

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

LIVING AND LIVING.

Forever the sun is pouring its gold
On a hundred worlds that beat and borrow;
His warmth he squanders on summits cold,
His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow,
To withhold his largess of precious light
Is to bury himself in eternal night.

The flower shines not for itself at all,
Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses;
Of beauty and bloom it is prodigal,
And it lies in the light it freely loses.
No choice for the rose but glory or doom,
To exalt or smother, to wither or bloom.

The sea sends silvery rays to the land,
The land its supplies streams to the ocean;
The heart sends blood to the brain of command,
The brain to the heart is lightning motion;
And over and over we yield our breath
Till the mirror is dry and images death.

He is dead whose hand is not open wide
To help the need of a human brother;
He doubles the length of his lifelong ride,
Who gives his fortunate gains to another;
And a thousand million lives are his
Who carries the world in his sympathies.

THE VOICEFUL TEXT.

“Bear ye one another's burdens,
and so fulfil the law of Christ.”

Christie Duncan sat lost in thought, an unheeded thing for that usually thoughtless, merry-faced girl. The winter sunshine sent its gladdening rays across Christie's hands folded in her lap. Her bird, hanging over her head, seemed on the verge of splitting his pretty throat, by the intensity of his song, hoping thus to attract his beloved mistress, but he did not succeed. An elderly gentleman who had remained all night in the Duncan mansion had led family worship that morning. It had proved a revelation to Christie. She watched him as he read the Book of books. Her eyes were full of admiration, for she had the eye of a true artist for a beautiful picture. Possessed of a fine face, enshrined in that crown of glory, silvery hair, with eyes expressive of mingled intellect, purity, and charity to all men, surely he was well worth looking at.

As for his voice, one could not help being charmed with that sweet tone, cultured and winsome as it was in the extreme. Christie was enraptured—even better than that, she was awakened.

Clearly, lovingly, he finished the reading with the verse, “Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.” Then such an earnest, beautiful prayer followed, explaining voluntarily, as it were, the meaning of bearing one another's burdens, that Christie felt lifted up in some strange, unexplainable way.

But she felt very much ashamed, very down-hearted just now, sitting by the window. And it is not to be wondered at, either, when one considers that eighteen years had rolled by before she had made the least endeavor to translate the lovely text to her own heart's understanding.

“I've never borne the least part of any one's burdens, I do believe; what a burning shame for a girl of my age to say!” was her unspoken thought.

“There never seemed any particular burden to bear at home. We are wealthy, and mamma has always had a maid. Papa is away all day, and don't seem to care for anything except rest when he comes home at evening. Then, besides that, I am generally over at Floy Rathbone's evenings. It's pleasant there, and here it's lonely. I wish the two children who died when they were little had lived, then I'd have some burdens to bear just as Floy has. I wonder how it would seem to wash little faces as Floy does. But then, if they had lived probably mamma would never want me to wash faces; she would employ nurses for that.”

A sad look overshadowed the bright face as Christine began to realize her uselessness. Unshed tears were in her blue eyes as she thought: “I would like to fulfil the law of Christ. I must try to think where to go.”

“Ah! dear Christine, don't go too far to begin your blessed work of burden-bearing. ‘Charity begins at home.’”

Ned, the canary, sang on; Christine, unheeding, thought on, and then a prayer, the first real prayer, simple yet full, was uttered.

“Father, forgive me for leading so thoroughly selfish a life. Show me, I beseech thee, how to bear another's burden.” This was her prayer, and the answer came, a light dawned. “Oh, what a blind girl I have been,” she said sorrowfully. “I've

I've utterly ignored the burdens in my own home. I'll begin here with papa. Now, as I think seriously, I believe papa has many burdens. He looks pale, worn and weary.”

