OUR HOME CIRCLE.

MOTHERS' WORK.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER. Dear patient woman, o'er your children bend-

ing.
To leave a good-night kiss on rosy lips. Or list the simple prayers to God ascending, Ere slumber veil them in its soft eclipse, wouder, do you dream that seraphs love you And sometimes smooth the pathway for

your feet;
That oft their silvery pinions float above you When life is tangled and its cross roads meet

So wan and tired, the whole long day so busy To laugh or weep, at times, you hardly know So many trifles make the poor brain dizzy, So many errands call you to and fro, Small garments stitching, weaving fairy stories, and binding wounds, and bearing little

Cares, Your brief hours pass, unheeded all the gl ries Of that great world be ond your nursery

One schoolmate's pen has written words of

heauty,
Her poems sing themselves into the heart.
Another's brush has magic; you have duty;
No time to spare for poetry or art,
But only time for training little fingers, And teaching youthful spirits to be true: You know not with what famine woman lingers With rt alone to fill her, watching you.

And yet, I think you'd rather keep the babies Albeit their neads grow heavy on your arm Than have the poet's fair, enchanted may be's The artist's visions, rich with dazzling

charm sweet are the troubles of the happy hours, For even in weariness your soul is blest, And rich contentment all your being dowers That yours is not a hushed and empty nest. -Christian Union.

SECURING A FORTUNE.

"Five thousand dollars more, and then I shall be ready for the country. In no other way could I have made a fortune to easily; and a fortune I must have. Bringing up children is expensive business these days. It will take more money to educate my two than it did father to bring up ten and give us what he called a fair start in the world. Another vear and my wife shall have things her own way.'

The man who thus solilogvized replaced a package of papers in the safe before him, closing it securely, just as the door of his private office was opened by a clerk, who said, "A lady wishes to see you."

"Show her in," was replied. The person admitted was a lady. There was no mistaking the fact, although she was plainly dressed in garments of coarse material.

"Mrs Langley," said the gentle man, as he rose to receive her, while a blush of deepest crimson overspread his face, "please be seated."
"Thank you; I have come with a request. Will you listen?"

"Certainly. I never refuse to listen to a lady."

Mrs. Langley took the profered chair, and after some lesitation, she remarked, "I have come here as a last resort. I wish you would of intoxicating drink on your prem ises. I don't think he has gone so low that he will be seen in a common drinking-saloon; but I know he comes here. I have been told that you have pleasant rooms hand. somely furnished for such as he."

"I have some pleasant rooms. and young men who please to do so are at liberty to spend an hour or longer there," replied Mr. Grege coldly, adding, "I think I have sometimes seen your son there. I could hardly refuse him the privilege accorded to his triends. You could not expect me to close my

doors upon him." This is what I wish you to do. "Would it not be better for you to exert your influence to prevenhis coming Lere. If my doors stand open for one, they must stand open for all. Much as I would like to oblige you. I cannot make an ex-

ception against your son." "Is your decision final, Mr. Gregg?"

"It must be, Mrs. Langley. never come here again, but I not lay commands upon him.

"May God forgive you and dea with you, not according to your sin. My son is as dear to me as yours can be to you."

changing his business. Upon nearer view, a country life seemed untraffic in alcoholic liquors.

While debating the subject has not be quoted against him.

all right and title to merchandise selves.'

and fixtures contained in the store so long occupied, was marked by a tragic event not soon to be forgot-

Herbert Langley and his friends occupied their favorite room. As they drank in their usual fashion they became excited, increaring their potations untill they lost all self-control. They sang, they shouted, and at last words were uttered which called forth an angry retort. Presently blows were exchanged, and in the confusion young Langley was thrown to the

A clerk of the establishment coming in presently to quiet the confusion, attempted to raise him, when he was found to be helpless. He had been struck with a chair on the temple, and afterward injured by trampling feet. He was carried home to his widowed mother, and next day he died.

The affair produced a profound ensation. Some arrests were made, and the pleasant rooms be came unenviably notorious. The proposed purchaser of Mr. Gregg's property declined further negotiations, and it was not until after some mouths that he effected a sale at what he considered a heavy loss.

He invested in desirable real estate, upon which he resided. He held his son under close watch, but he tound that even then his wishes and commands were disregarded. Other men were making fortunes by pandering to the appetites of their customers, and they were not likely to close their doors upon a young man because that man was

He remembered Mrs. Langley's entreaties, and knew that she regarded him as little better than a murderer.

