OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE NEW YEAR.

"A year is dead! A year is born! At two " cross-roads" we stand and view Deserted paths, of verdure shorn. And death along each avenue-With no magician's hand to bring Back from the past a single thing.

Along the second road we see A radiant form with ample wings; Born from the great eternity, It partly sighs and partly sings : Its head is circled with a light, its feet are hid in clouds of night

Thus Hope is born with every year, And wears for all a sunny look And wears for all a sound.
It always brings a festive cheer,
It always brings a festive cheer,
It always brings a festive cheer,
It always brings a festive cheer, And keeps well closed the book ‡"

It sometimes sighs, but mostly sings, And hides the gloom beneath its wings.

As days, and weeks, and months unroll,
And light breaks forth from hidden gloom,
The year, unfolding thus its scroll,
Shall crown sweet Hope with richer bloom, While many a fear we dreaded most Will show an angel for a ghost.

Wintever shades may meet our eyes,
That spring from our Hope's cloudy feet,
From thankful hearts let songs arise.
That shade makes light the more com-

That every new and untried year Skrings much for Hope, and less for Fear.

GOD'S SECRET SERVICE.

Our pastor came to the choirmeeting Saturday night, to give us his hymns for the next day's services. When the practicing was over we all lingered in the half-lighted organ loft, talking with him. A reference to the morrow's sermon suggested to his mind some pulpit anecdote of Dr. | the way equally significant. Addison Alexander, whose pupil he had been at Princeton, and he went on to speak of the power of his sermons. " So strong an impression did they make on me. said he, "that I am sure I could. to-night, read them with some- the children of light we shall and expression."

"Do read us one, Mr. Wood." said a member of the choir.

It was an unreasonable request. and no doubt he felt it so. It was the rest following in a body.

for Christians.

mon," said he, "and was whose path peacefully wends in merely waiting for Miss Nettie; another direction .- Interior. but as you read on, I looked around, and every face in the room wore a look of joyous expectation; I began to realize that this

nim. I need a great deal of teach. away paid, and give nor rest. I wrong. I nappened to have look. and gold down only lor what he offers, instead of tak- medded to those in similar circums, sir; I am very ignorant, but As I finished the prayer, all anx- ed up the subject a few months ion of northern barbarians such ing it at once! But now, tell me cumstances,—Presbyterian Journals, sir; I am very ignorant, but As I finished the prayer, all anx- ed up the subject a few months ion of northern barbarians such ing it at once! But now, tell me cumstances,—Presbyterian Journals, but As I finished the prayer, all anx- ed up the subject a few months ion of northern barbarians such ing it at once! But now, tell me cumstances,—Presbyterian Journals and also taken place in Europe. What you really require in order add.

out of church.

to save sinners, and that I am one of them.'

This happened a dozen years ago. I heard of young Wilton the other day as superintendent of a mission Sunday-school in one of our Western cities, and active in every good work within his reach. God's providence was using us all, that Saturday night, in his secret service. - Illustrated Chris. Week- day evening.

DEAD FRIENDSHIPS.

As "a man is known by the company he keeps," so is he known by the company that he does not keep-that he cannot keep because not in harmony with his character. The friendships one outgrows marks epochs in the soui's growth that are worthy of consideration. Where a soul is filled with earnestness it can have no fellowship with frivolity. One may be deceived in one's estimate of a human being, and so strike hands of fellowship where no real fellowship can exist; or one may be in a transition state where certain persons answer temporary spiritual needs; yet the soul that is truly marching on to the Celestial City will not make its home in Vanity Fair; nor keep for bosom friends the idle companions that accost it by the way. Yet as the new friendships one gains mark one's rise or fall, so also are the friendships one leaves by long as we conform to the spirit of the world, and adapt ourselves maneuvers, so long shall we re-

to its small tricks and ingenious main the children of this world : but if we truly desire to become thing of Dr. Alexander's manner cease to smile on vice and strike hands with frivolity; we shall disdain hypocrisy, and join the immortal few who love truth and "Ah well, so I will," he said, seek wisdom. We shall put off some day," and took up his hat the cap and bells of "a man wise in his own conceit," and we shall "No, but to-night," we begged. put on this mantle of charity that "thinketh no evil."

