the use of profane and reckless speeches, and when the village pastor was talking to him about his soul's welfare one day, and asked him if he was not grateful for the offer of salvation, he said:

"No, why should I be? I didn't ask to be saved." "Well, you will have to ask, or you will not share in the unspeakable blessing," replied the minister, and noticing a look of surprise now stealing over the young man's bold face, he continued:

"A young relative of mine was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, and for hours was in a state verging upon unconsciousness. After lying a long time on the damp ground he became aware that there were voices near him, and although he could not move as much as one of his fingers or his eyelids even, he thought he felt a hand softly placed upon his heart. Then he became aware that a nurse, he knew that it was a woman by her voice, was pleading with the regimental surgeon, who was on the field, to make one more effort to save some poor fellow's life. Presently he realized that he was the object of her solicitude.

"He is so fine looking and so strongly built," said the nurse. His natural vitality must be great; besides, sir," she continued in a reverent tone, "he may have a wife, a mother, or a sister praying for his safety now."

"It's no use to spend time over him," said the surgeon gruffly, "but if you wish to stay by him you can. I can do nothing for him, and must move on. Remember if you remain you will run the risk of being left alone here in the night on the field."

"Very well," replied the nurse bravely, I will take the risk, and shall do all in my power to resuscitate and save this poor fellow, and only immediate attention can avail now."

Presently the soldier became conscious that his jaws were being gently forced open and that some powerful stimulant had been given him. It was not long before he revived sufficiently to be carried to the hospital, and in good time he entirely recovered. His life had been saved through the prompt and faithful efforts of that devoted nurse."

"Now what if I should tell you," continued the pastor, as he earnestly looked into the face of the young man who had just made the coarse and flippant speech, but who was all attention now—"what if I should tell you that that soldier was ashamed of the noble young woman who risked so much to save his life—that he subsequently went about bragging that he had never asked her to save him—that he had not the least acquaintance with her—that he refused to acknowledge even that she had been any service to him, and never mentioned her name except in a slighting, reviling way?"

"I should say he was a mean, contemptible ingrate," replied John Hayne impulsively. "He was not fit to live; his life was not worth saving."

"Very well," said the pastor, "but this nurse only by a little temporary sacrifice of comfort on her part, at the same time being in the pay of the government, was the means of prolonging the soldier's paltry life for a few brief years in this world of care and sorrow. Jesus Christ, the divine Lord, suffered on the cross and died for you to redeem you from sin, and now offers to make you an heir of eternal life. And yet I have never known you to speak of him, or of those who love and try to follow him, with common respect even."

"My dear sir," replied John Hayne, "I have never looked at this thing in that light before. Of course an ungrateful person is the meanest person living. I promise as much as this now; I will never use the Lord's name lightly again." The pastor did not press the subject any further at that time. He had set the young man a thinking. Not long afterwards John Hayne was converted, and he says that little lesson on ingratitude, brought him to a saving knowledge of Christ.—Ann A. Preston, in American Messenger.

WHAT IT COSTS.

A gentleman was walking in Regent's Park, in London, and he met a man whose only home was in the poor-house. He had come out to take the air, and excited the gentleman's interested attention.

"Well, my friend," said the gentleman, getting into conversation, "it is a pity that a man like you should be where you are. Now may I ask how old you are?" The man said he was eighty years of age.

"Had you any trade before you became penniless?"

"Yes, I was a carpenter."

"Did you use intoxicating drink?"

"No, oh, no. I only took my beer; never anything stronger; nothing but my beer."

"How much did your beer come to a day?"

"Oh, a sixpence a day, I suppose."

"For how long a time?"

"Well, I suppose for sixty years."

The gentleman had taken out his notebook, and he continued figuring with his pencil while he went on talking with the man.

"Now let me tell you," said he, as he finished his calculations, "how much that beer cost you, my man. You can go over the figures yourself."

And the gentleman demonstrated that the money, a sixpence a day, for sixty years, expended in beer, would, if it had been saved and placed at interest, have yielded him nearly eight hundred dollars a year, or an income of fifteen dollars a week for self-support.

"Let me tell you how much a gallon of whisky cost," said a judge, after trying a case. "One gallon of whisky made two men murderers, it made two wives widows, and made eight children orphans."

"Oh! it's a costly thing.—Dr. Richard Newton.

"BURIED IN WOOLEN."

A rather curious piece of historical information has recently been published which illustrates a feature in John Wesley's character not noticed by any previous writer. Amongst Mr. Wesley's last sayings, and only a few hours before his peaceful death, he said to those standing around his bed, "Let me be buried in nothing but what is

woolen; and let my corpse be carried in my coffin into the chapel." This was his last uttered long sentence. Why buried in woolen? In an old Parish Church register in Warwickshire, at the end of many of the entries of burial about the year 1690 and later are the words, "Buried in woolen." On investigating the matter it was ascertained that toward the close of the seventeenth century the depression in the woolen trade was so great, and was so severely felt by the people in the West of England, that an Act of Parliament was passed ordering that all persons should be buried in woolen cloth, with a view of giving an impetus to that branch of industry. As Mr. Wesley had many of his followers engaged in that manufacture in towns in the West of England he testified his law-abiding principles in almost his last breath, by his request to be buried in "nothing but what was woolen."

COMPENSATION.

It was the time of Autumn. When leaves are turning brown,— Green to yellow and pied and black; And some were tumbling down.

Then poor men fell a-playing, For that their work was o'er; And rich men fell a-sighing, That they could play no more.

