

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

TO ONE BELOVED.

(This poem, written by an eloquent and accomplished young English minister, who did not live to marry the young lady he loved and won, was written many years ago but was only lately published.)

"Is strange, and yet 'tis true; some magic spell Hath touched the spring that held our hearts unopened, And thoughts that undiscovered might have lain Have escaped from either heart, and met and mingled. Thoughts that we trembled to set free, yet wished That some propitious hour, some look or sigh, The silent language of unuttered love, might bring to light bright, innocent, and strong. We love! and fancies that had oft beguiled My tenderest hours—gazed to love and true— Now torn from dreamy shadows into things Of one and sweet reality—no longer fancies. Visions that haunted me in solitude, That stole across my slumbers, broke my rest, That dwelt and lingered still, though oft reproved, Are visions now no longer. Yes, 'tis true! I wished you tearful. I hoped, yet trembled, lest, My hopes, like other things of earth, should perish, And gloomy disappointment reign alone. Ah, when I saw thee, did this blood rush wildly, That thrill sweep through my soul, that fire kindle my eye, that tenderness creep softly down my heart, till it had left its trace On each emotion that lay hidden there? Why, when I thought to love, as young hearts will, When nature teaches, did I think of thee? Why, when I wished for one on whom to lavish The first, wild, generous, unpolished passion of youth and innocence, why wish for thee? Why, when affection's God Himself had pleaded, stole upward seeking, as the ivy seeks For props, round which to cling and twine their tendrils, Why would I scan thy looks and watch thy words To see if sought were lurking there untold, To cherish hope, and drive away despair? I loved! and now I love, and still more joyous, Love, pure and tender as e'er dwelt in man, Is met by love in thee, love unconcealed, Love pure and tender as in me it dwells. Heaven smile on it, as now I smile on thee; And bless it, as my blessing lights on thee; And as my hands have swept the lyre, and notes Of song risen upward to the skies, My God approve, as he approves the song Which angels sing! —Methodist Recorder.

THE STORY OF A SONG.

The company that owned the Greenwood Park Road was required by law to extend it a certain distance, and so—much against their will—they pieced it out to the corner of Leighton Street with a shabby little one-horse car, seldom carrying a passenger, and which ran every half hour.

On one corner of the street, and some way back from the road, stood the elegant mansion of Judge Holland, with its finely-kept avenues, garden beds and fountains. Across the way and a block further down the street, was a wretched little cottage in a wilderness of weeds and grass, desolate and lonely at all times and seasons.

"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace."

It was the man's voice that sang the words, full clear and sweet, the jingle of the horse-car bells chiming in with the notes of old "Amsterdam." Eddie Race, the little sick cripple, lying on a ragged lounge close by the cottage window caught the sound and held his breath to listen. Judge Holland, the miserable rich man, in the solitary gloom of his great library, listened also as the singer came down the street.

"Fly from sorrow and from pain To realms of endless peace," sang the splendid voice over and over again, as if the singer revelled in the words, or had grown absent-minded as he sang them, and back again down the street went the shabby car, the voice still singing away in the distance.

Half an hour later it came again, the same voice with a different song, strong, slow, stately:

"Give to the winds thy fears, Hope, and be undismayed, God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears."

"Just listen, mamma!" Eddie turned his eyes toward the sad-faced woman busily sewing at the other window.

"That means God knows when we're hungry, and my leg aches so, and you can't get any work, don't it?"

"Yes, dear." With one hand she brushed away the quick tears which came too often.

"Then if he knows all about it I wouldn't cry, mamma. Hark! that's another one."

"Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move, Bound to the land of bright spirits above."

"That's the nicest," whispered Eddie, "it sounds just like the angels."

When the car came again it brought another song, which Eddie liked the best of all:

"There is no sorrow, nor any sighing, Nor any tears there, nor any dying."

"That's heaven, isn't it, mamma, where papa's gone? I s'pose he's real happy all the time, and sings just as the man does." wonder who the man is mamma?"

Judge Holland wondered too, though he chafed at the sound of the free, sweet voice and the words that made him think in a way which he did not like.

"While in affliction's furnace And passing through the fire Thy love we praise That knows our days And ever—"

"Good morning!" The tone was gruff, and Peter Bond, driver and conductor in one looked up in surprise from the pole he was fastening to the end of the car to see the Judge standing beside him.