ten o'clock, he was tired, the next stern conviction causes us to leave | waiting, and it is unpardonable | many years it was believed that day's duties were heavy for us a friend and pass on without him, negligence not to be prompt at America was what it was called, all, especially for him. Still we it is inevitable that sadness pass- the table. Here is a place to test a new world, and that the Indians him, and he, moved per- ing speech should attend the sepa- good manners, and any manifes- were the original inhabitants. But haps by our wishes—nay guided ration. We loved him and lean- tation of ill-breeding here will be the white men pressed forward, by God's Spirit into a secret ser- ed upon him; or we loved him, noticed and remembered. Do turning up and planting that vice for the Master-yielded, and and he leaded upon us. When not be too ready to express your which seemed te be virgin soil, went home with a choir member, we discover that we cannot lean likes and dislikes and dislikes are the various leaving ham ets and towns and upon him, nor induce him to lean disues before you. It is wen to cities in their wake, with they He read that thrilling sermon apon us, when the ventict of all remember that some things which crossed the barriers of the Alleon "a city which hath founda- his feeling toward us is summed seem of very little importance to ghanies and entered the basin tions, whose builder and maker is up in the decision, "I have no you, may make an unpleasant of the Ohio. It was their prom-God." And so filled were we all need of thee," we realize that the impression upon others, in consisted land, rich in everything and with the solemn joy of the hope hour is come for us to separate. thus wonderfully set before us, If he has no need of us others training. The other day two face in fitness to become the home that I think we entirely forgot have need of us, and we have need that curiosity to hear Dr. Alexan- of ourselves. We have no force to ling a gentleman who had a great this country they found the reder's manner reproduced was waste-no time to sit down and many pleasant qualities. "Yes," cords and monuments of an agriwhat had brought us together; weep over the pain of the ineviand after singing "High in yon- table. We must leave our dead does eat his pie with his knife." there certainly hundreds, perhaps der realms of light," we went friendship—yet by all that is sa- Take care that no trifle of that thousands of years before. Long bequietly home, thinking of the cred let us bury it decently and in kind is recalled when people are forethisthe Spaniards had penetrat "city which hath foundations, order. Because our friend has whose builder and maker is God." disclosed to us some state of mind I said all; but in the company or peculiarity of organization that was a young man who was not a shows unity between us two to be Christian, and there seemed noth- impossible, let us not kick the ing in the sermon for him. He corpse of our friendship out to the was not a member of the choir, dogs of gossip, nor leave it with but by one of those "chances" unseemly imprecations. In other guided by Providence to blessed words, let us not turn angrily results, he had escorted one of our from the friend who has offended singers, and was waiting to take us irreparably. Let our disapher home. I remember giving pointment refuse to take the form him a thought as the sermon of bitter disgust. Let us observe are proposed, do not say that you vaders. opened, wishing that Mr. Wood the decencies and continue the will not play, or "would rather had chosen one less exclusively small, sweet courtesies of kind look on," but join with the rest, word and gentle feeling to the In a few weeks this young man last. Let us not leave our lost stood up in our village church to friend abruptly; but stay until you should not make so good an profess his faith in Christ and his the corpse of our friendship is put appearance as the others, prevent purpose to serve him. Long after- out of sight, and heart's-ease has ward Mr. Wood told me the story had time to grow over it. Then of his conversion as young let us go away with the gentle Wilton had told it to him: and forgiving dignity of one "I felt no interest in the ser- whose errand is finished, and

ANSWERED PRAYER.