That evening, as Mr. Duncan left the street car at the corner and walked toward his home his heart was very heavy. He was tired and going home. Why did not his face brighten? Because he was weary of the same routine. He would let himself into the front hall with the help of his night key. A dim light would be burning there, but no one in sight. Then he would throw aside his heavy coat, his hat and overboots, and make his way to the library, which was never lighted until he came and struck the match. His wife would be up in her room, and Christie either in hers or over at Floy Rathbone's; he would see them at the table a half hour later, when Dorcas had supper ready. Then after supper he would return to his library, his wife would run over to some of her neighbors, or perhaps to her room, and Christodorus would entertain callers in the parlor, or busy herself in some out-of-the-way corner. That is the story he could have told you, but then he would not. Mr. Duncan was too proud a man to let the world know that his life was not quite satisfying. He had some unbidden thoughts as he walked along.

“Wallace Mayne wanted me to join their ‘club’ this evening. They've been fitting up the rooms in crimson satin upholstery, have new chandeliers, and an elegant new wine service, cut glass and silver. He says that they have jolly times there. Ah, what am I thinking of? Pshaw! what does a sober family man like me mean to be thinking of a club like that?” And a look of pain came into Mr. Duncan's eyes. He reached his own door, put the key in the lock, but did not turn it; the door was opened for him by Christie, who greeted him warmly.

“You look cold and tired, papa,” she said, kissing him. “Let me help you off with your coat.”

“What does it all mean, dear?” Mr. Duncan asked, in a sort of dazed way, which made Christie's heart ache, although she asked merrily, “What does what mean, papa?”

“Why, everything—you here to meet your father, the bright hall, the sitting-room and library all aglow. Have you company, Christie?”

“Not unless you call yourself company. Come into the sitting-room, papa.”

Mrs. Duncan was there with a smile upon her face. “Christie has everything ready for you this time,” she said.

Mr. Duncan glanced around. His large chair stood near the grate, the foot-rest conveniently near. Christie stood holding his dressing-gown, while his slippers were warming on the hearth. Rich and influential though he was, this home attention was something new to him. As he sat down there were tears in his eyes. He put out one hand; Christie was beside him, half laughing, half crying. “Oh, papa! I never in all my life felt so ashamed and humbled, to think such trifles of attention from a daughter is so new an occurrence as to surprise you. Can you, will you forgive me?”

“If there is ought to be forgiven, you are forgiven, dear child. I am a happy man to-night.”

“After supper Christie read the evening papers for her father. Home had never been so sweet before.

“You have saved my eyes from that hard work, my darling; the paper is almost too fine print for me.”

“Then count on me every night, papa.”

There was burden-bearing in the kitchen, too. Nora was overjoyed when one day Miss Christie inquired kindly about her friends, and dressed a doll gaily with blue silk and lace for her sister's little child. As for Martha, the chambermaid, she looked upon Miss Christie as almost a saint. She told her friend, Biddy King, “Shure an' didn't she take the bonnet that almost crazed me tryin' to trim it decent, and fix it illigant with her own purty fingers: an' didn't she cut up two of her very own dresses an' make the sweetest clothes for poor Mike's gurrells; an' didn't she talk so swate an' be so kind that poor Mike gave up the drink entirely? Ay, she did, Mike's a sober fellow now. Blessin's on her.”—National Temperance Adc.

THE LORD'S DAY.

The Christian Sabbath, the Christian Church, and the Christian ministry in it, are the life and the light of civilization to-day. They are not without their faults; they are not without a great many things that had better be cut off; and I am glad to have men criticise them; but it does not rub out the foundation of this matter that they live, not because they are historical, or because they are organized in great power, but because the moral sentiment in the community recognizes their value and benefit. That is the reason they live. Although certain superstitious fears that I had detract somewhat from my thought of the Sabbath of my childhood, yet the thought of my father and mother remains; its stillness remains. When I waked up in the morning and found the Sabbath morning's sun pouring fall into my room, it was the carpet on the floor and the paper on the wall; for there were none other but the golden sunlight. When I remember the voice of the cock (and there were no wheels rolling to disturb the shrill, clarion tones), when I remember how deep the heaven was all day, when I remember what a strange and awe-inspiring sadness there was in my little soul, when I remembered the going down of the sun and the creeping on of the twilight, there is not in my memory anything that impresses me as so rich in all the tropics as a Christian Sabbath on the old Litchfield hills. My children have not that—woe to me; and their children, I am afraid, will not have it; but you take out of the portfolio of my memory the choicest engravings if you take away from me the old Puritan Sunday of Connecticut. Let the framework stand; but unite with it a better usage. Bring into it less sanctity of the superstitious kind, less rigour, less restriction, but more love, more singing, more exultation, more life. Make the Sabbath honorable and joyful. Then the people will accept it, and it will stand as immovable as the mountains.—H. W. Beecher.

