

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

I KNOW.

BY EDWIN H. KEVIN, D. D.

I know! yes, I know! that I once was so blind  
That everywhere round me was nothing  
But night;  
But now there is shining all over my mind  
The full glowing sunshine of heavenly  
light.

I know! yes, I know! that the Lord can  
forgive,  
And drive from the spirit the cloud of des-  
pair,  
And make it a pleasure to think and to live  
A life where the heart is unburdened with  
care.

I know! yes, I know! that I fondled with  
sin,  
And oftentimes felt the strong grasp of  
its power;  
And now it seems weakened and dying with-  
in,  
And victory grows surer with each passing  
hour.

I know! yes, I know! that my heart was  
once dead,  
To God and to duty; to truth and to love;  
But now all its coldness has vanished and  
felt,  
And all its affections are centered above.

I know! yes, I know! that true gladness  
and peace,  
In all their abundance, can dwell in the  
heart;  
And faith can make sorrows and troubles to  
pass,  
While holding the shadows within to de-  
part.

I know! yes, I know! that the Lord can be  
found,  
By hearts that are earnest, and pure, and  
sincere;  
The signs of his presence are seen all around,  
And sweetly assure us our Helper is near.

I know! yes, I know! that the farther we  
go,  
The brighter the light that illumines our  
way;  
The King in his glory will over us throw  
The lustre and beauty of unending day.

I know! yes, I know! that we'll meet at  
the last,  
With loved ones before us that wait on the  
shore;  
And then, with our doubts and our troubles  
all past,  
How sweet is the thought that we'll never  
part more.

—The Presbyterian.

NERVES.

I was calling with a friend upon  
her friends one evening. A fine-  
looking old lady, in the loveliest  
cap, whose delicate white frill lay  
daintily on her snowy hair, gave us  
a cordial welcome. The folds of  
her soft silk covered a frame  
still erect and elastic, and her  
smile, her eye, and the tones of  
her voice showed a lively interest  
in all the spicy chit-chat of the  
day. The room abounded in com-  
fort and elegancies. She had  
children who loved, and friends  
who revered her, and peacefully  
the evening shadows were steal-  
ing over her lengthened day.

"Yes," she said, "I have every  
thing to be thankful for; but,"  
she added, slowly, "I am dread-  
fully worried. I am going away  
to-morrow to try the effect of a  
change."

"Nerves," whispered her  
daughter; "mother suffers terri-  
bly from nerves. She cannot  
help it."

O, nerves! unreasonable, piti-  
less, exacting nerves! They  
were here, then, spoiling the com-  
fort of this placid home. Ner-  
vousness is one of the most seri-  
ous, subtle, dangerous, defying of  
all complaints; a real disease,  
requiring the most skillful minis-  
tering, both of doctor, nurse, and  
friends. And because it is so, be-  
cause nerves are so sensitive and  
capricious, they have to bear a  
great deal which does not properly  
belong to them. Ill-humor,  
self-will, and selfishness, when  
they give way to fits and freaks,  
and render themselves particu-  
larly troublesome and disagreeable,  
like to be called "nerves." Ex-  
cusing themselves as "nervous,"  
they plead to be pitied, indulged,  
and nursed; and because it is of-  
ten hard to distinguish between  
the true and the false, they enjoy  
a generous forbearance which  
does not properly belong to them.

Mary Jones was "so nervous."  
She was a young wife, with a hus-  
band to love and a house to man-  
age. And nothing could have  
been lovelier than their married  
life, had it not been for nerves,  
which was the apple of discord  
in their happy Eden. If any  
thing went amiss—and those who  
know the perversity of matter,  
know how amiss things will some-  
times go, in spite of the best cal-  
culations—if any thing went  
amiss, I say, Mary went off into a  
"good cry"—not a cry which  
clears the moral atmosphere of  
its long-gathering mists, and  
brings sunshine out, but a self-  
pitying cry, which blinks and  
drizzles, as if the sky were fall-  
ing.