city of which you read was a I have often met with profesblessed reality to them, and that sors and non-professors who ask their faces were all turned toward me, " How do you know that a it; that I stood in a company of prayer was ever answered?" children on their way home, and "How do you know that you that I was not of their company. you asked if you had not prayed I can never tell what I felt, as for at all for it?' So I asked my the first time in my life, I realiz. heavenly Father to give me someed that I had no hope for the fu- thing tangible, that I could lay ture. All night I was tortured hold of so strongly that the devil I went to church the next morn. One night, just as I was retiring, ing, your sermon had nothing in about half-past nine o'clock, I felt it for me, and I felt like rushing as it a mountain weight was laid hymu you read with great earnest me, "Your daughter in Nashua is house must be the Prince Consort's. served through the action of the Jassas Circut." ness, 'Just as I am without one dreadfully sick; pray earnestly "But what is the surname of the people were acquainted with th ight poured in upon me, showing knees before the Lord, and cried, Simple but staggering. No one weaving. As to their exterminal feeling "Longh to accept it." "Oh, Lord, spare my child, take knew. All guessed, and all were tion, it was evident that they had yet you keep asking him tested, it is confidently recomhim. I need a great deal of teach- away pain, and give her rest." wrong. I happened to have look-

When I opened her letter the first words that met my eyes were like this: " My darling mamma: 1 was dreadfully sick last night; at half-past nine I went to bed, as sick a child as you ever saw; I cried out, being all alone, "must I die here, away from home and dear mother?" when all at once I saw you praying for me, and sooner than I can write it to you, all pain left my body, and I cried my self to sleep with joy."

After this experience in prayer who could make me believe that God does not hear and answer the prayers of his children? Surely, no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly. I prove him every day. - Words of

HINTS FOR VISITORS.

Try, without being too familiar, to make yourself so much like one of the family that no one shall feel you to be in the way, and at the same time be observant of those small courtesies and kindnesses which all together make up what the world agrees to call good manners. Regulate your hours of rising and retiring by the customs of the house. Do not keep your friends sitting up later than usual, and do not be roaming about the house an hour or two before breakfast. It you choose to rise at an early hour, remain in your own room until near breakfast time, unless you are very sure that your presence in theparlor will not be unwelcome. Write in large letters, in a prominent place in your mind, "Be Punctual." A visitor has no ex-Yet whatever high purpose or case for keeping a whole family habited by the red Indians. For young ladies were heard discuss of a great nation. Throughout said one, "he is handsome, but he cultural people who had lived does eat his pie with his knife." there certainly hundreds, perhaps speaking of you. Make up your ed into Mexico and found there mind to be entertained with what cities which were lighted at night, is designed to entertain you. It protected by police, built up of friends invite you to join them in palaces, having schools of law an excursion, express your plea- and medicine and music, and sure and readiness to go, and do workers in gold and silver and ferring a favor instead of receiv- of the inhabitants of these cities ing one. No visitors are so wear- and the peaceful cultivators of the half way whatever proposals are driven off the face of the earth by made for their pleasure. If games | the rapacity of the European inand do the best you can. Never let a foolish feeling of pride, lest

SURNAME OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

The Whitehall Review says; "At dinner, the other night, the know has puzzled a great many tions of the limbs left protrucing I can." with a sinking heart I realized would not have had the very thing people at different times, What is as ladders. Though utterly and the surname of the royal family?' strangely ignorant of coal and iron I asked.

"Guelph, of course.' That is the they worked mica mines in North usual answer, and it was the hiswith the despair of the lost. When could not wrest it out of my grasp. are Guelphs by descent, her vania. The growth of trees over the would be your duty?" Majesty's marriage with Prince Al- trenches dug slong the lead veins the effect which the marriage of shows that it must be at least 500 upon me; it was terrible for a few a lady has in all other cases, and years since they were abandoned. Out yes, sir; I think he is or cource.

"I stayed, and for the closing moments, when something said to that the surname of the present Fragments of cloth had been pre-offering pardon to sail, through and slight refreshments. The op-

and slept sweetly all night. The 'Wettin.' Of course no one had next day I wrote my child a let- heard it before. Every one smilter, telling of the exercise of my ed at the horrible idea of the mind on Saturday night. It was Guelphs being reduced to Wettins. Sunday when I wrote the letter, The point was referred to Theoand at the same hour of the same dore Martin. 'You are quite day she wrote me; being seventy- right,' said the graceful biografive miles away from me, she re- pher of the Prince Consort, 'Wetceived my letter on Monday even- tin is the family name of the ing, I received her letter on Mon- House of Saxony, to whom the dominion of Saxony came in the him in a great big coffin, and put year 1420. The King of Saxony that down into a deep grave, and and the minor princes of the he didn't go no place." House of Saxony are therefore all Wettins, or German, Wettiner.1.1

> THIS VERY HOUR. O years gone down into the past, What pleasant memories come to me Of your untroubled days of peace,

Yet would I have no moon stand still, Where life's most pleasant valleys lie, Nor wheel the planet of the day Back on his pathway through the sky.

