

HOME CIRCLE.

WAITING.

Oh for a vision and a voice to lead me, To show me plainly where my work should be. Look where I may, fresh hindrances impede me. Vain and unswayed seems my earnest cry. Hush unbelieving one! But for thy blindness, But for thine own impatience and self-will, Thou wouldst see thy Master's loving kindness. Why thy noise "unanswered" is leading still. He who of old through Pagan and Galla led the Apostle Paul, and blessed him there. If He forbid to "preach the word in Asia," Must have prepared for thee a walk elsewhere. Wait on the Lord! In His right hand be hidden, And go not forth in haste to strive alone. Shun like a sin the tempting work "forbidden," God's love for souls be sure exceeds thine own. The Master cares! Why feel or seem so lonely? Nothing can interrupt true work for God; Work may be changed; it cannot cease, if only We are resolved to cleave unto the Lord. None are good works for thee but works appointed, Ask to be filled with knowledge of His Will, Cost what it may! Why live a life disappointed? One work throughout! God's pleasure to fulfill. But if indeed some special work awaits thee, Canst thou afford this waiting time to lose? By each successive task God educates thee; What if the iron be too blunt to use? —From "Heart to Heart."

WHY DON'T THE PASTOR COME?

BY REV. DR. DEEMS. The more faithful a pastor is, and the more fit by his very sensitiveness to be a good pastor, the more he is pained by the unnecessary complaints of his people. One form of this annoyance is the complaints of sick people that the pastor does not visit them. The invalid who is a member of a church ought to know that he has no friend in the world more ready to come to see him than the pastor. He ought to be the parishioner of a pastor of such a character as to be the most desirable man for the sick man to see; and yet, through all the large churches people sicken, and sometimes recover, and then go sulking through the church six months, until at last it is discovered that the ground of their grumbling is that the pastor had not visited them when they were sick. It is this senseless demand of omniscience which is so intolerable.

This naturally brings up the question, whether the pastor ought to go to see sick people until he is sent for. What right has a whole congregation to suppose that the pastor knows of sickness when no human being ever presumed upon the physician's having that knowledge? It would be less unreasonable to make this latter supposition. A physician passing amongst the families in which he has patients might begin to suspect from some bodily appearance that sickness would shortly ensue, and might therefore be expected to go around in due time to see if the suspected person were really sick. Instead of that, it is the pastor, a man engaged in quite different studies, who is supposed to be able, from looking over his congregation on Sunday, to believe that Mr. A. will be sick on Monday, Mrs. B. will be ill on Tuesday, Mr. C. will sprain his ankle on Wednesday, Mrs. D's child will have the measles on Thursday, and so on through the week. The physician, whose business it is especially to look after sick folks, never goes till he is sent for, even if he knows there is sickness; but the minister is expected to come without being sent for, and to be able to tell that there is sickness without any information.

This subject leads us to the general observation that there seems to us to be something wrong in our modern church-life, or at least that there is some defect that ought to be remedied. So many people join the church who have to be nursed and dandled all their lives to keep them in the church, whereas a member of a church ought not to hang on its skirts as the stragglers of an army, but ought to be incorporated into its companies and regiments, in order to give efficiency to the sacramental host.

Perhaps each church needs three bishops; a pastor bishop, an evangelist bishop, and a teacher bishop—one to take care of those who are already enrolled in the church, to keep them toned up and drilled; another to go out, leading forth as many of the church as he can, to bring in those who are outside, beating up recruits and training them for the service; and a third to preach to those inside and outside the church, giving his whole time to that one work. As it is now, these three functions are

expected to be discharged by one man. Whoever that man is, and however large his capabilities of discharging duties in these three departments, it is quite certain that he will excel in one. A man who devotes himself to personal care of hundreds of members of a church will have little time to go out amongst men of the world and endeavour to bring them into the Church of God. He who devotes his whole week to this latter employ ment can have little time to prepare for the pulpit; and he who does, or undertakes to do all three, cannot hope to do any of them quite as well. Hence the disappointment. It is as if a man undertook to practice medicine and law and edit a daily paper. That is just what is often expected of pastors in the large churches of our cities.

SHAKING HANDS, BOWING, AND SALUTING.