What if God should deal with him according to his sins, and not necording to his infinite mercy? When, ten years later, his only

son was killed in a drunken brawl he knew that his sin had found him out. He had secured a fortune, but for it he had paid so fearful a price that it was hateful to him.

He had gained the world, while others-how many he knew nothad lost their souls because of him.

REMINISCENCES.

Rev. A. S. Nelson in a paper published in the California Christian cident of the late Rev. Matthew Sorin, D. D., some years a member of the St. Louis Conference:

"A funeral sermon in front of a city saloon on the corner of Fourth promise me that you will never and Robert streets, St. Paul, will hemently; 'away, not to come allow my son to taste another drop never be forgotten. It was the ful back.' I opened the door into the eral of a young man of fine attainments, and of respectable famwhile the crowd, full of surjosity and bad whiskey, gathered about nim. The young man had come ed in the practice of the law, had een the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree, yet he passed away; and lo, he the wicked man's career—the home wish for your sake Herbert would ery. He portrayed in the most ter- decisive. The poor woman expressbut according to his great mercy! such a man, when lo, he had passed morning in a police and soft mansought him at his home; the bright | consort of hers.' The fortune he had desired was in eyed boy at his mother's knee. He his possession, ye still he delayed went to the college, but the young man that stood at the head of his and guidance" or an Irish priest; class was gone. He followed him but that Mrs. Carlyle was singularly desirable, and but for his wife, Mr. to St. Paul and found the office superior to such "poisoned ganger-Gregg would have continued the where he began his profession, locked up. He went to the saloon and talked to his comrides, who was startled to find that his boy pointed him to a lonely garret; he and far from pleasant light over the was imitating the habits of older ascended the rickety old stairs, sublime Popish 'sister of charity have He more than suspected worker at the abode of wretched movement." - Carlyle's Reminiscen that a taste for beer had been ness; he saw in the corner the ces. already acquired; but he would straw on which he had died. He set that all right when once was told that some friend had he could do so without criminating | brought a pine box and had taken himself. He fancied that he had him away. He paused a moment, managed to conceal his own per then cried in the wildest accents, sonal habits, so that these could 'O John! John! Where are you?"

In this, however, as in other contents, which he seemed not to have Prospect Street Church: clusions, he was mistaken. He seem before, he pointed his long believed that he had fully counted arm toward the box, and stooping the cost of his fortune, but time down as if to embrace the lost boy, might invest it with a different he exclaimed: 'I have found him! value from that he had placed upon A moment more, he turned to the weeping crowd, and said: 'Oh The evening preceding the day men! men! come and see what sin when he was to transfer to another has done!' then left them to them-

A ROMAN CATHOLIC NURSE.

She (Mrs. Carlyle) had gone with some acquaintance who was in quest of sick-nurses to an establishment under Catholic auspices, in Brompton somewhere (the acquainance, a Protestant herself, expressing her 'certain knowledge' that this Catholic was the one good kind): where accordingly the aspect of matters, and especially the manner of the old French lady who was matron and manager, produced such a favorable impression that I recollect my little woman saying, 'If I need a sick nurse, that is the place I will apply at.' Appliance now was made; a nun duly sent, in consequence: this was in the early week of the illness; household sick-nursing (Maggie's and that of the maids asternately) having sufficed till now. The nurse was a good-natured young Irish nun, with a good dear of brogue, a tolerable share of blurney, too, all varnished to the due extent; and, for three nights or so, she answered very well. On the fourth night, to our surprise, though we found afterward it was the common usage, there appeared a new nun-new and very different-an ederly French 'young lady,' with broker English enough for her occasions, and a look of rigid earnest ness; in tact with the air of a life broken down into settled despond ency and abandonment of all hope that was not ultra secular. An unfavorable change, though the poor lady seemed intelligent, well intentioned; and her heart-broken aspect inspired pity and good wishes, if no attraction. She commenced by rather ostentatious performance of her nocturnal prayers, 'Beata Maria,' or I know not what other Latin stuff, which her poor patient regarded with great vigilance, though still with what charity and tolerance were possible. 'You won't understand what I am saying or doing,' said the nun; 'don't mind 'Perhaps I understand it betme. ter than yourself,' said the other (who had Latin from of old) and did 'mind' more than was expect