And hours of almost ecstasy

For though, when youthful pleasures died, My youth itself went with them, too; To-day, aye! even this very hour, Is the best hour I ever knew.

ANCIENT CIVILIZATION.

-Phabe Cary.

Professor J. S. Newberry, of Columbia College, delivered a lecture recently before the Long Is- dining-room and have a good time, land Historical Society in Brooklyn, on "The Ascient Civilization America." He told in a concise and clear manner the story of the mound builders of the Mississippi Valley, so far as it can be traced in the Southwest, Mexico and Central America, with many interesting details gathered by him while assisting in the exploration of the territory still inhabited by the descendants of those interesting people. His remarks were illustrated by magic lantern pictures, and he held the interest of the audience that had crowded the pretty hall of the Historical Society for two hours.

When the white men first landed on these shores, Professor Newberry said, they found them eovered with dense forests and innot act as though you were con- other metals. The representatives isome as those who do not meet fields roundabout had been all but

Of the monuments left by the

mound-builders, Prof. Newberry

there were not less than 10,000 in Ohio alone. They were most common wherever the land was best adapted to agriculture. They were evidently a peacoful, agricultural his fortune is already all that his people, familiar with pottery, ignorant of the use of iron, but acquainted with copper, which they mined on the shores of Lake Superior, as was shown by the flecks of silver found in the copper reconversation lapsed, as it some lies of the people. Their ancient times will lapse with the best, in- excavations excelled in magnitude he was dead, being asked, "How able from conundrums. A cele- er went down into the earth more pain?" he replied. brated historian was present, and than twenty or thirty feet, and bert, of Saxe-Coburg, must have of Kentucky, near Lexington,

OUR TWO ARMS.

Katie Genfield and May Hoffman, aged each about four years, were discussing theology. In other words, they were talking earnestly about heaven and the way to get there.

"You don't go to heaven when you die, at all," said Katie. When our big boy died they put

" Mamma, do they go to heaven when they die?" inquired

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Hoffman, intent on her work. " How do they get there?"

"I do wish you wouldn't bother me," replied Mrs. Hoffman, 'vou are a perfect little nuisance: do let me have a minute's peace,' and she placed the smoking pie just taken from the oven on a shelf in the pantry, for the dinner that was engrossing her whole attention.

May's eyes filled with tears as she inquired timidly: "Mamma, wish you liked to help the poor. do you wish that God hadn't made You cannot think how happy it me ?"

Her mother ignored the question, but stooped down and kissed her little one affectionately, and said: "There, girls, run into the you are in my way here.

"I told you they don't go to heaven," said Katie, when they had reached the dining-room. "They do, too," insisted May;

didn't say how they go. I'll tell you how; you just hold up your two arms to Jesus, and he jumps you up into heaven right through the coffin."

Well done, little May! There was more orthodox theology in that speech than we often hear from learned minds who are moving or trying to move the world. It contained a whole lesson for parents as well as children. Just hold out your two arms to Jesusthe arm of repentance and the arm of Aith and he will jump you right through the grave into heaven. - Western Adv.

BETTER THAN MONEY.

work," he replied. "What are her for her unselfish words? simply that he may see the pile. stays at home and keeps house. He does not even estimate the | Emily is tired of study, and comforts that his wealth affords must lie down in the afternoon; him. His greatest pleasure is in but mother, though her backaches, making more money, and for has no time for such an indulwhat? He cannot answer that gence. question. No man with only the short space of life to live can give any intelligent reply to the inquiry, "What object have you in than you can possibly utilize, or your family will need?" Absolutely the most foolish man on earth is the money-getter, when necessities can require. Western

ASKING, NOT TAKING.