Acts of courtesy may be merely conventional, or they may be outward manifestation of the higher inward courtesy. The grasp of the hand had in all probability two significations. In the times referred to, when war was the normal state, and man little better than a fighting animal, some mistrust naturally accompanied proffered friendship; each, therefore, grasped the weapon hand of the other as a security against treachery. The other idea of clasping hands was undoubtedly that of "fastening together in peace and friendship," as Tyler expresses it; and he goes on to trace the etymology of the word peace to this action, finding it in the Sanscrit "pac," to bind. It is now a piece of conventional courtesy to take off the glove before shaking hands with a lady; but this custom began in the days of chivalry, when the glove was a steel gauntlet, a grasp from which might be painful. The bow and the courtesy are but abbreviations of signs of submission, but a humanized form of the cowering of an animal before its master's rebuke. At present it exists in all gradations, from the Chinese "ko-tow" to the slight bend of the head in token of recognition or respect. To uncover the head meant originally to remove the helmet, thus laying aside the chief safeguard, and placing the person at the mercy of those present. Women do not uncover the head, never having worn a head dress as a means of defence. The courtesy shown to women, dating from the age of chivalry, arose not merely from the tenderness of the strong toward the weak, but also from the recognition of something divine in womanhood—a something that set her apart from the sordid self-seeking and hardness of heart too prevalent among those whose work lies in the camp, the forum, or the mart. Would that this ideal could be sustained. It is only this elevation of the sex that can give it a claim to that courteous treatment that has always been considered its due.—The Argosy.

"BILL THE BANKER."

The annals of the poor are short and simple. They record, however, heroic deeds. One of these records tells how a poor navy became a hero by forgetting self, even when death was clutching him.

Years ago, when England was digging canals, the laborer who delved therein was called a navy. The name, an abridgement of navigator, connected in the public mind the digger with works for internal navigation. In course of time it came to designate a laborer on railroads and other public works.

This navy was called "Bill the banker," because his usual post was at the top of a forming embankment, among the tip-carts.

He was a "top-man" over a shaft of a tunnel which was being cut on a railway. The shaft was 200 feet deep, and ran down through solid rock.

Bill's duty was to watch the large iron bucket filled with rocks, as it was hoisted from the bottom, run it to the tip-cart, and return it empty to the navvys below.

If a rock fell off the bucket, Bill shouted, "Waur out below!" and the men ran farther into the dive.

One day, as Bill was leaning over the shaft, swinging in a loaded bucket, his foot slipped, and he fell into the shaft. He knew he would be dashed to a jelly; but he thought of his mates below.

If he screamed they would rush out to learn the cause of the unusual noise, and some of them would be smashed by his heavy body.

If any of them were at the bottom, and he did not give the usual warning they would be killed. His mates heard one moment his clear voice, "Waur out below!" the next, the thud of his smashed body. They were saved. "Bill the banker" was more than a poor uneducated navy; he was a hero. For the essence of heroism was indicated by the sneering Jews when they said of the crucified One, "He saved others, himself he cannot save."

WAS IT AN ACCIDENT?

Many a seeming accident illustrates Cowper's lines: God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.

Dr. Hamlin, so long the head of Robert's College, Constantinople, tells of one of these "accidents." One hot day in July, 1839, while passing the Galata Custom-House, a crowd attracted his attention. Forcing his way through it, he saw a poor sailor lying by the side of the wall, apparently dying of cholera.

"Do you speak English?" asked Dr. Hamlin.

"Yes," said the man, following the word with an oath.

"Are you an Englishman, or American?" "American"—another oath. Worse expressions showed that profanity had become his mother tongue. Dr. Hamlin, after many appeals to the crowd, whose brutal natures were stirred by the prospect of seeing him die, secured assistance and removed the sailor to a house.

For several weeks he was nursed and visited by the missionaries. He recovered and sailed for Boston. On the morning he left he called on his missionary friend to say good-by. Linger ing for a moment by the door, he said:

"I have been a very wicked man, Mr. Hamlin, and have done all the evil I could in the world, and now I am going to do all the good I can."

Three years after, Dr. Hamlin received a letter from him, which thus began: "Dear Mr. Hamlin,—Thank God, I still serve the ded! I am here working and blowing the gospel trumpet on the Eri Kanal."

When Dr. Goodell, an old missionary, saw the letter, he asked that he might begin the answer, and taking a sheet of paper, wrote:

"Dear Mr. Brown,—Blow away, brother, blow! Yours, in blowing the same gospel trumpet,

WM. GOODSELL.

Twenty-five years after, Dr. Hamlin, while dining at a hotel in Paris, was accosted by an American gentleman.