"You are the man who sings, I suppose."

"Well, it's likely you've heard me. I felt as if I shouldn't disturb anybody—it's so much like the country out here, and—"

"You are on the new road?" the Judge interrupted.

"Yes, sir."

"And as happy as you seem?"

"I am contented, sir, and I try to be happy. I lost this arm (pointing to his empty left sleeve which hung useless), in the factory where I worked two months ago. I lost my place and was afraid I'd have nothing to do, but they gave me this car because I could manage it well enough, and can make enough to support my family."

"How large a family?"

"My wife—she's in consumption—and two boys. We lost our baby three weeks ago, sir, and somehow it helps me to sing the hymns and think about heaven instead of that little grave—for the child isn't there, after all. Time's up, sir, good morning," and touching his hat respectfully he swung around the brake and started off again, leaving the Judge standing in the street.

"Prop me up, mamma, so's I can see the horse-car man when he comes along, and away down the street rang out the cheery voice:

"There let the way appear, Steps into heaven; All that thou sendest me In mercy given."

"I'd like to know the horse-car man, mamma," said little Eddie, as the sound died away. "I wonder if he's got any little boys and it he sings to them."

Judge Holland's house was closed for the summer. The lonely man travelled from place in search of the rest which he could nowhere find. Not even the waves of the Atlantic could entirely drown the tinkle of the horse-car bell or the vague memory of the words:

"When other helpers fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, Oh, abide with me."

In October he was back again. For a week he hoped to hear the voice again, but it did not come. Then he went out to the corner.

"Where is Peter Bond?" he asked of the strange driver who had taken his place.

"He's in the company's office now, sir, promoted a while ago. He's coming out with me, though, this afternoon, if you want to see him. There's a sick child down yonder," pointing to the cottage, "dying they say, and he comes out as often as he can to see him."

Judge Holland went to the cottage too, that afternoon. He heard the strong, beautiful voice as he reached the door:

"My days are gliding swiftly by."

"Go on," said the Judge, entering and taking without another word the chair that was offered, and Peter Bond sang on, one hymn after another. But most of all the child loved "The New Jerusalem."

"I can most see it," he said, simply, "when you sing like that."

"I've been singing to him all summer," explained Peter Bond, "but he never tires of it."

"Ain't you glad you're going?" asked the little fellow, as the quaint hymn which had so fascinated him, was ended.

The Judge did not answer. His head was bowed. He had not heard that hymn for years—no: since his mother died. She had loved it too.

"You're the minister, ain't you?" asked Eddie, "my papa was too. I wish you'd pray just as he used to."

The Judge fell on his knees beside the child, clasping one little wasted hand.

"I never pray," he said, brokenly. "Pray for me."

There was an awed silence for a moment, then words sung softly echoed through the little room:

"Our hearts are breaking now Those mansions fair to see, O Lord, thy heavens bow And raise us up with Thee To the new Jerusalem."

As the words were finished Judge Holland rose from his knees, a strange light in his old, wrinkled face. "I've asked the Lord to take me, too, Eddie," he said.

But the boy had already reached the heavenly city, the trusting little heart had entered into the life beyond. Truly, it was well with the child.

His mother found another home in Judge Holland's elegant house, where she was installed as house-keeper, Peter Bond's family received from the Judge such comforts as they never dreamed of, and when Peter comes out with his boys for

an occasional holiday in the Leighton Street mansion, he always sings to the quiet, happy old gentleman Eddie's favourite hymn, the Judge's favourite verse of which is:

"O glory shining far From the never-setting sun, O trembling morning stars, Our journey a almost done To the new Jerusalem."

MY EXPERIENCE.