A sick soldier, whose suffering was so great that he often wished

"I am praying to God, and I put a question to him which I used the trunks of trees with por- striving to do my duty as well as

"For the partion of my sine." "But now. if your wife were torian's. I ventured to suggest ginia, lead mines in Kentucky and loffering your acup of tea which that, although the royal family they also sunk oil wells in Pennsy bed prepared for you, what the work of the church. It says

fering you anything?

"To take it from her, surely."

to be this moment a pardoned man?"

" I only want faith in Jesus," was his answer.

"Come, then, at once to Jesus. Receive him as your Saviour; and in him you will find all that you need for time and for eternity."-Congregationalist.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

NELLIE'S ERRAND FOR JESUS.

"Come, Nellie, " said Mary, "with me to see Florence and spend the afternoon. She has lots of hice playthings, and we will have a beautiful time.'

"No," said Nellie, very pleasantly, "Leannot, for I must carry some things to a poor family for my mamma,"

"Oh, no matter about that; come with me and have a good time, and let them take care of themselves."

ا "Mary," said little Nellie, " I makes one. My dear mamma tells me every time I carry anything to the poor I am running errands for Jesus.

Mary went alone, but all the time she was at Florence's house something kept saying to her, "Did you do right in speaking as you did?" This little voice, which is called conscience, said, "How much better you would Mamma said they do. She have felt had you spoken in a plea-

sant manner."
Mary stopped at Nellie's on her way home, and asked her to forgive her for speaking in such a cross manner, and said she wished

she had gone with her, for she did not have a good time at all.

I wish you had seen dear Nellie, for you do not know how pleased they were, and the grandma said, "You dear little one, you are try-ing to walk in the feotsteps of Jesus who went about doing good, and may God bless you! May all my little readers be

willing to run errands for Jesus! -Zion's Herald

MOTHER'S TURN. "It is mother's turn to be tak-

men is a monotonous routine of | The speaker was a winsome money getting. They travel in a young girl, whose bright eyes, circle day after day, and it is a very fresh color, and eager looks, told small circle too, not larger than of light-hearted happiness. - Just that of the laboring man who was out of school, she had the air of met one morning, while on his way culture, which is an added attracto work, by a celebrated English tion to a blithe young face. It divine, who asked him: "Where | was mother's turn now. Did she are you going, John?" "To know how my heart went out to

you going to work for?" "Why, Too many mothers, in their o earn money !" "What do you love for their daughters, entirely want to earn money for?" "Why, overlook the idea that they themto get bread to eat." "What do selves need recreation. They do you eat bread for?" "To get without all the easy, pretty, and strength." "Why do you want charming things, and say nothstrength?" "Why, so I can work." ing about it; and the daughters There was the little circle-work, do not think there is any self-demoney, bread, strength, work. nial involved. Jenny gets the But the money getter for the sake new dress, and mother wears the of money, has a still smaller cir- old one, turned upside down, and cle. His circle is work-money, wrong-side out. Lucy goes on If possible he piles up his millions, the mountain trip, and mother

Dear girls, take good care of your mothers. Coax them to let you relieve them of some of the harder duties, which, for years, said that it had been estimated that a massing so many millions more they have patiently borne.—Intelligencer.

" THE PICKET GUARD."

It is composed of eight boys. It meets quarterly in the pastor's study. A map of the village, the population of which is four thousand and two hundred, is divided into eight parts, one part being assigned to each boy. It is his business to know who lives in every house in his district and what to questions hardly distinguish- all the modern mines. They nev- are you to each overlasting church each family attends; at the meeting he reports changes of residences and any other facts which he may think the pastor would be glad to learn. houses on the map are all numbered, and lists correspondingly numbered are made of the fami-

This plan interests the boys in the pastor must labor, and makes him well acquainted with his field. " Do you think that God is of. It brings the boys to the study. where, aside from the work of the evening, they have a social visit struction upon some religious topic and to engage with them in prayer. The plan having been