"The dreary hours, no sleep, as usual, went on; and we heard nothing till about three a. m. I was awaked (1, what never happened before or after, though my door was always left slightly ajar, and I was right above, usually a deep Advocate, relates the following in- sleeper)-awakened by a vehement continuous ringing of my poor darling's bell. I flung on my dressinggown, awoke Maggie by a word and nurried down. Put away that woman!' cried my poor Jeannie vedrawing-room; pointed to the sota there, which had wraps and pillows ily who had fallen a victim to that | plenty; and the poor nun at once most fearful of diseases-delirium withdrew, looking and murmuring tremens. The coffin was brought her regrets and apologies. 'What and placed in the street, and the was she doing to thee, my own poor meacher took his place beside it; little woman?' No very distinct answer was to be had then (and afterward there was always a dislike to speak of that hideous bit of time from his home in the East, engag- at all, except on necessity;) but I learned in general that, during the fallen into bad company, and died a heavy hours loaded every one of miserable pauper on a bed of straw | them with its misery, the nun had in a lone's garret. He announced gradually come forward with ghosthis text in that peculiar tone that ly consolations, ill received, no eveted the attention of all. 'I have | doubt, and at fength, with something more express, about 'Blessed Virgin,' 'Agnus Dei,' or whatever it might be, to which the answer was not. Yea, I sought for him, but he had been: 'Hold your tongue, could not be found.' He described tell you, or I will ring the beil Upon which the nun had rushed st luxury and influence. The fast forward with her dreadfullest supyoung man spreading himself, with 'ernal admonitions, 'impenitent sincigar and fast horse, and long | ner,' etc., and a practical attempt nights of dissipation; the gamb. to prevent the ringing, which only ing saloon, the house of debauch- made it more immediate and more ritic manner the power of habit, the ed to Miss Welsh much regret, disuccessive steps of vice, and the appointment, real vexation and seifearful results of a life of sin. He | biame; lay silent after that amid then turned to look for the end of her rugs; and disappeared next away and could not be tound. He mer; never to reappear, she or any

> Mr. Carlyle adds that the poor nun was "under the foul tutelage bread consolations" as she or her like could administer. The incident "threw suddenly a glare of strange

SINEUL AMUSEMENTS.

Rev. S. L. Binkley is reported in the Cleveland Herald as using the Then turning slowly around to the following language in a sermon in

> There are a few allusions in the early records of the Old Testament to dancing as a religious exercise; but the modern dance is wholly unlike the ancient. The allusions to dancing in the Bible are mainly designed to express joy figuratively.

mentioned in the Bible is that of the daughter of Herodias, when a good man loses his head as the result of the dance. Far worse results have followed the modern dance, for many have lost their souls. Dancing, card-playing, the theater, circus, etc., are clearly of a worldly character. They originated with the world and not with the Church. They are claimed by the world, and supported by the world. How can a Christian glorily God in the common dance, at the card table or at the theater, where everything distracts the mind from God, where prayer is out of place and religious feelings dissipated. Sin is sin, and all the culture and refinement that you can give it will not alter its aspect. Let twenty penitent persons bow at the altame night, and then let them mingle in the social dance for three successive nights, and nineteen out of wenty will dance away their religious convictions. It is seldom hat a room is ever cleared, even or a parlor dance, where the family altar has been erected. Lovers of popular amusements

themselves can see the inconsist-

ency of Christian profession with

attendance upon these places of

worldly pleasure. While the Bible

does not specify popular amuse-

ments by Lame, yet it inculcates

great principles that strike at the very root of these evils. A young man having become converted, was urged to attend " Uncle Tom's Cab-He refused, saying that he once attended such a place and found that it marred his religious enjoyment. What is the invariable tendency of the theater? Forgetfulness of God and estrangement from him. It is a place where religion is ridiculed, and the tollowers of Christ often held up to scorn and contempt; a place where that which s vain, impure, and godless crowds from the mind thoughts of God, heaven and eternity. The ballroom, too, with its late hours, its bad associations, its physical prostration and its lust, stands condemned by the divine teaching to "abhor that which is evil." The proposition to reform the ball-room. the theater and billiard hall, and consecrate them to the Church is simply shocking. You might as well talk of sanctifying the drinking-saloons by opening the business of each day with holy song and prayer, and placing elders and deacons behind the bar to deal out the liquid of death. That which was once said by Mr. Beecher of the theater and the Church can be said with equal force of all these sinful amusements: "Let not this vagabond prostitute any longer pollute the sacred precincts of the Church with impudent proposals of allegiance." The path from the home circle with its wine table, parlordance and its game of cards, to the saloon, ball room and gambling-hall is short and direct. The main use of cards is not amusement, but gambling. Who is to determine when a dance comes under proper I haven't forgot my old thoughts, regulations, and when it exceeds the limits of propriety? How shall these evils be checked as regards the Church? Let a high standard of piety be maintained and held up. let the wrongs of these evils be frequently and kindly pointed out, let there be no concessions made either publicly or privately, and let the teachings of our Discipline be explained and prudently enforced, and let all members, old and young,