A recent editorial in *The Christian Advocate* in reference to young men just beginning business life attracted my attention. I have been over the road upon which they have entered, and at almost every step have seen its diverging paths. In early life I was "trained to be temperate, chaste, and honest—to pray; to revere and read the word of God, and to keep the Sabbath;" and being ambitious, I determined to enter some mercantile business, for which purpose I visited the city of Baltimore. I had not an acquaintance on my arrival there, and but a few dollars to pay expenses. On going to my room alone, my thoughts were: "I am in a strange city, far from home, without a friend, surrounded by dangers of every kind. I have my reputation and character as a professing Christian to maintain against fearful odds. What shall I do? I will do this: I here promise never to drink a drop of spirituous liquor as a beverage, or to be found in any place where I should be ashamed for my father or mother to see me; and I will look to the Lord in every trial to make a way for my escape." Then, kneeling down, I asked the Lord to help me keep my promise. I did not then know how soon the trial was to come. The next evening I was invited by two of my new acquaintances to take a walk to see the city, and, being unacquainted with city life, was glad to accept. After passing several squares we came in front of what was called the "Green House," into which it was proposed we should go. I inquired, "What kind of a place is this?" "The Green House," they said; "only an oyster saloon."

I replied, "You may go in, and I will wait here for you." "Come in, come in," they exclaimed; "we will not stay two minutes." "No," I replied; "you go, if you wish, and I will wait here five minutes for you, [looking at my watch,] but if you are not out by that time you will not find me here." I waited that space of time, and then returned to my hotel. That night one of those young men was brought in from the gutter, into which he had fallen intoxicated. I watched his downward course for several years, until I learned that a wave dashed him from the deck of a ship, and he perished. The last I heard of his comrade was that he, too, was fast hastening to a drunkard's grave. In Baltimore I soon obtained a situation, and at once gave it my undivided attention, and have now pursued the same business more than thirty years. To the present time the promise I made is still unbroken, and largely to it, through the help of the Lord, I owe my success and escape from the snares into which I have seen so many fall; and I would say, as I once heard the Rev. Alfred Cookman say to a young man just starting out, "Thomas, take God with you."

—H. C. L. in *Christian Advocate*.

THE GRAVE OF HAVELOCK.

BY REV. WM. McDONALD.

One morning early, with Mrs. McDonald, we rode to Alum Bagh, some four miles from the town, to visit the grave of Havelock. Passing through a rough part of the native town, by the railroad station, and several heathen temples and more heathenish people, we came at last to the spot where rests all that is mortal of the "Christian soldier"—Major General Henry Havelock.

Alum Bagh is a walled or fortified garden, containing about twenty-five acres, built by one of the Begums of Wajid Ali Shah, and is much like scores of such places, which made Lucknow almost a fairy land, in the days of Mohammedan glory. It is enclosed by a high brick wall, with what was once a costly palace in the centre, now unoccupied, except by jackals and wandering natives. It was captured by Havelock on the 23rd of September, 1857, while on his way to relieve the besieged Residency. Here the wounded, numbering about 400, with the spare stores were left while he pressed on to the city.

When the garrison was finally rescued by Campbell, General Havelock's health had become so impaired that it was evident to all that his end was near. He was suddenly attacked with dysentery, which utterly prostrated him, and was removed, in a very feeble state, to Kilkosha, an old palace, just out

of town, where he died in triumph, exclaiming with his expiring breath, "I am happy and contented." To General Outram, who desired to see him, he said: "Sir James, for more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear." To his son, who sat wounded by his side, he said, "My son, see how a Christian can die." The rescued women and children, with the sick and wounded, were being removed to Cawnpore. The remains of General Havelock were taken as far as Alum Bagh, and there interred in nearly the centre of the garden. A neat monument, of yellowish stone, marks the spot where the good man lies. We copied in full the following inscription placed there by his sorrowing family:

"Here lie the mortal remains of HENRY HAVELOCK, Major-General in the British Army, and Knight Commander of the Bath, who died at Kilkosha, Lucknow, of dysentery, produced by the hardships of a campaign in which he achieved immortal fame, on the 24th of November, 1857.

"He was born on the 5th of April, 1795, at Bishop Wearmouth, county Durham, England. Entered the Army in 1815; came to India in 1823, and served there with little interruption till his death. He bore an honorable part in the war of Burmah, Afghanistan, the Malhatta campaign in 1843, and the Sutlej of 1845-6. Retained by adverse circumstances during many years in a subordinate position, it was the aim of his life to prove that the profession of a Christian is consistent with the fullest discharge of the duties of a soldier. He commanded a division of the Persian Expedition of 1857 in the terrible convulsions of that year. His genius and character were at length developed and known to the world. Saved from shipwreck on the Ceylon coast, by that Providence which designed him for yet greater things, he was nominated to the command of the column destined to relieve the brave garrison of Lucknow. This object, after almost superhuman exertion, he by the blessing of God accomplished. He was not spared to receive on earth the rewards so dearly earned. The Divine Master whom he served saw fit to remove him from the sphere of his labors in the moment of his greatest triumphs. He departed to his rest in simple, but confident expectation of far greater rewards and honors than those which a grateful country was anxious to bestow.