"Mary has such terrible ner-  
ves—every thing upsets her,"  
said her long-suffering husband.  
They were certainly trying to  
him, poor man; but what could  
he do?

One day, I never knew exactly  
how it happened, but one day, in-  
stead of crying, she vigorously  
put on her hat and went out.  
"It will not do," she said to  
herself; "I must master myself.  
I am not the most ill-used wo-  
man in the world."  
She walked rapidly out toward  
the outskirts of the town. The  
air was bracing, the sun cheerful,  
and every thing seemed nodding  
and dancing in the sprightly breeze  
from the northwest. Mary open-  
ed herself to the inspiration of  
the weather. As she went along  
a child, sitting on the grass, alone  
and listless, attracted her notice.  
"A penny for your thoughts,  
my little one," she said. The  
child arose, but made no answer.  
"I am afraid you are not well,"  
said Mary. "I am not sick,"  
said the child, "but mother is."  
"Show me your mother. Where  
does she live?" asked Mary.  
The child started in the di-  
rection of a small house not far off.  
Mary followed. On the thresh-  
old the child said, "Mother,  
mother, I have brought you some-  
body."  
"Both went in. The room  
was filled with unpacked furni-  
ture. A bed was made up on the  
floor in one corner; near it a wo-  
man was rocking a baby clutched  
tightly in her arms.  
"I am afraid I intrude," said  
Mary, gently.  
"Come in," said the woman,  
"Dido, hand the lady a chair. We  
have just come here. He died  
the day we came. It most killed  
me."  
"Your husband is dead, then,"  
said Mary.  
"Dead and gone—dead and  
gone," repeated the woman,  
"every thing is gone but me and  
Dido, and the baby."  
"And God has sent me to com-  
fort you," said Mary, with a real  
choking in her throat.  
"Has he?" asked the poor wo-  
man, with a gleam of hope in her  
face.

This was Mary's first introduc-  
tion to real trouble—grief, loss,  
want. And was life full of this  
to weep over, sympathize with,  
and relieve, while she had all the  
while been dwelling upon herself  
and the small crosses of their hap-  
py lot?

The incidents of that walk, and  
the work it led the way to, gave  
a new bent to Mary's life.

"There began the cure of my  
nervousness," she says. "God  
led me out of myself, and I grew  
strong."

Self, like nerves, is spoiled by  
too much care, and in their hard  
exactions we cannot always quite  
tell which is which—which is real  
and which imaginary.—*Parish  
Visitor.*

WORK FOR GIRLS.

In a recent lecture given at  
New York, Miss Emily Faithfull,  
referring to an imperfect social  
system, said that "while no father  
can look without anxiety on the  
future of a boy who is brought  
up with no fixed position or em-  
ployment, yet hundreds of girls  
are brought up in that condition,  
with its consequent temptations,  
and the girls of the period have  
become a byword and a reproach.  
The excitement of a flirtation is  
a perfect godsend to the colorless  
lives which they are made to pur-  
sue.

"Every line," she continued,  
"that diverges from the standard  
of true womanhood has its corre-  
sponding line in the divergence  
from true manhood. I do not  
here care to discuss the theory so  
often impressed upon us that  
man is the noun substantive and  
the woman the adjective to agree  
with him. We have so long  
heard that man is for the world  
and woman for the home; that  
man's function is to govern  
and woman's to obey; that man's  
strength is in the head and wo-  
man's in the heart, that we at  
last believe in it. To return to  
the condition of our girls. A  
youth's studies are accepted as a  
valid excuse for a refusal to  
answer the demands of society, but  
with women, these must be an-  
swered before all serious pursuits.  
The world turns round and  
wonders that women have produc-  
ed so little that is great in art,  
literature, or science.