BABY IS DEAD.

these evils.

for the sake of their own usefulness

and happiness, and for the sake of

Christ, be brought to abstain from

"Baby is dead!" Three little words passing along the lines; copied some where and soon forgotten. But after all was quiet again I leaned my hand upon my head and fell into a deep reverie of all that those words may mean.

Somewhere—a dainty form, stil and cold, unclasped by mother's arms to night. Eyes that yesterday were bright and blue as skies of June dropped to-night beneath white lids that no voice can ever raise

Two soft hands, whose rose-lear fingers were wont to wander loving ly around mother's neck and face loosely holding white buds, quietly folded in coffined rest.

Soft lips, yesterday rippling with laughter, sweet as woodland brook talls, gay as thrill of forest bird, tonight unresponsive to kiss or call

A silent home—the patter of baby feet forever hushed—a cradle bed unpressed. Little shoe half worn -dainty garments-shoulder knots of blue to match those eyes of yesterday, tolded with aching heart away.

A tiny mound, snow covered in some quiet graveyard.

shall never again rest upon her bosom. The low sob, the bitter tear. as broken dreams awake to sad reality. The hopes of future years wrecked, like fair ships that suddenly go down in sight of land.

The watching of other babies, dimpled, laughing, strong, and this one gone! The present agony of grief, the emptitiess of heart, all held in those three little words, "Baby is Dead!"

Indeed, it is well that we can copy and soon forget the words so freighted with woe to those who receive and send them. And yet it cannot harm us now and then to give a tender thought to those for whom our careless pen stroke is preparing such a weight of grief.

THE MAN WITH THE BUNDLE.

We have met him. Burly, broadshouldered, a little careless, both in dress and gait, as if conscientiously pposed to precision of any kind; and his face-from the shining curve of the smooth-shaven chin to the gleam of gold spectacles that sit astride his nose-beams with exhaustless good humor. About 5 p. m. is his hour, when you generally see him heading as if home ward, carrying thitherward a brown paper enveloped parcel. From long familiarity with this feature of his personality we had come to designate his otherwise anonymous-

ness as "the man with the bundle." It may have been imagination on our part, but as we met him. the other cold afternoon, his face seem ed so absolutely radiant with the heat of genial benevolence that we thought the thermometer at the corner of Milk street went up two degrees as he passed. We determined to make an effort to know more about him. Presently our desire was gratified. Entering a store on Washington street, who should be standing at the counter, closing at the same instant the lid of a magnificent writing case and a bargain for its purchase, but our radiant-faced friend.

"To what address shall we send this?" said the clerk, with a tone indicating extreme respect.

"Nowhere," responded the purchaser; "I always carry my own bundles."

"Yes, sir; but this is heavy, and t will be a pleasure for us to send it.' "Young man," replied the other, I always like to take something home at night to show my wife and children that I haven't forgotten them while at my business, and I wouldn't give a pin to make anybody a present, unless I carried it into the house myself. I want to see 'em take it. Besides, sir, I never allow anybody to be bothered by sending things home to me that can take home myself. I began life as a dry goods man's boy, and many a weary mile of sidewalk I've trudged to carry a yard of ribbon or a paper of pins to somebody too proud or too lazy to carry it themselves. and what's more, though times have changed with me since then, I ain't ashamed to be seen in the streets with a bundle."

"Yes, sir, but this is heavy." "No matter, I'm strong," out he went, with such a glow on his face that one could imagine it lighted up the now dim sidewalk rods ahead, as a locomotive reflector illuminates the track.

Another well known face passed him at the door coming in. Pur chasing a Congress knife, the newcomer said in a sharp and dictatorial tone:

"Send it to my house (No. fifteen hundred and something, Washington street,) immediately; I shall want it as soon as I get home." "Two different men," suggested

we, as the clerk closed the door atter him. "Very," was the reply. "The

man with the bundle is Mr .--the honest owner of hundreds of thousands, and there never was a subscription yet that didn't get his name for something handsome. The other man failed last week-all there was of him to fail-and isn't worth his salt; but he had rather take the commercial disgrace of failure any time than the social disgrace of being seen in the streets with a bundle.'