For the Summer-time is a merry time, If a man have leisure to play; But the Summer-time is a weary time, To him who must work all day.

Then thanks to God the giver, Who loves both great and small; To every one he something gives, But to no one man gives all.

The rich who careth for himself Finds, after pleasure, pain; But the toiler, whom God careth for, Rests, and is glad again. London Spectator.

THE "BEST" ROOM.

The custom of setting apart the best room in the house as one which the members of the family are to be permitted to occupy only on state occasions is becoming obsolete. The parlor from time immemorial has been considered a sanctum sanctorum, and every day usage condemned as the grossest sacrilege. It is fortunate that this order of things is going out of date, and the fashion of having all parts of the house alike, taking its place. The practice of retaining the most pleasant apartment of the residence for "company" is still in vogue among the rural population, but even there it is giving way. The mere fact that there is a forbidden spot in the household in itself hinders social intercourse. A feeling of restraint becomes diffused through the family and renders the atmosphere of home chilly. When the parlor is opened and visitors received, both the callers and their entertainers are ill at ease. To the latter the place seems as strange as the house of another person, conversation lags and becomes insipid, each one feels that he is in a sacred part of the house, and a sense of his obligation to polish up manners. Topics of interest are barred out of conversation, and when one caller makes the rounds of half a dozen residences he realizes what a hollow mockery the whole thing is. In fact, it is a more a duty than a pleasure, and when leaving one of these rooms, where extraordinary pains are taken to keep everything prime and clean, it is hard to keep from uttering an expression of relief. Most families set apart the healthiest apartment for a purpose which is in no wise beneficial, and at the same time spend their lives in dingy and unwholesome rooms simply to keep one place in good order. There is no philosophy in this; adults and children alike need fresh air and sunlight. Sacrifice the parlor for health every time, and it will be found immensely profitable. If "company" objects to be received by you as you are, then it is better that its coming be dispensed with entirely.

BE THANKFUL.

"I don't want any supper," said Kate. "Nothing but bread and milk, and some cake—just the same every night."

"Would you like to take a walk?" asked mamma, not noticing Kate's remarks.

"Yes, mamma."

Kate was pleased so long as their walk led through pleasant streets; but when they came to narrow, dirty ones, where the houses were old and poor, she wanted to go home.

"Please, mamma, don't go any farther."

"We will go into the corner house," said mamma.

Some rough-looking men were sitting on the doorsteps. Kate felt afraid, and held tight hold of mamma's hand; but when they went up the tottering steps to the garret. So hot and close it was that they could scarcely breathe. On a straw bed, near the only window, lay a young girl asleep, so pale and thin and still, she looked as if she were dead.

Hearing footsteps, she opened her eyes. Mamma uncovered her basket, and gave the girl a drink of milk, and placed the bread and cake beside her.

Kate's eyes filled with tears as she saw the girl eagerly eat her supper. Not a mouthful had she tasted since early morning.

The poor mother had been away all day working, and now came home wishing she had something nice to bring her sick child. When she found her so well cared for she could not thank mamma and Kate enough.

The supper seemed a feast to them.

"If we can keep a roof over our heads," she said, and get a crust to eat, we are thankful."

Kate never forgot these words. Let us all learn the same lesson, and cease complaining and fault finding. If we have a home, and food to eat, let us thank God, for many wander the streets homeless and hungry.—Sel.

"George," said the father, "he praised Charlie because he always knows his lessons, though he is not brighter than you are, and is younger, too. Now let me tell you a story."

So the gentleman told the following:

"Once, as I was crossing the Delaware river, I saw a large tug-boat steam up to a great ship. They fastened the two by stout ropes; then the tug pulled and pulled, but the ship would not move. For two or three hours they tried, but at last gave up. Then I noticed that another tug came alongside—a smaller one: this they attached to the large ship. The tug gave a puff, and off went the ship down the river, pulled by a little boat not nearly so large as the other."

"Why," said I to a man who seemed to know, 'could not the large tug pull the ship?'"

"Oh, sir," said he, 'she could not employ all her steam: it was escaped by the side pipes. But the small tug uses every particle of her steam; that gives her more strength.'"

"Now, my dear George, this is just the difference between you and Charlie. Your attention is distracted; many little side things take off your mind from your book. But Charlie puts his whole mind on his study. If we desire ever to be of any value in the world, we must fix our whole attention on the thing before us; we should not be busy about a half a dozen things at the same time. Neither let us permit our strength to be wasted on trifles, but let us live for some good, great purpose—the glory of God and the benefit of our fellow-men."

AN UNCOMMON BANKRUPTCY CASE.

A little boy applied to General Clinton B. Fisk for capital to go into business. Amount wanted—seventy-five cents. Business—boot-blacking. Station—near Fulton Ferry, New York. Profits to be divided at the end of six months. The arrangement was made and the firm began business. One Monday morning, however, the working partner came into the general's office wearing a very lugubrious countenance.

"What's the matter?" asked the general.

"Oh," said the boy, "it's all up."

"All up!" said the general, "what do you mean?" "Oh," replied the urchin, "the firm's busted."

"How is that?" was the inquiry. "Well," said the boy, "I had \$4.92 on hand; but yesterday a man came into our Sunday-school and said we must give all of our money to the Missionary Society, and I put all in—couldn't help it—'an' it's all up with us." We have no doubt that the firm immediately resumed business again—but it is the first partnership we ever have heard of that has been bursted in that way! Hence our extreme sympathy.—National S. S. Teacher.

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