"In him the skill of a commander, the courage and devotion of a soldier, the learning of a scholar, the grace of a highly bred gentleman, and all the social and domestic virtues of a husband, father and friend were blended together, and strengthened, harmonized and adorned by the spirit of a true Christian; the result of the influence of the Holy Spirit on his heart, and of humble reliance on a crucified Savior.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." (2 Tim. 4:7-8.)

"His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest. His name a great example stands to show How strongly high endeavor may be blest, When piety and valor jointly go."

"This monument is erected by his sorrowing widow and family."

Several smaller monuments to fallen soldiers and officers stand near, but Havelock's towers above them all, as did he in moral excellence and Christian virtues. Few men have left a truer record.

FOR LADY TRAVELLERS.

Everybody knows how American women travel from one end of the country to the other, alone, &c., but it must be done according to rule. The *Burlington Hawkeye* is instructive when it supplies the necessary rules, thus:

Be sure you know where you want to go before you get on the train.

When you purchase your ticket you will have to pay for it; no use to tell the agent to "charge it and send the bill to your husband."

And if he says the price of the ticket is \$2.96, don't tell him you can get one just like it of the conductor or at the other store for \$2.50; he won't believe you and he may laugh at you.

Don't give a stranger your ticket and ask him to go out and check your trunk. He will usually be only too glad to do it. And what is more he will do it, and your trunk will be forever checked that it will never catch up with you again. And then when the conductor asks for your ticket and you recite to him the pleasing little

allegory about the stranger and the baggage, he will look incredulous and smile down upon you with half-closed eyes, and say that it is a beautiful romance, but he has heard it before. And then you will put up your jewellery or disembark at the next station.

Put your shawl-strap, bundle and two paper parcels in the hat-rack, hang your bird-cage to the corner of it, so that when it falls off it will drop into the lap of the old gentleman sitting behind you, stand your four house plants on the window sill, set your lunch basket on the seat beside you, fold your shawls on top of it, carry your pocket-book in one hand and your silver mug in the other; put your two valises under the seat and hold your hand-box and the rest of your things in your lap. Then you will have all your baggage handy, and won't be worried or flustered about it when you have only twenty-nine seconds in which to change cars.

Address the conductor every ten minutes. It pleases him to have you notice him. If you can't think of any new question ask him the same old one every time. Always call him "Say," or "Mister."

Pick up all the information you can while travelling. Open the window and look forward to see how fast the engine is going. Then when you get home you can tell the children about the big cinder you picked up with your eye, and how nice and warm it was and what it tasted like.

If you want a nap always lie with your head projecting over the end of the seat, into the aisle. Then everybody who goes up or down the aisle will mash your hat, straighten out your frizzes, and knock off your back hair. This will keep you from sleeping so soundly that you will be carried by your station.

THE WHEEL HORSE.

There is a wheel horse in every family; some one who takes the load on all occasions. It may be the older daughter, possibly the father, but generally it is the mother. Extra company, sickness, give her a heavy increase of the burden she is always carrying. Even summer vacations bring less rest and recreation to her than others of the family. The city house must be put in order to leave; the clothing for herself and the children which a country sojourn demands seems never to be finished; and the excursions and picnics which delight the heart of the young people are not wholly a delight to the "provider." I heard a husband once say, "My wife takes her sewing machine into the country and has a good time doing up the fall sewing." At the time I did not fully appreciate the enormity of the thing; but it has ranked in my memory, and appears to me now an outrage. How would it be for the merchant to take his books into the country with him to go over his accounts for a little amusement? Suppose the minister writes up a few extra sermons, and the teacher carries a Hebrew grammar and perfects himself in language, ready for the opening of school in the fall?

Woman's work is never done. She would never have it done. Ministering to father and mother, cherishing her husband, nourishing and training her children—no true woman wants to see her work done. But because it is never done she needs resting times.