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

And now for the last time the sun goes down into a realm of intangible mystery; but there is no sleep for eyes that are kindled with the fever of an intolerable suspense. So the Admiral takes post in the deck-house on the poop, where he can sweep the forward horizon with his craving glance. Soft! there, low down in the dimness between sea and sky—what is that? As God lives it is a light, a light; it cannot be a star! It is not diamond-like as God's stars; it is ragged and flickering like every light of human kindling. Alas, it is gone. It was an illusion of an over-wrought brain. No, there it comes again; it moves, it waxes, it is a torch-light upon some shore. Trembling with joy not yet certain of itself, the Admiral calls softly to an officer on deck, Peter Gutieres by name. He mounts the poop, looks in the direction indicated, and after an instant sees the spark. God be praised! it must be a light on land. It comes and goes, it rises and falls, as though it were a torch in some fisherman's boat, or carried by hand from house to house on the shore. Another command is called, but when he mounts the post of observation the light can be seen by no one, and it reappears no more. In these strange regions even the senses cannot be trusted on evidence so evanescent. But hark! a gun booms from the Pinta on in front. She stays her cautious course. She lies to, she has seen the land. The weary days of suspense are past, and an unknown world waits the unveiling of the dawn.—Good Words.

ONLY A BABY'S GRAVE.

Only a baby's grave—
Some folk or two at the most
Of star-daisied sod,
Yet I think that God
Knows what that little cost.

Only a baby's grave—
Strange how we moan and fret
For a little face
That was here such a space—
Oh, more strange, could one forget?

Only a baby's grave—
I did we measure grief by this
Few tears were shed.
On our baby dead—
I know how they feel on this.

Only a baby's grave—
Too small a gem
For his diadem,
Whose kingdom is made of such?

Only a baby's grave—
Yet oft may we come and sit
By the little stone,
And thank God to own
We are nearer to Him for it.

AS OF OLD.

They live quietly on [the village people of Bengal] growing their rice and grinding their corn (two women sitting at a mill) just as they did, I suppose, when Herodotus started telling history, or when Alexander crossed the Indus at Attock, overthrew Porus, and settled Greek colonies all over the Punjab, three hundred years and more before the Christian era. You see them going down to the well with their water-pots to draw as Eleazar beheld the beautiful daughter of Bethuel, who became the wife of Isaac and the mother of the Hebrew nation; or, as a greater than he saw the woman of Samaria, at another well, nineteen centuries ago. You meet with the man who has just bought a yoke of oxen, going to prove them, or you see the ox himself treading out the corn, muzzled sometimes too, but not often; and if you go near the little huts at sun-down you will see them killing their kids, and preparing savoury meat, such as their soul loveth. It is as if by some occult process the clock of time has been put back a couple or three millenniums; you almost expect to see the hunter Esau come riding from the chase, the subtle Sarah, and the crafty Jacob, have so perfectly enacted an old world drama before your eyes. Not without reason has the Orient been described as the unchanging East. But if the old social customs survive, so do some of the virtues as well. The old patriarchal system is somewhat in vogue. Families hang together in a wonderful way. The infant of a few days dwells together in the same house or cluster of houses with cousins of every age and degree of kinship, with father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, if the venerable old gentleman happens to survive. Their little earnings go into the general store, and the oldest male member of the family is a sort of petty chieftain over his own clan.—Bengal Methodist.

THE LIFE WAS IN HIM.