"I am just from Honolulu, Sandwich Islands," said the gentleman. "I have known a man there by the name of Brown, who has done a great deal of good among the sailors. He can go everywhere and anywhere with the Bible. He has told me how he was once dying, a blasphemous dog (his own words) in the streets of Constantinople, and you picked him up and saved his soul and body. Is it all true, or is it in part a sailor's long yarn?"

What seemed the accidental passing of Mr. Hamlin down a street in Constantinople was the means by which God saved "a blasphemous dog," and sent him "blowing the gospel trumpet" along the "Eri Kanal," and among the islands of the Pacific. Is there such a thing as an accident in God's moral government?

IRRITATED DAYS.

There are times when everything seems to go wrong. From seven o'clock a. m., till 10 p. m., affairs are in a twist. You rise in the morning and the room is cold and a button is off and the stove smokes and the pipes burst, and you start down the street nettled from head to foot. All day long things are adverse. Insinuations, petty losses, meanness of the part of customers. The ink-bottle upsets and spoils the carpet. Some one gives a wrong turn to the damper and the gas escapes. An agent comes in determined to insure your life when it is already insured for more than it is worth, and you are afraid some one will knock you on the head to get the price of your policy; but he sticks to you showing you pictures of old Time and the hour-glass, and death's scythe and a skeleton, making it quite certain that you will die before your time, unless you take papers in his company. Beside this you have a cold in your head, and a grain of dirt in your eye, and you are a walking uneasiness. The day is out of joint and no surgeon can set it.

The probability is that if you would look at the weather-vane, you would find that the wind is northeast, and you might remember that you have lost much sleep lately. It might happen to be that you are out of joint instead of the day. Be careful and not write many letters while you are in that mood. You will pen some things that you will be sorry for afterward.

Let us remember that these spiked nettles of life are part of our discipline. Life would get nauseated if it were all honey. The table would be poorly set that had on it nothing but treacle. We need a little vinegar, mustard, pepper, and horseradish that brings the tear even when we do not feel pathetic. If this world was all smoothness, we would never be ready for emigration to a higher and better. Blustering March and weeping April prepare us for a shining May. This world is a poor hitching-post. Instead of tying fast on the cold mountains, we had better whip up and hasten on toward the warm inn, where our good friends are looking out of the window watching to see us come up.—Christian at Work.

A GOOD USE OF WIT.

While Phineas Rice, an early Methodist preacher, was stationed in one of the New York churches, he found that many of the young people, of both sexes, were accustomed to leave the church before the close of the evening service. It annoyed him, and he determined to stop it. The next Sabbath evening, before he commenced his sermon he said:

"Some of my brethren have been greatly afflicted that so many young women leave the church before the service is through. But I will tell them they ought not to feel so, for doubtless most of those that go out are young women who live at service, and their mistresses desire them to be home at nine o'clock; and if they are not at home at that time, they will either lose their places or offend their mistresses, and they don't want to do either. They must either go out in time to get home at nine o'clock, or stay at home altogether. This would be very hard for them; and servant girls have beaux as well as other girls, and the young men have to go out and wait upon them home; and so, hereafter, when these young women leave the church before the service is over, you will understand who they are, and not feel badly about it."

The brother who gave this fact, said: We were no more annoyed after this; they either stayed away, or stayed till meeting was closed."

ABSTINENCE OF ROMAN WOMEN

The ancient Romans, in some respects, were in advance of the present age in their practical physiological knowledge. This was specially the case in the habits of the women. They seemed to be fully aware of the fact that a hardy race must be born of healthful mothers, and consequently any usage or practice likely to affect injuriously the health of women was viewed by the State with suspicion. The muscles were systematically educated. Frequent bathing was required by law. Large bath-houses were established, which were places of common resort. For several centuries of the past ages of Rome, it was a criminal offence for a Roman mother to drink intoxicating liquors. At the time of our Saviour on earth, and for a long period after, it was considered infamous for a woman to taste wine. For a guest to offer a glass of wine to one of the women of the household was looked upon as a deep insult, as it implied a want of chastity on her part. History records several instances where women were put to death by their husbands because they smelled of "tomatum." The consequences of this physical training and abstinence from all intoxicating liquors was, that the Romans were noted for their endurance and strength. Had we the same habits, with our superior Christian civilization, we should astonish the world by our physical health and strength.

THE STRAIGHT PATH.—"The Bible is so strict and old-fashioned," said a young man to a gray-haired friend who was advising him to study God's word if he would learn how to live. "There are plenty of books written now-a-days that are moral enough in their teaching, and don't bind one down as the Bible does." The old merchant turned to his desk and took out a couple of rulers, one of which was slightly bent. With each of these he ruled a line, and silently handed the ruled paper to his companion. "Well," said the lad, "What do you mean?" "One line is not straight and true is it? When you mark out your path in life, don't use a crooked ruler!"