The only wonder to me is that  
under these conditions the world  
has produced such women as Mary  
Somerville, as Elizabeth Brown-  
ing, as Harriet Martineau, Harriet  
Hoover, or Rosa Bonheur. We  
are beginning to see that mental  
studies are far less likely to in-  
jure women than pinched waists,  
late hours, and gaslight. We  
must at least admit that it is bet-  
ter for our girls to graduate in

schools for science than in schools  
for scandal. A girl's dependence  
upon marriage as her only chance  
of change, or as her only means  
of obtaining a comfortable settle-  
ment in life, acts most injuri-  
ously on the formation of her char-  
acter. Proper preparation for do-  
mestic and other spheres admits  
of no such low standard as that  
of our present society.

A PAINTER'S STORY.

Some landscape but half finished—what's the  
meaning,  
You ask me, of dim wood and waterfall,  
And why that canvas has been so long lean-  
ing  
In desolation against my studio wall?

Is there an older story than rows broken.  
Than one heart sore when two friends had  
to part—  
Than words of tenderness so slightly spoken,  
Yet burnt forever on one tortured heart?

Painting that wood, a fair face bent above  
me,  
And came between me and the summer sky;  
Picture that landscape sweet lips vowed to love  
me,  
The vows were broken ere the paint was dry.

Such, good my patron, is a painter's story,  
And here's her portrait taken from the life.  
With eyes brighter than a saint's in glory—  
Your wife! Dear me! Is Isabel your wife?

And you would buy this? In that she was  
given  
From my side to win you and your gold,  
'Tis yours by right—a marriage present  
given;  
I will not sell her face as she was sold.

CHARACTER AND SUCCESS.

When George Canning, the  
eminent English statesman and  
orator, was of the age of thirty-  
one, and beginning to win distinc-  
tion, he wrote:

"My road must be through  
character to power. I will try  
no other course, and I am sug-  
gine enough to believe that this  
course, though perhaps not the  
quickest, is the surest."

Likewise indicating the value  
of character as an element of suc-  
cess, is a wise remark of Lord  
John Russell:

"It is the nature of party in  
England to ask the assistance of  
men of genius, but to follow the  
guidance of men of character."

No better illustration of the  
work of character in winning suc-  
cess can be found than that fur-  
nished by the career of the pre-  
sient premier of England, Wil-  
liam E. Gladstone. Though pos-  
sessed of great natural ability,  
of wide learning, and of many  
friends, his noble character so  
commands the trust of the Eng-  
lish nation, that he is intrusted  
with the most important interests  
of England and Europe.

In our own country no one can  
hope to achieve a permanent  
position in any worthy calling,  
of whatever nature, unless his moral  
character deserves the loyalty  
of his associates. No statesman  
can wield great and enduring in-  
fluence if he is known to be de-  
ceptive and unscrupulous. No  
lawyer can long hold a high place  
at the bar if he is regarded as  
base in conduct or in princi-  
ple.

With eminent intellectual qual-  
ifications must ever be united  
strong moral principles to insure  
the winning of success.

In even war Napoleon said  
that the moral is ten times more  
important than the physical  
considerations. If this is true in  
the case of war, it is far more  
plainly true in the case of ordi-  
nary life, where the physical is less  
important than in battles and  
campaigns.

PUNCTUALITY.

When eight Quaker ladies had  
an appointment, and seven were  
punctual and the eighth, being a  
quarter of an hour too late, began  
apologizing for keeping the others  
waiting, the reply of from one  
them was, "I am sorry, friend,  
that she should have wasted  
thine own quarter of an hour, but  
thou had no right to waste two  
hours and seven-eighths of our  
time, which was not thine own."  
And of Washington it is said, that  
when his secretary, on some impor-  
tant occasion was late, and excused  
himself by saying that his watch  
was too slow, the reply was, "you  
will have to get another watch, or  
I another secretary." Napoleon  
used to say to his marshals, "You  
may ask any thing of me but  
time." And of John Quincy  
Adams it is said that in his long  
service in Congress he was never  
known to be late, and one day  
when the clock struck, and a  
member said to the speaker, "It  
is time to call the House to or-  
der," the reply was, "No, Mr.  
Adams is not in his seat yet."  
And while they were speaking  
Mr. Adams came in, he being  
punctual, while the clock was three  
minutes fast.