Daniel O'Connell knew the Irish peasantry thoroughly. He could make them tell the truth, even when they were disposed to conceal it. His wonderful power over them was once seen when he was engaged in breaking a will on the ground that it was a forgery. The evidence was strong in favor of the will, as all the subscribing witnesses swore that the deceased had signed it “while life was in him.”

THE “NO HARMS.”

It was my privilege a short time since to be one of a large congregation who listened to a brother who related to us with great simplicity and deep feeling his personal religious experience. He said he was converted at eighteen. For a short time he enjoyed much and was active. But he soon became a backslider, and continued thus for twenty-two years. Among the causes that led him to backslide, and go farther from Christ and duty, he gave prominence to what he called the “No Harms;” and he uttered solemn warnings to all persons to beware of these “No Harms.” He was once a total abstainer, but he was induced to take a little domestic wine, being assured it was some which his friends themselves made out of their own grapes. There was no harm in taking a glass of that. The result was he soon became a confirmed drinker. He was invited to join in a game of cards. There was no money staked. It was simply an amusement; no harm in that. The result was he became a skilful and constant gambler. He was invited to join in a simple parlor dance to the music of the piano. There was no harm in that. But he soon became an attendant and dancer at balls. Invited to the theatre he declined. But being assured the play was a perfectly moral and proper one, and that there was no harm in it, he yielded. It was not long before he became a frequenter of the theatre, and preferred it to the prayer-meeting. Thus he was led down, down, lower and yet lower, by these “No Harms,” till all trace of Christian living was gone.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

JOHN RUSKIN TO CHILDREN.

We have only just seen an account of a meeting of children which took place at Coniston, which was addressed by the great critic, John Ruskin. He had kindly words to utter to them, and words which were calculated to make them good as well as happy. He said: “I see in that beautiful hymn we are taught to pray, ‘Jesus here from sin deliver.’ This is what we want to be delivered from our sins. You know Jesus came as the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.” This was what John the Baptist said, and so we must look to the Saviour to deliver us from sin. It is right we should be punished for our sins which we have done; but God loves us, and wishes to be kind to us, that we

may not wilfully sin. So try, my dear children, to be good and kind to those about you and over your sins. Remember, our Saviour said, ‘I will come in to him and sup with him, and he with Me.’ That is, receive him in our hearts, and will minister to our present as well as our future wants. This deliverance is beautiful, and is worthy of the man and the occasion.—Early Dev.

JOHNNY ON GRANDMOTHER.

Grandmothers are very nice folks. They beat all the aunts in creation. They let a chap do as he likes. And don't worry about education.

HARD TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

Hard to be a Christian! Of course it is. But whether you will believe it or not, it is a great deal harder not to be one. That is to say, you have a harder time than if you were. You have at least as many cares and trifles as if you were a Christian, and as many temptations. Every sad and trying element of human life is manifested in your experience as often and as signally as it would be if you were one of Christ's followers; you thrust yourself inevitably upon many sharp points of evil habits which you might in that case escape; and you lack what a Christian—however feeble and imperfect his success as yet may be—always possesses—the consciousness that his Creator and he are no longer working at cross-purposes; that he is in harmony with God's will and plan for him; that omniscience and omnipotence and infinite love are occupied in shaping his circumstances, so that however painful they may be to-day, they are sure to be full of blessing in the end. You may not think this consciousness a very solid advantage, but if you had it in the sense that a Christian has, you would.—Congregationalist.

STREET TALK.

There is an epidemic of ‘slang.’ Men use it, boys shout it, and what is far worse, young women and girls speak it. The fact that it comes from the ‘street’ does not prevent its entrance into the parlor. In spite of its vulgarity, it is cherished by those who claim to be genteel. Parents and children should aim to banish it from polite society. This incident may teach the way of eradicating the bad habit:—

“Learn to talk like a gentleman, my boy! I am sorry to hear you talk ‘street talk.’ Do quit it.”

“What is ‘street talk,’ papa?”

“What did you just now say to sister?”

“I told her to be quiet.”