JAMES ABRAHAM GARFIELD, the Republican nominee for President, is a striking illustration of the possibilities of American citizenship. Born of poor parents, on the 19th of November, 1831, in the township of Orange, Cuyahoga Co., Ohio, with none of the connections, social or pecuniary, with which to facilitate him in life, his early career was characterized by many hardships and heart-burnings. But he was industrious, ambitious, and studious; and, in order to acquire the means of getting an education, worked successively at the carpenter's bench, on the farm, and, finally, on the Ohio Canal, the means thus acquired enabling him to attend an academy, preparatory to entering the junior class in Williams College, which he did in his twenty-third year. He graduated from that institution in 1856, and subsequently connected himself with Hiram College, Portage County, Ohio, as instructor of the ancient languages, and afterward became its president. While still acting as president of the college, he was elected, in 1850, to the State Senate. At the breaking out of the war, in 1861, he became Colonel of the Forty-second Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, an infantry regiment, many of the soldiers in which had been his former students. For his conspicuous military service at the Battle of Chickamauga, he was promoted to a major-generalship, and while still in the field his constituents, without consulting him, placed him in nomination to succeed Joshua R. Giddings in the National House of Representatives. He was duly elected, and took his seat in 1863, where he has remained ever since. He was elected to the United States Senate by the last Legislature of Ohio, to succeed the Hon. A. G. Thurman, Democrat, whose term of office expires on the 4th of March, 1881.

"IT IS NOT MY BUSINESS"

A wealthy man in St. Louis was asked to aid in a series of temperance meetings but he scornfully refused. After being further pressed, he said: "Gentlemen it is not my business"

A few days after, his wife and two daughters were coming home on the lightning express. In his grand carriage, with liveried attendants, he rode to the depot, thinking of his splendid business, and planning for the morrow. Mark! did some one say "Accident!" There are twenty-five railroads centering in St. Louis. If there has been an accident, it is not likely it has happened on the ——— and Mississippi railroad. Yet it troubles him. "It is his business" now. The horses are stopped on the instant, and upon enquiry he finds it has occurred twenty-five miles distant on the ——— and Mississippi. He telegraphs to the superintendent:

"I will give you five hundred dollars for an extra engine."

The answer flashes back—"No."

"I will give you one thousand dollars for an engine."

"A trait with surgeons and nurses has already gone forward; and we have no other."

With white face and anxious brow, the man paced the station to and fro. "That is his business" now. In a half hour perhaps, which seemed to him a half century, the train arrived. He hurried towards it, and in the tender found the mangled and lifeless forms of his wife and one of his daughters. In the car following, lay his other daughter, with her dainty ribs crushed in, and her precious life oozing slowly away.

A quart of whiskey, which was drunk fifty miles away by a railway employe, was the cause of the catastrophe. Who dares say of this tremendous question, "It is not my business?"

WHY MOTHER IS PROUD.

BY GEORGE KILGORE. Look in his face, look in his eyes, Boguish and blue and terribly wise—Boguish and blue, but quickest to see. When Mother comes in as tired as can be; Quickest to find her the nicest old chair; Quickest to get to the top of the stair; Quickest to see that a kiss on her cheek Would help her far more than to chatter, to speak.

Look in his face, and guess, if you can, Why Mother is proud of her little man.

The mother is proud—I will tell you this You can see it yourself in her tender kiss. But why? Well, of all her dears There is scarcely one who ever hears The moment she speaks, and jumps to see What her want or her wish might be. Scarcely one. They all forget. Or are not in the notion to go quite yet. But this she knows, if her boy is near, There is somebody certain to want to hear.

Mother is proud, and she holds him fast, And kisses him first and kisses him last; And he holds her hand and kisses her face; And hants for her spoon which is out of its place. And proves that he loves her whenever he can. This is why she is proud of her little man. —Independent.

THE BROKEN PLATE.

Susie is a bright little girl with black eyes, and has many pleasant ways. But she has one bad habit that all children should try to shun. It is untruthfulness, and this our heavenly father regards as a great sin.