Every night the heavy truck is turned up, the wheel horse is put up into the stable, and labor and care are dismissed till the morrow. The thills of the household van cannot be turned up at night, and the tired house-mother cannot go into a quiet, still repose. She goes to sleep to-night feeling the pressure of tomorrow. She must have "an eye."

There is never any time that seems convenient for the mother of little children to leave home even for a day; but with a little kindly help from her husband, and a little resolution in herself, she may go, and be so much the better for it that the benefit will overflow from her into the whole household. She will bring home some new idea and will work with the enthusiasm that comes from a fresh start.

One word for the older sister; who makes the salad for lunch and the desert for dinner, who takes the position of wheel-horse quite cheerfully while her younger sisters make themselves beautiful and entertaining, and one after another, find "one true heart" apiece to love them, and leave the maiden to grow into an old maid. However willing her sacrifice, it is one; and nothing but the devoted love and gratitude of the household whose fires she has helped to kindle will reward her for what she has given.—*Christian Union*.

EVENING.

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep My weary spirit seeks repose in Thee; Father, forgive my trespasss, and keep This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain thou my bed, And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet. Thy pardon be the pillow for my head, So small my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee, No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake. All's well! whichever side the grave for me The morning light may break.

EFFECT OF MARRIAGE.

Doubtless you have remarked with satisfaction how the little oddities of men who marry rather late in life are pruned away speedily after marriage. You have found a man who used to be shabbily and carelessly dressed, with a huge shirt collar, frayed at the edges, and a glaring yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, broken off these things, and become a pattern of neatness. You have seen a man whose hair and whiskers were ridiculously cut, speedily become like other human beings. You have seen a clergyman who wore a long beard, in a little while appear without one. You have seen a man who took snuff copiously, and who generally had his breast covered with snuff, abandon the vile habit. A wife is the grand wielder of the moral pruning-knife. If Johnson's wife had lived there would have been no hoarding up of bits of orange peel; no touching all the posts in walking along the street; no eating and drinking with a disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married he never would have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know little about oddly dressed, or talking ridiculously, or exhibiting any eccentricity of manner, you may be tolerably sure that he is not a married man. For the little corners are rounded off, the little shoots are pruned away in married men. Wives generally have much more sense than husbands, especially when the husbands are clever men. The wife's advice are like the ballast that keeps the ship steady. They are like the wholesome, though painful, shears nipping off little growths of self-conceit and folly.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

THE ART OF SLEEPING.

Most of the men who have made their mark as successful leaders have been good sleepers as well as hearty eaters. Napoleon Bonaparte lost no opportunity either for a good sleep or a good meal. Even before going into a battle he would take a few hours sleep if possible. The Duke of Wellington was such a sound sleeper that he seldom moved from the time he closed his eyes until he awoke. He used a very narrow bed, and said that when it was time for a man to turn in his bed it was time to get up. Henry Ward Beecher is known to be a good sleeper. He falls asleep in a moment after his head has touched the pillow. These men and other great workers have had a faculty which is an important addition to the mere taking of sleep. It is the power of withdrawing one's self from all surrounding persons and objects and finding immediate rest in slumber. The man who can thus take rest is refreshed and strengthened under many circumstances which would keep other people weary and wakeful. He is master of every situation as regards his own rest. Some men, by long habit, find themselves able to take sleep with the same ease that others would take a glass of water. They can sleep either while perched on a high stool or rattling along in a railroad at forty miles an hour. The economy of wear and tear on the lives of such people is wonderful. The man who cannot sleep until he has first removed his clothes, put out the light, and climbed into bed, is at a great disadvantage. Greater yet is his disadvantage if he can sleep in no bed but his own. There are some who are possessed with the notion that their own bed is the only one in which they can slumber. These people are utterly wretched when they go to the country where the beds are stuffed with straw or shavings, and where the springs are made of noisy material which resounds whenever touched. When they go to Europe and are forced to stay awake or to sleep in quarters not much larger than the shelf of a mantel piece their misery is too great for utterance. Much of the comfort and discomfort experienced in sleeping and trying to sleep is the result of habit. There are some people who toss on their beds for half the night, as if they were uneasy ghosts. They have never learned to sleep.

SUNDAY

MAY

PARABLES ON

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