“But you said ‘Hush up,’ and said it very loud and rudely. What did you ten minutes ago, say to Martha?”

“I told her to get out of my way.”

“But you did not say it half so nicely as that. You said, ‘Get out of this.’ And I think you called her some name.”

“That is what I mean by street talk.—All such coarse, vulgar words, and especially the rough tone and manner, you hear on the street. They belong to those boys who have never been taught any better, and to those men who, knowing better, yet do not care about the better way. But my boy should never use street talk.”

THE TAGGING SISTER.

Children, like grown people, do not like to be incumbered or hindered in their enjoyments or pursuits, and specially, children do not like to be “tagged around” by those who are younger than themselves. So sometimes we see the elder children running away and hiding from those who are smaller, and leaving them to mourn and cry alone, and perhaps to get into trouble and danger.

We should remember that we have duties and obligations to those who are weak and young, and we cannot always consult our own pleasure in such matters. Sometimes we may do what is pleasant, but always we must do what is right! And doing what is right brings more pleasure at the last, than doing what is simply pleasant.

“I wish I could go out now and then by myself, without having my little sister tagging after me.”

It was a sweet-faced girl who said this, only the face for a moment was clouded and cross.

Another girl came by. She had on a deep mourning dress. As she had heard what I did, I was not surprised to hear her say, “My little sister is dead!”

The child who had first spoken said nothing, but presently she took the chubby hand in hers, and seemed to be patient with the little “tagging” sister.—Little Christian.

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THE SUNDAY

READING OF

DEUT. XXVII. 1-8: JOS.
1.—Ebal and Gerizim reaching apparently 3000 feet above the sea (Nablous), which lies a diat valley. They are the north, Gerizim is fertile, verdant and wley, of a width of about 1000 feet at the opening where the town of Sateh is situated. The adjoining sides of the valley are steep and give to the valley an appearance of a natural amphitheatre. The Israel reached this interesting

(1) To set up great Ebal and plaster them, and on these the words were to be written. It could scarcely have been ceremonial law, but by the Ten Commandments such other precepts as solemn obligation, an solemn obligation, an blessings and cursing Moses did not order to grave the whole law, but simply to write it on a prepared cement climate where there is solve the cement, it is hard and unbroken years. The cement pools remains in addition, though exposed tudes of the climate, a tention. What Joshu who he created these Mount Ebal was met the still likely on the face which dry, with ancient tombs.

(2) They were to be whole stones, and to offerings were to be in state, as if a chisel were called upon to them, tain whether the same the monument on the words of the law as well as the altar on tins were sacrificed the renewed matification. the stony pile was so i tain all the conditions ant, so elevated as to b whole congregation of the religious ceremony around the occur est, of the elementary edior annual mass; an the peace offerings. A feasts that were suited people whose God was

(3) The Israelites w ed into two parties ac tribes—the one-half s Gerizim, the other on as the Levites read of the law the people o zim were to answer b blessings, and those o ‘Amen’ to the cursing

2.—In the verses fr have the record of the Jesus of the instruct three days must h between the fall of Al At must be sought a where Turnus Aya makes the distance fro chem only about thirt erick states it at twen others who conclude t their south, reckon thousand men employ this city must have t than thirty miles are t place where Moses h them to celebrate this service. At least two must have passed, th this part of the h could have arrived at tion; nearly a week elapsed ere a weep from the plains of Jor ed in the Gilgal whic from Shechem. Ot ling days the history count.

If the record of th servance is not mis and his army must h it at a juncture when portant to them to fe victories. But while siderations suggeste course, they found s nothing had been lo spent in religious obe mit of their warli So may we learn th, spare time for the w even in the busiest c pressing duties of ths run.

How awfully sole been the assembling multitude, and the sub of the occasion! At the priests standing, in the valley below, w ing to Gerizim, “ man that maketh n image,” when the pe his bit responded i nous shouts of ‘Ame their cordial assent round to Ebal they cri ed by,—as there was a plea denunciation of pleasure against those or should be guilty of enumerated sins—but maketh any graven i those that covered the