Half the value of anything to  
be done consists in doing it  
promptly. And yet a large class  
of persons are almost always more  
or less unpunctual and late. Their  
work is always in advance of  
them, and so it is with their ap-  
pointments and engagements.  
They are late, very likely, in ris-  
ing in the morning, and so in go-  
ing to bed at night; late at their  
meals; late at church, or at the  
prayer-meeting; late at their ap-  
pointments with others. Their  
letters are sent to the post-office  
just as the mail is closed. They  
arrive at the wharf just as the  
steamboat is leaving it. They  
come into the depot just as the  
cars are going out. They do not  
entirely forget or omit the en-  
gagement or the duty, but they  
are always behind the time, and  
so are generally in haste, or rather  
in a hurry, as if they had been  
born a little too late, and forever  
were trying too catch up with the  
lost time!—*Ill. Chris. Weekly.*

IRREVERENCE.

Unbelief comes oftener from ir-  
reverent association than intellec-  
tual doubt. The sneer of a Vol-  
taire has killed more than all his  
arguments. A jesting tone of  
talk on religious truths, a habit  
of reckless criticism on religious  
things, is to take the name of God  
in vain, as truly as the vulgar  
oath; and when I hear him who  
calls himself a Christian or a gen-  
tleman, indulging in a burlesque  
of some moral defect in him. Intel-  
lect, without reverence, is the  
head of a man joined to a beast.  
There are many who think it a  
proof of wit; but it is the cheap-  
est sort of wit, and shows as much  
lack of brains as of moral feeling.  
I would say it with emphasis to  
each Christian who hears me,  
never indulge in that habit, never  
allow sacred things to be jested at  
without rebuke; but keep them  
as you would the miniature of your  
mother, for no vulgar hands to  
touch. There is an anecdote of  
Boyle that he never pronounced  
the name of God without an aud-  
ible pause; and whatever you  
think, I recognize in it the dictate  
of a wise heart. We need this  
reverence in the air of our social  
life, and its neglect will palsy our  
piety.—*Dr. Washburn.*

THE KEY TO CHARACTER.

The places where men meet and  
mingle are the keys to their char-  
acter. That man who, in response  
to a question, said that he found  
his highest delight in a public  
house, "with a big fire roarin' up  
the chimney, and a fiddle goin',"  
was not, whatever else he may  
have been, a lover of the sweet  
and sacred life of home. He was  
deficient in those refined tastes  
found in the family circle, and  
had a low ideal of happiness. The  
cow in the meadow, reveling in  
sweet grass and sunshine, drink-  
ing with dilated nostrils the clo-  
ver-scented air, has as high a con-  
ception of content. The delight  
of creative thought and the deep  
joy of a pure soul are missed alike  
by the man in the tavern and by  
the brute in the broad, sunny  
fields.

How much nobler the type of  
life realized in such desires as the  
psalmist's!—How amiable are thy  
tabernacles, O Lord of hosts. "My  
soul longeth, yes, even fainteth for  
the courts of the Lord." "Bless-  
ed are they that dwell in thy  
house." "A day in the courts  
is better than a thousand. I had  
rather be a doorkeeper in the  
house of my God than to dwell in  
the tents of wickedness."

But David was not always pure;  
and his life did not always breathe  
the sacred spirit of God's house;  
but down below the guilt of his  
outer life were the seeds of rever-  
ence for God and his sanctuary,  
that bore fruitage in lofty aspira-  
tions and holy desires. His life  
was filled with startling contrasts  
of light and shade, of sensuality  
and sanctity; but of him, as  
cynical a critic of character as he  
was, Carlyle said, "He is the true  
man struggling with sensual de-  
sires; beatdown, sometimes, be-  
fore his foes; but not kept down;  
rising with his eye on God."