Two different men, indeed! We hall take off our hat the next time we meet Mr.—on the sidewalk. Long may be live and carry bundles to make people happy.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HOW TO LOVE GOD.

In a beautiful New England village, a boy about ten years old lay very sick, drawing near to death and very sad. He was joint heir. with an only brother, to a great entate, and the inheritance was just A mother's groping touch, in un- about coming into his possession, will be gained by sincerity than by The most notable case of dancing easy slumber, for the fair head that but it was not the loss of this that kindliness which is feigned.

made him sad. He was a dying boy, and his heart longed for a tree sure which he knew had never been his, and which was worth more to him now than all the gold of all the Western mines.

He was very dear to the one who writes about him now, and during the last weeks of his life I was i the house of his guardian, where he died. One day I came into his room, the windows of which over looked a beautiful meadow, over which the noon wind was gently playing, but the sight of which seemed to have no charm for the pale boy on the bed. I sat down by him, took his hand, and, look ing in his troubled face, asked him what made him sad.

"Uncle," said he, "I want to love God. Won't you tell me how to love God?"

I cannot describe the piteons tones in which he said these words, and the look of trouble which he gave me. I said to him.

"My boy, you must trust God first, and then you will love him without trying to at all. With a surprised look he exclaim

"What did you say?"

I repeated the exact words again, and I never shall forget how his large hazel eye opened on me and his cheek flushed as he slowly said

"Well. I nover knew that before always thought that I must love God first before I had any right to trust him."

"No, my dear boy," I answered God wants us to trust him : that is what Jesus always asks us to do first of all, and he knows that as we trust him we shall begin to love him. That is the way to love God. to put your trust in him first of all."

Then I spoke to him of the Lord Jesus, and how God sent him that we might believe in him, and how all through his life he tried to win the trust of men; how grieved he was when men would not believe in him, and how every one who be lieved came to love without trying to love at all. He drank in all the truth, and, simply saying, "I will trust Jesus now," without an effort put his young soul in Christ's hands that very hour, and so he came into the peace of God which passeth understanding, and lived in it calmin and sweetly to the end. None all the loving friends who watched over him during the remaining weeks of his life doubted that the dear boy had learned to love God without trying to, and that dying he went to him whom not having seen he had loved .- Illustrate Christian Weekly.

WHITE LIES.

Many people think that to be nolite they must say things which are not exactly true. An untruth, whether acted or spoken, is a great wrong both to the actor and to the one deceived.

It is sometimes wise to be silent, t is never wise to say in carnest anything calculated to deceive.

Two very dear friends urged a very disagreeable gentleman to repeat his visit and remain some days. After he left the house, one said, "Oh, what a relief that is." The other replied, "I hope I will never see him again in my house; he is unendurable." Years have passed, and neither of these men have ever made an assertion in my pre-sence without causing me to think, 'I wonder if he is sincere."

Little Eva Mann meets her playmate, Dora Swain, and exclaims, O you dear little Dodo, what a lovely dress your dollie has! Let me carry her, please do." Don't you think my dollie is nicer than Ella Gibbons's ?" asks Dora. "Ob my, yes, ever so much nicer." An nour later Eva returns home to find Ella waiting for her. "On! I'm so glad you came. Did you bring your new dolly with you?" "No Eva, but I wanted you to come over and see it again. Mamma put \$ new dress on to please me, but Dora Swain says it is not so pretty now as hers." Why, Ella, I'm surprised. Your dollie is the prettiest one I ever saw. I wish I had one just like her." Those who happen to know Miss Eva when she is a young lady, will find that she fibe to her mamma, deceives her teacher, and is always in trouble with her beaus. When she is married, she will cheat her husband in & great many things, disappoint her children, keep her neighbors in \$ state of uncertainty, and when old

tho really love and trust her. Telling white lies wears off the polished edge of the love for truth. Each one told makes it easier to add another to the list. The truth can al ways be told in a gentle way, if disagreeable, and more true friends

ge comes she will have no friends

SUNDA

THE PROD

The young bome. He indulgent f break free in his own mas And so be as at onon the would ultima father yield Fouth depart but to sp-ud

There 15 many a h. with. But will do we Citte Breit roof must committed t away ; but oue such tha rash sot. wrong in ththere of en which the from hone regretfall and ministr So we say, b le tre b me necessity; step which Beak to two cultivation (especially convert of then, when face the wor lowed by y

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