One day Susie, who was staying with her auntie, was so unfortunate as to break a plate. O, how her little heart did beat, and how she did wish that she could put the broken pieces together again; but no! there they were, staring her in the face: she could not make the broken plate whole. What was she to do? She heard two whispering voices within. The first said, "Now Susie, run and tell auntie all about it." The other said, "No, no, Susie, gather up the broken pieces and throw them away; you can make up some story about the affair, and nobody will be the wiser for it."

The recording angel was waiting to see which of these voices Susie would obey. Alas! he turned away sorrowing. The bad spirit had conquered. Susie did not know that her cousin up stairs had looked down and seen all that had been done. O, how it saddened the heart of this good cousin to think her dear little Susie would be so wicked.

A few evenings afterwards she took Susie on her lap and told her all she had seen her do. How guilty this little girl felt then! She knew all the time she had done wrong, and now her sin had found her out. How much better it would have been if she had frankly acknowledged the truth in the first place! Then she would have had God's smile, and the approval of her own conscience.

I cannot say that Susie has never told a lie since, but I do hope that seeking help from above, she is trying to conquer this evil habit. Children you have heard what a power the serpent has to charm. Just so the great subtle charmer, the father of lies, would approach each one of you, teaching you to deceive in small things, and then on to larger ones, until finally you find his chain so tight about you, that you cannot break away. Beware of the first step towards an untruth, remembering that "lying lips are an abomination unto the Lord."

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON II.—JULY

THE FALL AND THE PROMISE. 3. 1-15.

TIME—B. C. 4004, soon after the birth of Adam.

PLACE—The Garden of Eden, where in the large district between the Persian Gulf and the Black Seas.

THE NARRATIVE.—This is account of the first human sin, and how it brought in death, so honorable to man the simple, straightforward as given in the Bible.

MAN IN EDEN.—He was a perfect, but not cultured or with planes of civilization. His clothing, and stone implements prove that the first man was a hearty, hardy, and energetic, a hardiest but as if living in all his glory.

THE TREE OF LIFE.—Placed which by divine endowment all qualities would keep the decaying with age, and accidental injuries. So, by assuming that our first parent habit of using it, but, we would die at last, though it had been so far forth for them and their immediate a life much longer than our.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE AND EVIL.—This is not knowledge, as some represent of the knowledge of good and being a test of character and was a marked tree, placed in the garden as a necessary test.

EXPLANATORY

The serpent. The fall of man, by the seductions of a mere animal could have it this serpent did. But it is whether Eve knew this? been a very fine serpent—a serpent—but still a serpent it must have been. Was any beast of the field. That Satan ventures upon a half-insinuating remark—that God hath said, "Ye shall every tree of the garden," be a feeler for some weak fidelity of the woman to her be shaken. No starting precedence is made, no advice, to partake of the fruit, is a

We may eat of the fruit of the tree of life, which God gave man a wide range of pleasure and delight, a beauty, every thing pleasant was given him, so that there to eat the forbidden fruit, not narrow, but very broad very large. It was a prize to escape, but a universe to But of the fruit of the tree of life (see Introduction), announcement of a great human life is a restricted life, to be a great life, and his subjection remains in Eden, as he is banished. As ocean to roll between shores "This far and no farther," a created soul between banks. Here only may try to get it. The banks are not narrow, need not be called a river, the ocean, deep and strong, but it has a shore all around that show the cherubim standing swords gleam, to ban cross the boundary marked the finger of the Almighty.

Ye shall not surely die. gives the direct lie to what Probably Eve had little what death meant. An apparent truth, for at first appear to die. But a lie half-truth, or in the form of most dangerous of all lies.

Your eyes were opened, is so constructed that what thing, she would naturally other. By "opening the derstood a further and big wisdom, as the phrase implies. Eph. 1: 18. But by their perceiving their own feeling remorse of conscience.

Their eyes were opened, indeed; but alas! they did not heaven and wisdom and expect, but their own gain and folly. They took to heaven, and it led to hell. fact always follows the known sin.

The voice of the Lord God is not said that God appeared through the Christian faith that every such appearance that of his eternal Son, amongst the trees. In the Conscience drove Adam to the consciousness of what he had done. Sinners ever turn themselves from God, and in vain run away from God, but we

God called. God will see call him back. Where a question proved two things was lost, 1) that God seek; man's sin, and God's

I was afraid. Sin makes all. Because I was naked, is full of evasion. He is sin, but only his fear and bodily nakedness. The equal had given him opportunity sin and misery. His nakedness is indeed that of longer than the sight of God, fear has taken possession where all was peace before.

The woman whom thou sp we find him actually laying his shameful fall on the ground which God had placed him directly on God himself.