Such men perplex us by their  
contradictions of character; but  
their best self is their true self,  
and we must estimate them at  
their best, and not at their worst.  
So, when one yearns for the tem-  
ple of God, and envies the priest  
who is never absent from the holy  
places, he gives us the key to his  
best self.—*N. Y. Adv.*

Make no apologies. If you  
have the Lord's message, deliver  
it; if not, hold your peace.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Many persons get discouraged  
because they don't know how ac-  
tive, the forces of good are, or  
what victories the army of right-  
eousness is gaining. When it is  
dark about them, they think it is  
dark everywhere. They read the  
long criminal records in the daily  
paper, and say men are growing  
worse every day. But if they  
took one hour Saturday night,  
and another Sunday morning, to  
read some good family or church  
paper, that would tell them of the  
benevolent institutions of the  
country and what they were do-  
ing; of the temperance gather-  
ings in which hundreds were be-  
ing reclaimed from drunkenness;  
of the number who had been gath-  
ered into the fold of the saved;  
of the lost sheep who had been  
found, the prodigals who had re-  
turned home, would they not go  
thankfully to the Lord's house  
with cheerful faces and hopeful  
hearts? I have known men who  
were familiar with the fraud and  
rascality and sin that were going  
on in the city of New York, and  
yet did not dream that it had  
nearly 300 asylums and homes for  
the aged and homeless; knew no-  
thing of the millions that were  
raised for Christian and benevo-  
lent purposes in that city. They  
knew what evil men were doing,  
but nothing about the heroic and  
unselfish lives of God's children.  
—*Chicago Standard.*

FRENCH COLONISTS.

The first French colonists were  
rarely such in the English or even  
the Spanish sense. They were  
priests, or soldiers, or traders—  
the latter at first preponderating.  
They did not offer to buy the lands  
of the Indians, as the English col-  
onists afterward did, for an agri-  
cultural colony was not their aim.  
They wished to wander through the  
woods with the Indians, to join in  
their hunting and their wars, and  
above all, to buy their furs. For  
this they were ready to live as the  
Indians lived, in all their discom-  
forts; they addressed them as  
"brothers" or as the "children";  
they married Indian wives, with  
full church ceremonies. No such  
freedom of intercourse marked  
the life of any English settlers.  
The Frenchmen apparently liked  
to have the Indians with them;  
the savages were always coming  
and going, in full glory, about the  
French settlements; they feasted  
and slept beside the French; they  
were greeted with military salutes.  
The stately and brilliant Comte  
de Frontenac, the favorite officer  
of Turenne, and the intimate  
friend of La Grande Mademoiselle,  
did not disdain, when Governor-  
general of Canada, to lead in per-  
son the war dance of the Indians,  
singing and waving the hatchet,  
while a wigwam-full of braves,  
stripped and painted for war, went  
dancing and howling after him,  
shouting like men possessed, as  
the French narratives say. He  
himself admits that he did it de-  
liberately, in order to adopt their  
ways. Perhaps no single act ever  
done by a Frenchman in America  
indicates so completely the tem-  
perament which won for them the  
hearts of the Indians.

The pageantry of the Roman  
Catholic Church had, moreover, its  
charm for native converts; the  
French officers taught them how  
to fight; the French priests taught  
them how to die. These heroic  
missionaries could bear torture  
like Indians, and could forgive  
their tormentors as Indians could  
not. This combination of gentle-  
ness with courage was something  
wholly new to the Indian philoso-  
phy of life. Pare Brébeuf wrote  
to Rome from Canada, "that  
which above all things is demand-  
ed of laborers in this vineyard is  
an unflinching sweetness and a pa-  
tience thoroughly tested." And  
when he died by torture in 1649  
he so conducted himself that the  
Indians drank his blood, and the  
chief devoured his heart, in the  
hope that they might become as  
heroic as he was.—*T. W. Higgin-  
son, in Harper's Magazine for  
March.*

OUR YOUNG FOLK.

BABY.

Now what shall we do for the baby,  
To make her a birthday sweet?  
She came in the wintry weather,  
In blustering wind and sleet.  
There is not a flower in the garden,  
There is not a bird to sing,  
And all in a row on the leafless vine  
The sharp white icicles cling.

Oh, what does it matter to baby!  
Her world is warm as a nest;  
The song that her mother sings her  
Is the music she loves best.  
She laughs to hear in the twilight  
The weak winds whistle and blow,  
And the small white icicles swing and ring  
Like crystal bells in a row.

A PROFOUND SECRET.

"Can you keep a secret, Daisy?"  
asked Nell Clay of her younger  
sister.

"Yes indeed!" replied Daisy,  
trying to look dignified.

Nell bent down and whispered  
something in Daisy's ear, to which  
Daisy clapped hands, and cried,  
"O goody!"

"Remember, it's a profound se-  
cret," said sister Nell.

Daisy ran off to school, feeling  
very important, and overtook  
Conny Travers on the way.

"O Conny," she said, "I know  
something awful nice!"

"What is it?" asked Conny,  
opening her eyes very wide.

"Oh, I mustn't tell," said Daisy  
screwing up her lips. Sister Nell  
told me this morning. It's a pro-  
found secret."

"Oh, my!" said Conny. "Can't  
you just tell me?"

"Nell wouldn't like it."

"She wouldn't mind me,"  
pleaded Conny.

"Won't you never, never, never  
tell?" whispered Daisy.

"Never, 's long as I live!"

"Honest and true?"

"Truer'n steel!" declared Con-  
ny.

"Well, Sarah Bell's father is  
going to give her a piano for her  
birthday to-morrow, but they  
wouldn't have her know it for any-  
thing until she comes home and  
finds it in the parlor."

"How splendid!" exclaimed  
Conny.

"It's a profound secret," said  
Daisy.

A few days later, Mrs. Bell called  
upon Mrs. Clay.

"I suppose Sarah was surpris-  
ed and delighted about the piano,"  
said the latter.

"She was delighted enough,"  
was the reply. "But she wasn't  
a bit surprised. She heard it at  
school."

"That Conny Travers must  
have told," said Daisy indignantly,  
after Mrs. Bell had gone  
home.

"But who told Conny?" asked  
Nell.

"I did, but I didn't s'pose she'd  
be mean enough to tell."

"And I didn't think you would,  
replied Nell.

"Well, children," said Mrs.  
Clay, "it's an old saying that 'if  
you can't keep your own secret,  
nobody else will keep it for you.'  
If you will remember this it will  
save you a good deal of trouble."

"There's an older sentence that  
I like much better," said sweet  
Aunt Peace from her window.  
"Set a watch, O Lord, before my  
mouth; keep the door of my lips."  
—*The Myrtle.*

JOHNNY'S TEARS.

Johnny had a great trial. He  
was sitting on the floor, looking  
over his pictures, and baby todd-  
led up and tore one right across,  
one of the very prettiest. Johnny  
called out, "O mamma, see!" and  
began to cry.

"Johnny," said mamma, as she  
took baby away, "did you know  
tears are salt water?"

Johnny checked a sob and look-  
ed up.

"No," he said, with great in-  
terest; "are they? How did you  
find out, mamma?"

"Oh, somebody told me so when  
I was a little girl, and I tried a  
tear and found it was true."

"Real salt water," asked John-  
ny.

"Yes, try and see."

Johnny would very gladly have  
tried if he could only have found  
a tear. But by that time there  
was not one left, and his eyes were  
so clear and bright it was no use  
hoping for any more that time.  
He looked at the torn picture, but  
it did not make him feel bad any  
more. All he could think of was  
whether tears tasted like salt  
water.

"Next time I cry I will find  
out!" he determined.

That very afternoon while  
climbing over the top of the rock-  
ing chair he fell and got a great  
bump. It was too much for any  
little boy, and too much for John-  
ny, and he was just beginning to  
cry loudly when he happened to  
think what a good chance this  
was going to be to catch some  
tears. He put his finger too quick  
in fact, for there had not a tear  
come yet worth mentioning,  
and now that his thoughts  
had wandered from the bump,  
he could not seem to cry about  
it any more. So that chance  
was lost.

"I can't get a single tear to  
taste of, mamma!" he said rue-  
fully.